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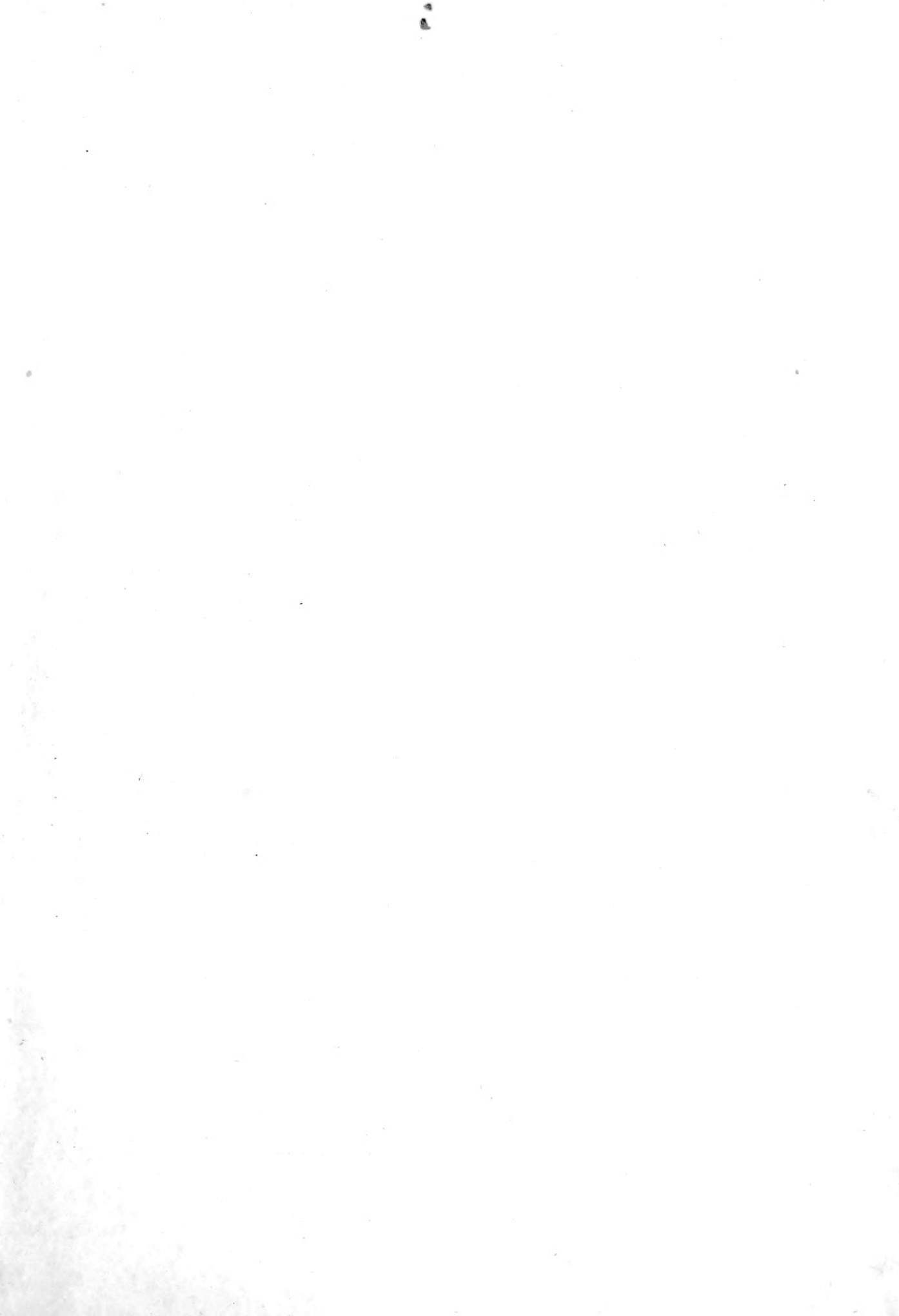
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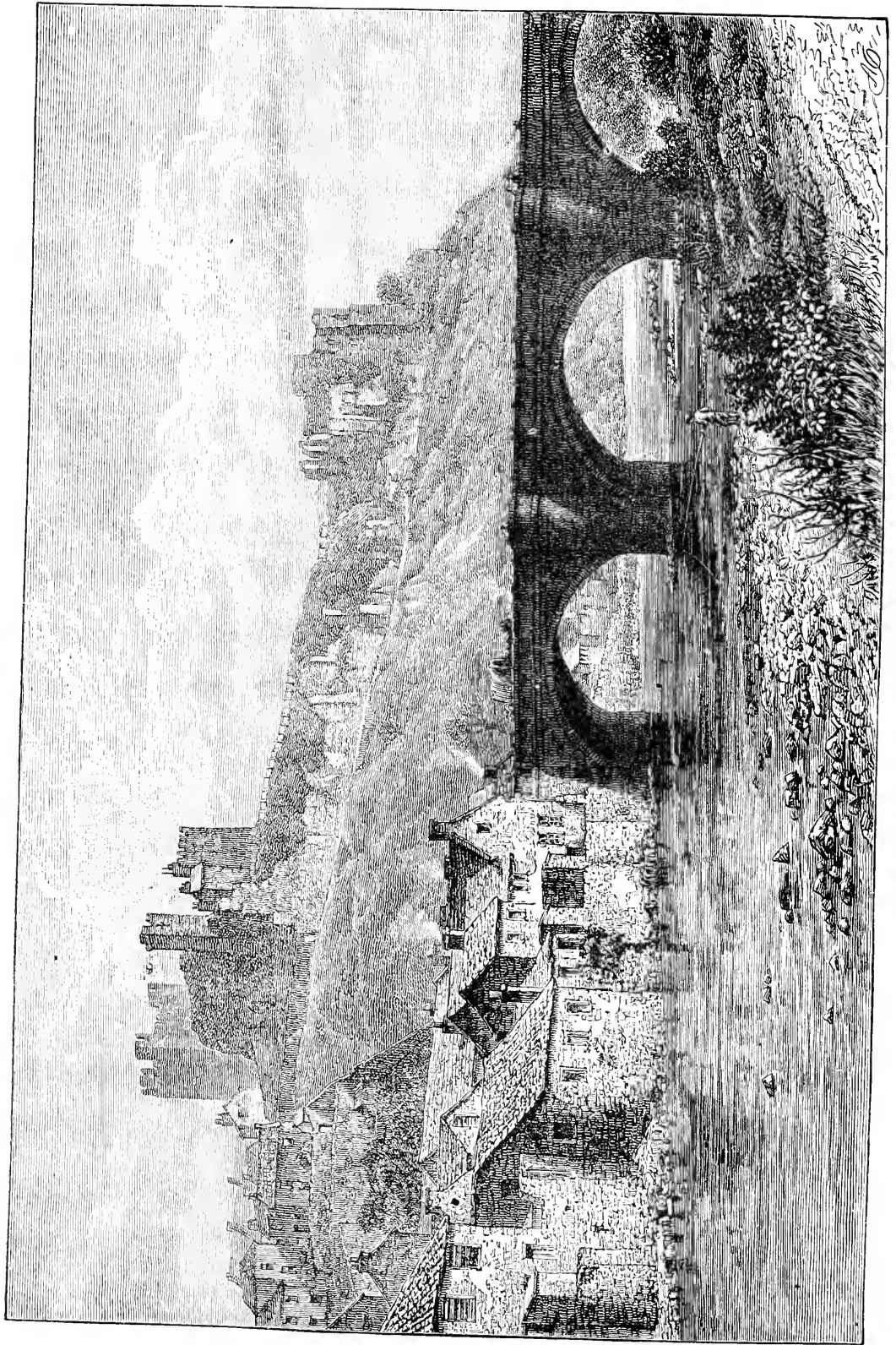
This book was given to me by Mrs
Jane Allman before she died.

I boarded with her three years.

I was with her at my graduation

Alice R. Reynolds.





RICHMOND BRIDGE AND CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATED

WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

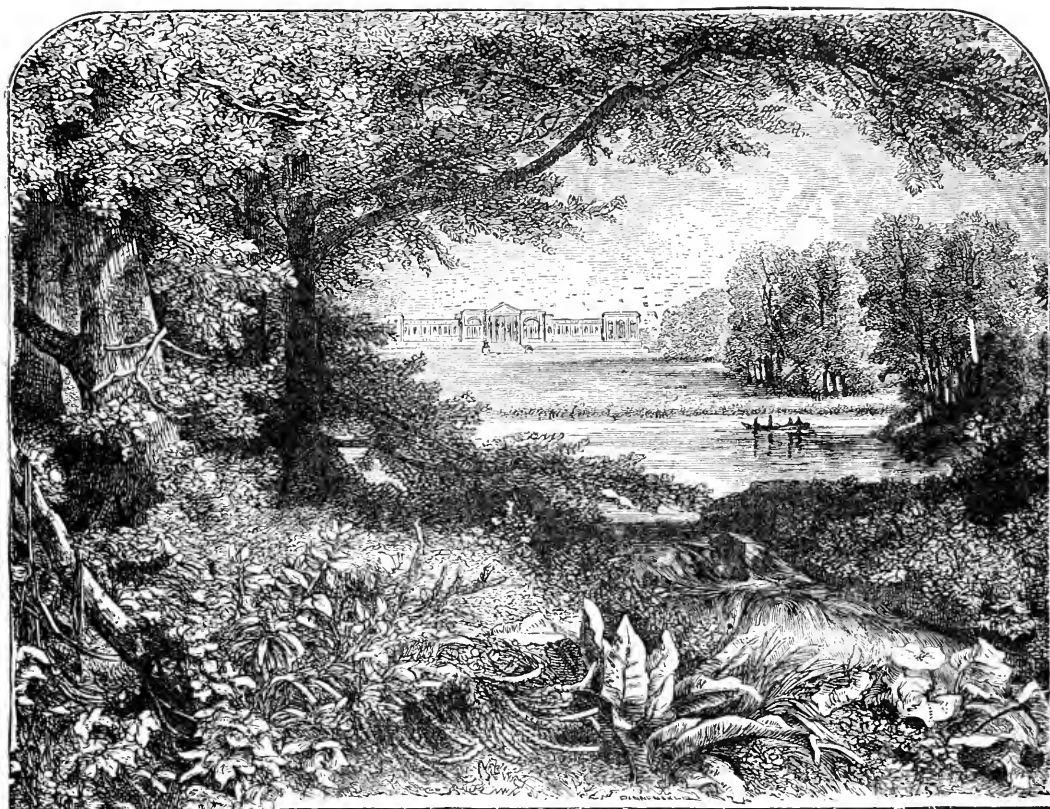
By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., AND S. G. GREEN, D.D.

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STOWE PARK.

PREFACE.

THOUSANDS of Americans visit London each season, and find objects of interest and sources of amusement and instruction in that great metropolis of England and the world.

There are motives, quite independent of the love for natural beauty, which lead these hard-worked Americans of our generation to escape at intervals to as great a distance as possible from the scene of their daily occupations. The effort for this, however, often ends in disappointment; and many return from the eager excitements of London more debilitated and exhausted than when they began their journey, and with the determination never again to cross the Atlantic. An American visiting London could hardly share such a feeling, still less form such a resolution did he visit *England* as well as London.

There is a considerable exhaustion incident to a summer residence in London which can be repaired in no way so well as in making short trips to points of interest which are to be found in any direction throughout England.

It is true that the rivers do not flow from glaciers, and the proudest mountain heights may easily be scaled in an afternoon; there is no gloomy grandeur of pine

PREFACE.

forests or stupendous background of snowy peaks; but there is beauty and sublimity, too, for those who know *how to observe* the earth, and sea, and sky: and in less than a day's journey, the tired American in London may find many a sequestered retreat, where pure air and lovely scenery will bring to him a refreshment all the more welcome because associated with the language, the habits, and the rural scenes of a royal people.

This volume is intended to recall, by the aid of pen and pencil, some English scenes in which such refreshing influences have been enjoyed by some discreet American travelers. And, as every wanderer over English ground finds himself in the footsteps of the great and good, ample use has been made of the biographical and literary associations which these scenes continually awaken.

To say that this edition of *ENGLAND ILLUSTRATED* will be of interest to Englishmen residing in America would be to utter a truism.

That it will be examined and read with interest, also, alike by those Americans who have visited England and those who have been deprived of that pleasure, is the aspiration of the compiler.



BARDEN TOWER, NEAR BOLTON, YORKSHIRE.

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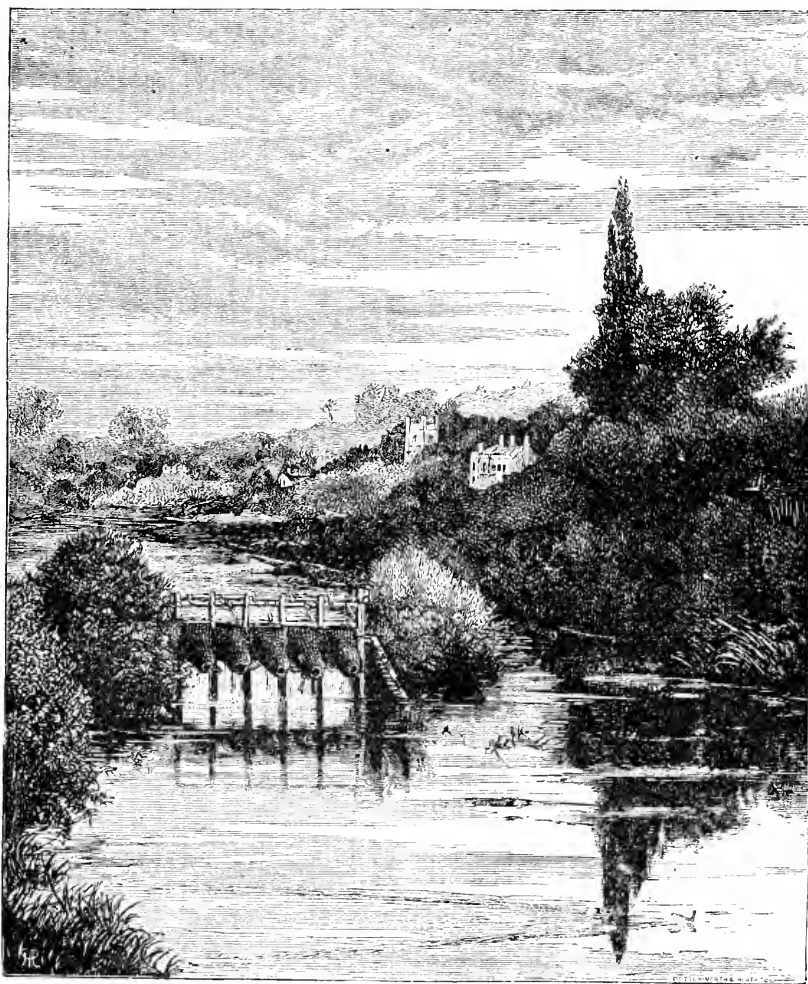
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FIRST AND LAST HOUSE, LAND'S END.



CAVERSHAM.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where THAMES among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.'

SIR JOHN DENHAM : *Cooper's Hill*, lines 159-164.



THAMES HEAD AND HOAR STONE.

THE RIVER THAMES.



THE SEVEN SPRINGS.

THE Thames, unrivaled among English rivers in beauty as in fame, is really little known even by Englishmen. Of the millions who line its banks, few have any acquaintance with its higher streams, or know them further than by occasional glances through railway carriage windows, at Maidenhead, Reading, Pangbourne, or between Abingdon and Oxford. Multitudes, even, who love the Oxford waters, and are familiar with every turn of the banks between Folly Bridge and Nuneham, have never sought to explore the scenes of surpassing beauty where the river flows on, almost in loneliness, in its descent to London; visited by few, save by those happy travelers who, with boat and tent, pleasant companionship, and well-chosen books—Izaak Walton's *Angler* among the rest—pass leisurely from reach to reach of the silver stream. Then higher up than Oxford, who knows the Thames?

Who can even tell where it arises, and through what district it flows?

There is a vague belief in many minds, fostered by some ancient manuals of geography, that the Thames is originally the Isis, so called until it receives the river *Thame*, the auspicious union being denoted by the pluralizing of the latter

word. The whole account is pure invention. No doubt the great river does receive the Thame or Tame, near Wallingford; but a Tame is also tributary to the Trent; and there is a Teme among the affluents of the Severn. The truth appears to be that Teme, Tame, or Thame, is an old Keltic word meaning 'smooth,' or 'broad'; and that Tamesis, of which Thames is merely a contraction, is formed by the addition to this root of the old 'Es,' water, so familiar to us in 'Ouse,' 'Esk,' 'Uiske,' 'Exe,' so that Tam-es means simply the 'broad water,' and is Latinized into Tamesis. The last two syllables again of this word are fancifully changed into Isis, which is thus taken as a poetic appellation of the river. In point of fact, Isis is used only by the poets, or by those who affect poetic diction. Thus Wharton in his address to Oxford:

'Lo, your loved Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail.'

The name, then, of the Thames is singular, not plural; while yet the river is formed by many confluent streams descending from the Cotswold Hills. Which is the actual source is perhaps a question of words; and yet it is one as keenly con-



THE FIRST BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.

tended, and by as many competing localities, as the birthplace of Homer was of old. Of the seven, however, only two can show a plausible case. The traditional 'Thames Head' is in Trewsbury Mead, three miles from Cirencester. This Trewsbury Mead, the guide-books say, is 'not far from Tetbury Road Station' on the Great Western Railway. The fact is, that there is now *no* 'Tetbury Road Station' for passengers; the traffic of antique little Tetbury having been transferred to Kemble, the junction which also

serves Cirencester. There are two ways of reaching the infant Thames. One is from Kemble, where a short stroll through pleasant meadows brings the pedestrian to the river, covered—when we saw it on a bright day in early summer—with the leaves and blossoms of the water ranunculus; while a board affixed to a tree upon the bank, threatening penalties to unauthorized anglers, suggested that already the Thames had won its character as a fishing stream. Not far off, a by-path from a main road near a great railway-arch is carried across the river by the *first Thames bridge*, a modest affair of three arches, on which the tourist, if disposed to a contemplation of contrasts, may stand and think of the *last* bridge that spans the stream, the wonderful structure by the Tower of London.

Should the visitor follow the course of the dwindling stream though the meadows, he will by-and-by find himself near the high embankment of the Thames and Severn Canal, in its day a work of great enterprise and utility, and still occasionally used as a link between the two famous rivers. But he will do better to return to the junction and proceed to Cirencester:

'Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire,'

¹ 'The Ouse, whom men do Isis rightly name.'—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*.

as Shakspeare has it, in the last act of *King Richard the Second*, so perpetuating a local pronunciation rapidly falling into disuse. The town itself, among its verdant rolling uplands, is worth a day's visit, even apart from its association with the Thames. Once, perhaps because of its position near the source of the great river, Cirencester was the center of Roman civilization and luxury in this island. To the city of Corinium, as it was then called, from the ancient British name *Caer Corin*, four of the chief Roman roads converged: the Fosse Way from the northeast, Akeman Street from the southwest, and Ermine Street intersecting them from the southeast and northwest, while Icknield Street passed at a little distance to the east. These roads, turned into good English turnpikes (if we may use a word which our successors will hardly understand), running in long, straight lines through the undulating landscape, after the Roman fashion, are still a prominent feature in the scene. Cirencester itself has almost lost the aspect of a Roman city, save in some green mounds, revealing to an antiquary's eye the ancient earthworks, and still occasionally yielding to the delver pieces of pottery, coins, and other relics; as well as in the very manifest lines of a considerable amphitheater, now called the Bull Ring. The chief Roman remains from time to time discovered are preserved in the Corinium Museum, close to the railway station, a collection well catalogued and admirably kept, containing statuettes, pottery, and household implements of all kinds, vividly illustrating every feature of Roman provincial life in Britain. Two remarkably fine tessellated pavements, with hunting and other scenes, disinterred in the center of the town about forty years ago, occupy the central floor of the museum, one of them having unfortunately been much injured in removal. The sculptor Westmacott says of them: 'Here is grandeur of form, dignity of character, and great breadth of treatment, which strongly reminds one of the finest Greek schools.'

A three or four miles' drive along the old Akeman Street takes the visitor to a point in the road where the high embankment of the canal comes into full view, crossing the meadows on the left. On the right, the church tower of Coates (the name being, no doubt, connected with *Cotswold*) is seen among the trees. Here, we are told, rises the Thames. But where? A peasant appears from a roadside cottage to explain. 'People come here,' he says, 'in the summer, when there is no water, and go away saying there is naught to see. They should come in the winter, and see how these meadows are all flooded!' The fact is, that the traditional source of the Thames is in a deep spring, below a mound covered with trees and brushwood, and with the stones of a ruined well. In summer weather no water comes to the surface, in rainy seasons and in winter it often breaks forth and dispreads itself over the meadows before it finds any regular channel. In fact, the first sign of the existence of any spring whatever, when we visited the spot, was in a pumping-engine on the towing-path of the embankment, some three-quarters of a mile from 'Thames Head,' which was in full activity, raising water from the deep underground store to supply the canal. The water appeared of crystal purity as it welled forth from the ugly little engine-house in continual ripples on the dull and weedy stream. This novel illustration of 'infant labor' was almost a painful one; at any rate it formed an impressive comment on the reported saying of Brindley the engineer, that 'the great use of rivers is to feed canals.' Half-a-mile farther down, when clear of the pumping-engine, the baby river issues again to light, and wanders at its own sweet will, where we met it in our walk from Kemble. The cut at the

head of this chapter delineates its early course, and shows 'the Hoar Stone,' an ancient boundary, mentioned in a charter of King Æthelstan, A.D. 931.

As we have already hinted, however, there is another claimant to the honor of being the source of the Thames, in the 'Seven Springs' at Cubberley, near Cheltenham, ten miles higher up than Coates. The question is one rather of words than of hydrography; and certainly the appellation of the Thames in old charters, as well as the immemorial names of lands adjacent to Coates, as 'Thames Meadow,' 'Thames Furlong,' and the like, seem to show that this is the recognized fountain-head of the river. On the other hand, the stream that rises at Cubberley is on higher ground and farther from the mouth of the river. Only, it is called 'the Churn.' It also runs southwards to Cirencester; and at Lechlade, ten miles farther on, the two unite.

Whether 'the Churn' be the true Thames or not, the drive from Cheltenham to the Seven Springs is not one to be neglected by any tourist who may be so fortunate as to find himself in that town of leafy trees and fair gardens on a bright day in early summer. The longer but the finer road sweeps round the magnificent escarpment of Leckhampton Hill, one of the finest points of view in the Cotswolds. Here, beneath the crest of the hill, the tourist is sure to have his attention called to an irregular column or pile of rocks, called from time immemorial the Devil's Chimney. It has probably been separated from the oolitic mass by the action of water washing away the softer and more friable parts of the rock. The impression can scarcely be resisted that, in the broken line of the Cotswolds along this route, there is a pre-historic line of cliffs, the boundary of a vast channel, with its bays and headlands, what is now the valley of the Severn having been an arm of the sea, and the Malvern Hills being heights upon the opposite shore. This hill should be climbed, if the visitor can climb at all, for the sake of the glorious outspread landscape, embracing the Vale of the Severn, the Forest of Dean, and the Malvern Hills; while the contrast between the bare crags in the foreground and the splendid luxuriance of the valleys is a feast of color to the eye. But as the main object is to find the 'Seven Springs,' the road must be pursued a little farther, when suddenly they appear by the wayside—a small pond under a bank by the wall, over which are two twisted ash trees; while in ceaseless trickle rather than in full stream the 'seven' tiny cataracts descend from the bank. In the wall is a tablet with the hexameter inscription:

'HIC TUUS, O TAMESINE PATER, SEPTEMGEMINUS FON.'¹

(Here, O Father Thames, is thy sevenfold source!)

Beyond the wall there is a view of what appears a pleasure-ground, where the stream from the Springs expands into a little lake before descending into the valley. On the lake we discerned a solitary white swan floating; and, altogether, one could not help thinking that—Cirencester traditions notwithstanding—this ought to be the source of the river. Our driver had been careful to warn us not to be disappointed: 'people generally were.' 'Is that all?' they would say; 'drive back to Cheltenham!' But to us the scene appeared very characteristic and lovely, and, so far as our verdict might go, we were ready to identify the Churn with Father Thames. Nay, there is some local ground for this conclusion, quite apart from the hexameter, and much earlier. For after all *Churn* is probably *Corin*,¹ and *Corin* in

¹ Some, however, identify the word with the Keltic *Chwyrn*, 'swift' or 'nimble.'

Keltic is *Summit*. Cirencester itself is Corin-cester, 'the camp of the Summit,' and here is the Summit itself!

At the little market-town of Cricklade the two streams unite their force, which is still inconsiderable; and from this point the river flows onwards, through rich meadows and beside quiet villages: much, to say the truth, like other rivers, or distinguished only by the transparency of its gentle stream. For, issuing from a broad surface of oolite rock, it has brought no mountain débris or dull clay to sully its brightness, no town defilement, nor trace of higher rapids in turbid waves and hurrying foam. It lingers amid quiet beauties, scarcely veiling from sight the rich herbarium which it fosters in its bed, save where the shadows of trees reflected in the calm water mingle confusedly with the forms of aquatic plants. Meanwhile other streams swell the current. As an unknown poet somewhat loftily sings:

'From various springs divided waters glide,
In different colors roll a different tide;
Murmur along their crooked banks awhile:—
At once they murmur, and enrich the isle,
Awhile distinct, through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;—
Their joy to lose their long distinguished names,
And make one glorious and immortal THAMES.'

Of the little streams thus described, the most important are the Coln and the Leche; as Drayton has it in his *Polyolbion*:

'Clere Coln and lovely Leche, so dun from Cotswold's plain.'

The confluence of these streams with the Thames and Severn Canal at Lechlade makes the river navigable for barges; and from this point it sets up a towing-path. Below Lechlade it passes into almost perfect solitude. Few walks in England of the same distance are at once so quietly interesting and so utterly lonely as the walk along the grassy towing-path of the Thames. A constant water-traffic was once maintained between London and Bristol by way of Lechlade and the canal; but this is now superseded by the railway, and the sight of a passing barge is rare. The river after leaving Gloucestershire divides, in many a winding, the counties of Oxford and Berks. The hills of the latter county, with their wood-crowned summits, pleasantly bound the view to the south; Farrington Hill being for a long distance conspicuous among them. Half-way between Lechlade and Oxford is the hamlet of Siford, or Shiford—one of the great historic spots of England, if rightly considered, although now isolated and unknown. For there, as an ancient chronicler commemorates, King Alfred the Great held Parliament a thousand years ago.

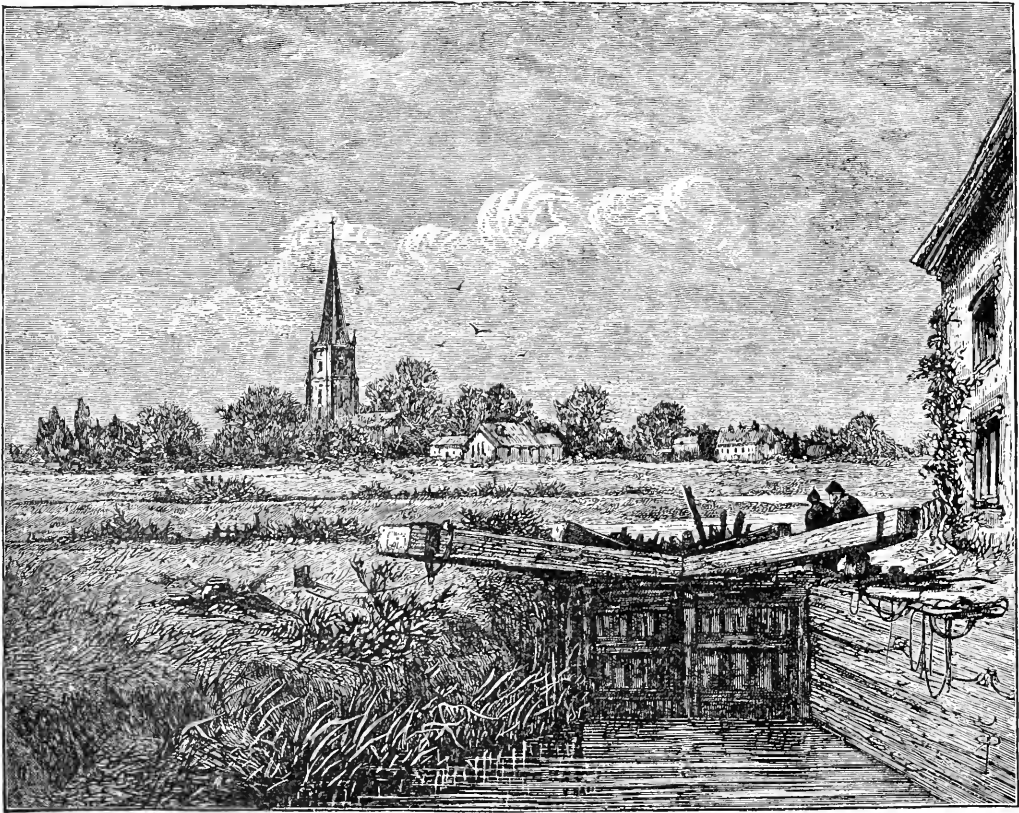
'There sat at Siford many thanes and many bishops,
Learned men, proud earls and awful knights,
There was Earl Ælfrie, learned in the law,
And Ælfred, England's herdsman, England's darling,
He was King in England.
He began to teach them how they should live.'

The impression which the first sight of OXFORD makes upon the stranger is probably unique, in whatever direction he first approaches it, and from whatever point he first descries its spires and towers. True, of late years the acces-

THE RIVER THAMES.

sories of the railway invasion, so long resisted by the University authorities, have given a new aspect to the scene ; but nothing can quite destroy the stately dignity and venerable calm. The traveler who approaches by the river receives the full impression. As he floats along the quiet stream, the stately domes and towers come suddenly into view, and the green railway embankment in the foreground scarcely impairs the antique beauty of the picture.

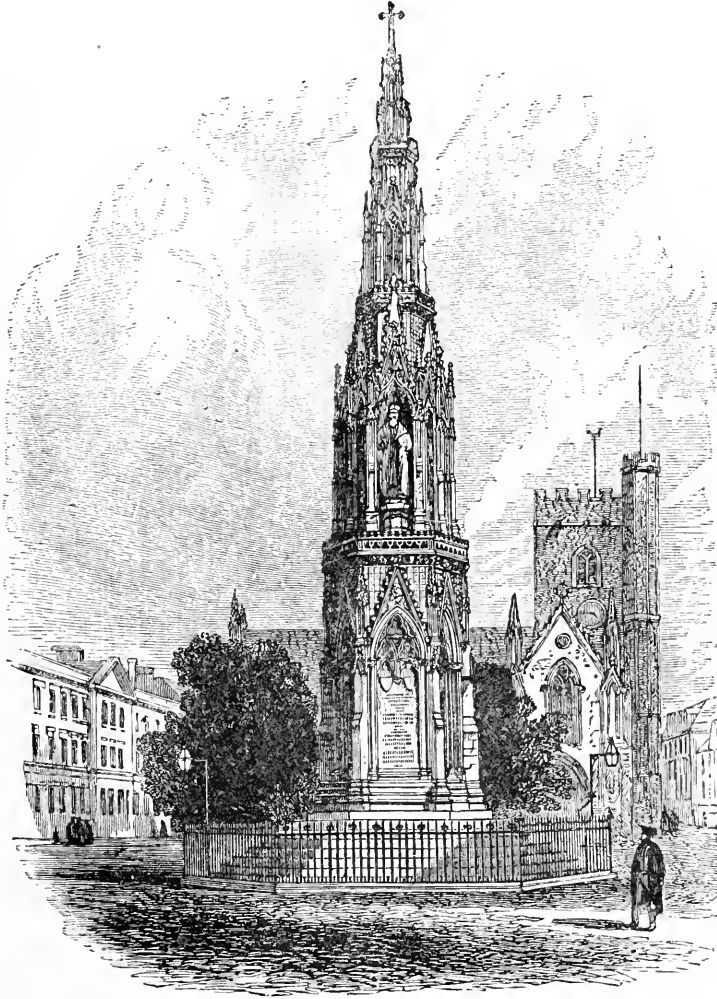
Oxford is probably Ousenford—the ford over the Ouse or ‘Water.’ Its waters indeed are many, and almost labyrinthine ; but we get clear of the river at Hythe Bridge, and care for a while only to explore Colleges, Halls, and Libraries ; pausing before the Martyrs’ Memorial, to breathe the hope that ‘the candle’ once lighted



LECHLADE.

there may still brightly burn ; while Keble College, farther on, is a memorial of one who, though of another school of thought from ourselves, has given musical and touching expression to the holiest musings of devout hearts. But to describe this wonderful city is beyond our present scope. Let us hurry down to Christ Church Meadows, where the Cherwell sweeps round to join the Thames ; then across to the Broad Walk, past Merton Meadow and the Botanical Gardens, to Magdalen Bridge, where a splendid view of the city is again obtained ; thence up High Street to the center of the city, and down St. Aldate's Street to Folly Bridge, where boats of all sizes are in waiting. This bridge may appear strangely named, as a main approach to the renowned seat of learning. Various stories are told as to the origin of the name. Perhaps it may be from some tradition of Roger Bacon, who had his study

and laboratory here, over the ancient gate. There was a saying that this study would fall when a man more learned than Bacon passed under it ; so that the name may be an uncomplimentary reference to the troops of students entering Oxford by this thoroughfare. But such speculations need not hinder us. We are bound for London—a voyage of some 115 miles, though only 52 by rail. Many boatmen will prefer to take the train for Goring, saving six-and-twenty miles of water traveling, and avoiding the most tedious and on the whole least picturesque part of the journey. Still, in any case, Nuneham must be seen, with Iffley Lock and Sandford



THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

Lasher—familiar names to boating men!—upon the way. Nuneham is a charming domain, scene of picnic parties innumerable, yet freshly beautiful to every visitor who can enjoy woodland walks and verdant slopes, and gardens, planned by Mason the poet, in which art and taste have, as it were, only improved upon the hints and suggestions of Nature ; and breezy heights from which the prospect, if less extensive than some other far-famed English views, may surely vie in loveliness with any of them. The intending visitor must be careful to ascertain the days and conditions of access to the ground ; and in his ramble must be sure to include the old 'Carfax' conduit, removed in 1787 from the 'fourways' (for the 'Car' is evidently *quatre*,

whatever the 'fax' may be) in Oxford, and set on a commanding eminence, the distant spires and towers of the city, with Blenheim Woods in the background, being seen in one direction, and the view in another bounded by the line of the Chiltern Hills.

When the oarsman has once left behind the wooded slopes of Nuneham, with the overhanging trees reflected in the silvery waters, he will find the way to Abingdon monotonous. He will perhaps be startled by seeing picnic parties in large boats, towed from the shore by stalwart peasants harnessed to the rope. Let us hope that the toil is easier than it looks! On the whole, we do not recommend the long détour by Abingdon, although Clifton Hampden is charming, and Dorchester, near the junction of the Thame and the Thames—once a Roman camp, afterwards the see of the first Bishop of Wessex, but now a poor village—is well worth a visit. It is startling to find a minster in a hamlet. Probably, however, the antiquary may be more interested in the remains of the Whittenham earthworks, which in British or Saxon times defended the meeting-point of the rivers. The Thame flows in on the

left. On the hill to the right is Sinodun, a remarkably fine British camp. The whole neighborhood, so still and peaceful now, tells of bygone greatness, and of many a struggle of which the records have vanished from the page of history. Not far from Dorchester in another direction is Chalgrove Field, where the brave and patriotic Hampden received his death-wound. His name, and that of Falkland, to be noticed further on, awaken in these scenes, now so tranquil, the remembrance of the



LANDING-PLACE, NUNEHAM.

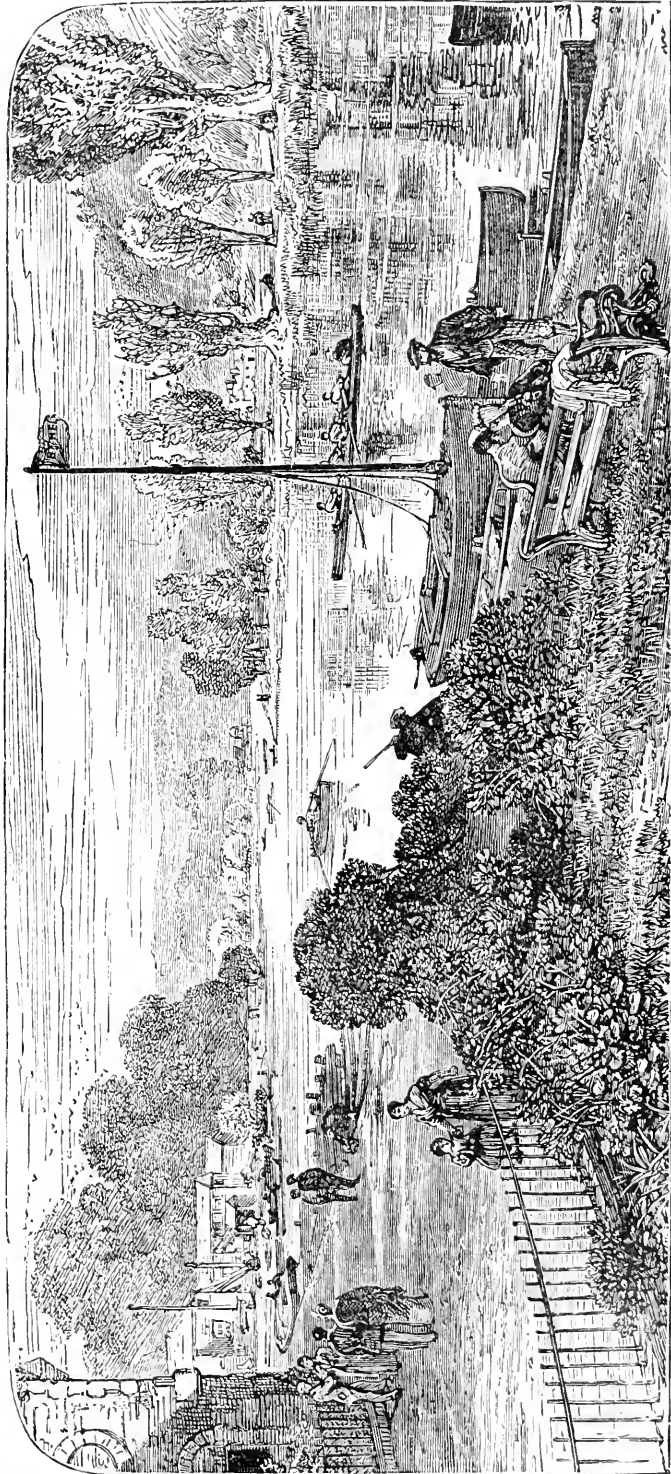
stormy times when in this Thames Valley were waged those conflicts out of which in so large a measure sprang the freedom and progress of modern England.

At Dorchester we are still eleven miles by water from Goring; and while the angler may loiter down the stream, we must hasten on, though ancient Wallingford and rustic Cleeve are not unworthy of notice. At Goring the chief beauties of the river begin to disclose themselves.

Emerson says of the English landscape, that 'it seems to be finished with the pencil instead of the plow.' The fields are cultivated like gardens. Neat, trim hedgerows, picturesque villages, spires peeping from among groves of trees, cottages gay with flowers and evergreens, suggest that the landscape gardener rather than the agriculturist has been everywhere at work. If this be true of England as a whole, it is yet more strikingly true of the district through which we are about to pass. A thousand years of peaceful industry have subdued the wildness of Nature; and the river glides between banks radiant with beauty: 'The little hills rejoice on every side; the pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.'

Yet there is no lack of variety. The course of the river is broken up by

innumerable 'aits' ('eyots'), or little islands; some covered with trees which dip their branches into the stream, others with reeds and osier, the haunts of wild fowl; on others, again, a cottage or a summer-house peeps out from amongst the foliage. Sometimes these aits seem to block up the channel, and leave no exit, so that the boat seems to be afloat on a tiny lake, till a stroke or two of the oar discloses a narrow passage into the stream beyond. Sometimes a line of chalk-down bounds the view, its delicately curved sides dotted over with juniper bushes, the dark green of which contrasts finely with the light gray of the turf. Then appears a range of hanging beech-wood coming down to the water's edge, or a broad expanse of meadow, where the cattle wade knee-deep in grass, or a mansion whose grounds have been transformed into a paradise by lavish expenditure and fine taste, or a village, the rustic beauty of which might realize the dreams of poet or of painter. The locks, mill-dams, or weirs with their dashing waters, give animation to the scene. Nor is that additional charm often wanting of which Dr. Johnson used to speak. 'The finest landscape in the world,' he would say, 'is improved by a good inn in the foreground.' True, there are no great hotels, after the modern fashion; but a series of comfortable, homely village inns will be found, such as Izaak Walton loved, and which are still favorite haunts with the brethren of 'the gentle craft.'



HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

THE RIVER THAMES.

The landlord, learned in all anglers' lore, is delighted to show where the big pike lies in a sedgy pool, where the perch will bite most freely, or to suggest the most killing fly to cast for trout over the mill-pond; and is not too proud, when the day's task is done, to wait upon the oarsman or the angler at his evening meal.

To describe in detail all the points of beauty that lie before us would require far more space than we have at disposal; and a dry catalogue of names would interest no one. We have started, as said before, from Goring, where the twin village Streatley—bearing in its name a reminiscence of the old Roman road Icknield Street—nestles at the foot of its romantic wooded hill. The comfort of the little hostelry and the charm of the scenery invite a longer stay, but we must press on. Pangbourne and Whitchurch, also twin villages, joined by a pretty wooden bridge, once more invite delay. On the right, the little river Pang flows in between green hills; on the left, or the Whitchurch side, heights clothed with the richest foliage shut in the scene. The cottages are embosomed amid the trees; the clear river catches a thousand reflections from hillside and sky; the waters of the weir dash merrily down; and the fishermen, each in his punt moored near midstream, yielding

themselves to the tranquil delight of the perfect scene, are further gladdened by many an encouraging nibble. Surely of all amusements the most restful is fishing from a punt! Most persons would find a day of absolute idleness intolerable. But here we have just that measure of expectation and excitement which enable even a busy and active man to sit all day doing nothing. Into the question of the cruelty of the sport we do not enter; but its soothing, tranquilizing character cannot be denied.

For ourselves, our business is not

to angle, but to observe. As we row past these grave and solemn men, absorbed in the endeavor to hook a dace or gudgeon, and recognize among them one or two of the hardest workers in London, we feel, at any rate, that the familiar sneer about 'a rod with a line at one end, and a fool at the other,' may not be altogether just.¹

¹ As we write, the following letter to the *Times* arrests our attention; it is too graphic, as well as accurate, to be lost:

'I will not tell you where I am, except that I am staying at an hotel on the banks of the River Thames. I hesitate to name the place, charming as it is, because I am sure, when its beauties are known, it will be hopelessly vulgarized. Mine host, the pleasantest of landlords, his wife, the most agreeable of her sex, will charge, too, in proportion as the plutocracy invade us. I am surrounded by the most charming scenery. Few know, and still fewer appreciate, the beauties of our own River Thames. I have been up and down the Rhine; but I confess, taking all in all, Oxford to Gravesend pleases me more. Here, in addition to what I have described, I am on the river's brink; I can row about to my heart's content for a very moderate figure; excellent fishing; newspapers to be procured, and postal arrangements of a character not to worry you, and yet sufficient to keep you *au fait* with your business arrangements. What do I want more? Prices are moderate, the village contains houses suitable to all classes, and the inhabitants are pleased to see you. I can wear flannels without being stared at, and I can see the opposite sex, in the most bewitching and fascinating of costumes, rowing about (with satisfaction, too) the so-called lords of creation. As for children, there is no end of amusement for them—dabbling in the water, feeding the swans, the fields, and the safety of a punt. We have both aristocratic and well-to-do people here—names well known in town; but I must not, nor will I, betray



WOODS AND RIVER ; CLIFDEN.

Passing a series of verdant lawns, sloping to the river's brink, we reach Mapledurham and Purley, on opposite sides of the river at one of its most exquisite bends. The former place is celebrated by Pope as the retreat of his ladye-love Martha Blount, when

‘She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks.’

The latter was the residence of Warren Hastings during his trial, and is not to be confounded with the Purley in Surrey, where Horne Tooke wrote his celebrated *Diversions*, on the origin and history of words.

The next halting-place is Caversham, sometimes magniloquently described as ‘the port of Reading.’ Here the Thames widens out, as shown in the view which prefaces the present chapter; the eel-traps, or ‘bucks,’ extending half across the river. A little lower down, the Kennet, ‘for silver eels renowned,’ as Pope has it, flows in from the southwest, with its memories of the high-minded and chivalrous Falkland, who fell at the battle of Newbury, on the banks of this river. Then the Loddon enters the Thames from the south, between Shiplake and Wargrave. The picturesque churches of these two villages are soon passed, and we enter the fine expanse of Henley Reach, famous in boat-racing annals. Here for many years the University matches were rowed before their removal to Putney. No sheet of water could be better suited to the purpose, and the change is regretted by many boating-men.

We are now approaching the point at which the beauty of the river culminates. From Marlow, past Cookham, Hedsor and Cliefden, to Maidenhead, a distance of eight or ten miles, we gladly suspend the labor of the oar, and let the boat drift slowly with the stream. As we glide along, even this gentle motion is too rapid, and we linger on the way to feast our eyes upon the infinitely varied combination of chalk cliff and swelling hill and luxuriant foliage which every turn of the river brings to view :

‘Woods, meadows, hamlets, farms,
Spires in the vale and towers upon the hills ;
The great chalk quarries glaring through the shade,
The pleasant lanes and hedgerows, and those homes
Which seemed the very dwellings of content
And peace and sunshine.’¹

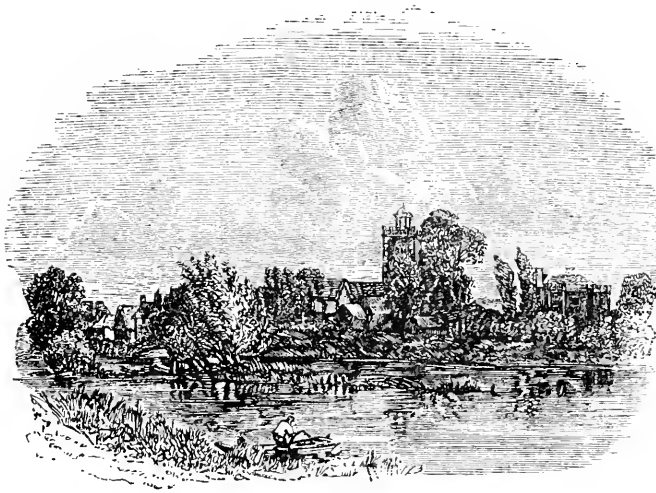
The ‘castled crags’ of the Rhine and the Moselle,—the ‘blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,’—the massive grandeur of the banks of the Danube, are far more imposing and stimulating; but the quiet, tranquil loveliness of this part of the Thames may make good its claim to take rank even with those world-famed rivers. There is something both unique and charming in the dry ‘combes,’ or fissures in the chalk ranges, rapidly descending and garnished with sweeping foliage of untrimmed beech trees. The branches gracefully bend down to the slope of the rising sward; while, from the steepness of the angle, the tree-tops appear from them. On the towing-path this morning was to be seen the smartest of our judges in a straw hat and a tourist suit, equally becoming to him as it was well cut.

‘Let me advise all your readers who are hesitating where to go not to overlook the natural beauties of our River Thames. There are one or two steamers that make the journey up and down the river in three days, stopping at various places, and giving ample opportunity for passengers both to see and appreciate the scenery. E. C. W.’

¹ *Down Stream to London.* By the Rev. S. J. Stone.

below as a succession of pinnacles against the sky. Many a roamer through distant lands has come home to give the palm for the perfection of natural beauty to the rocks and hanging woods of Cliefden. That they are within an hour's run of London does not indeed abate their claim to admiration, but may suggest the reason why they are so comparatively little known.

Maidenhead is on the other side of the river; Taplow opposite. The bridge between them—one of Brunel's works—will be noted for its enormous span; its elliptical brick arches being, it is said, the widest of the kind in the world. From this point, if the beauty decreases, the historical interest becomes greater at every turn. First we pass the village and church of Bray. The scenery here is of little interest; but it is impossible not to give a thought to 'the Vicar,' Symond Symonds, commemorated in song. Let it be noted, however, that the lyrist has used a poetic license in his dates. The historian, Thomas Fuller, tells the story: 'The vivacious vicar, living under King Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protes-



BRAY CHURCH.

tant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. The vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and inconstant changeling; "Not so," said he, "for I always keep my principle, which is this—to live and to die the Vicar of Bray." The type is but too true to human nature, and not only in matters ecclesiastical. But instead of staying to moralize, we will notice with interest that in this church is preserved an ancient copy of Fox's *Book of*

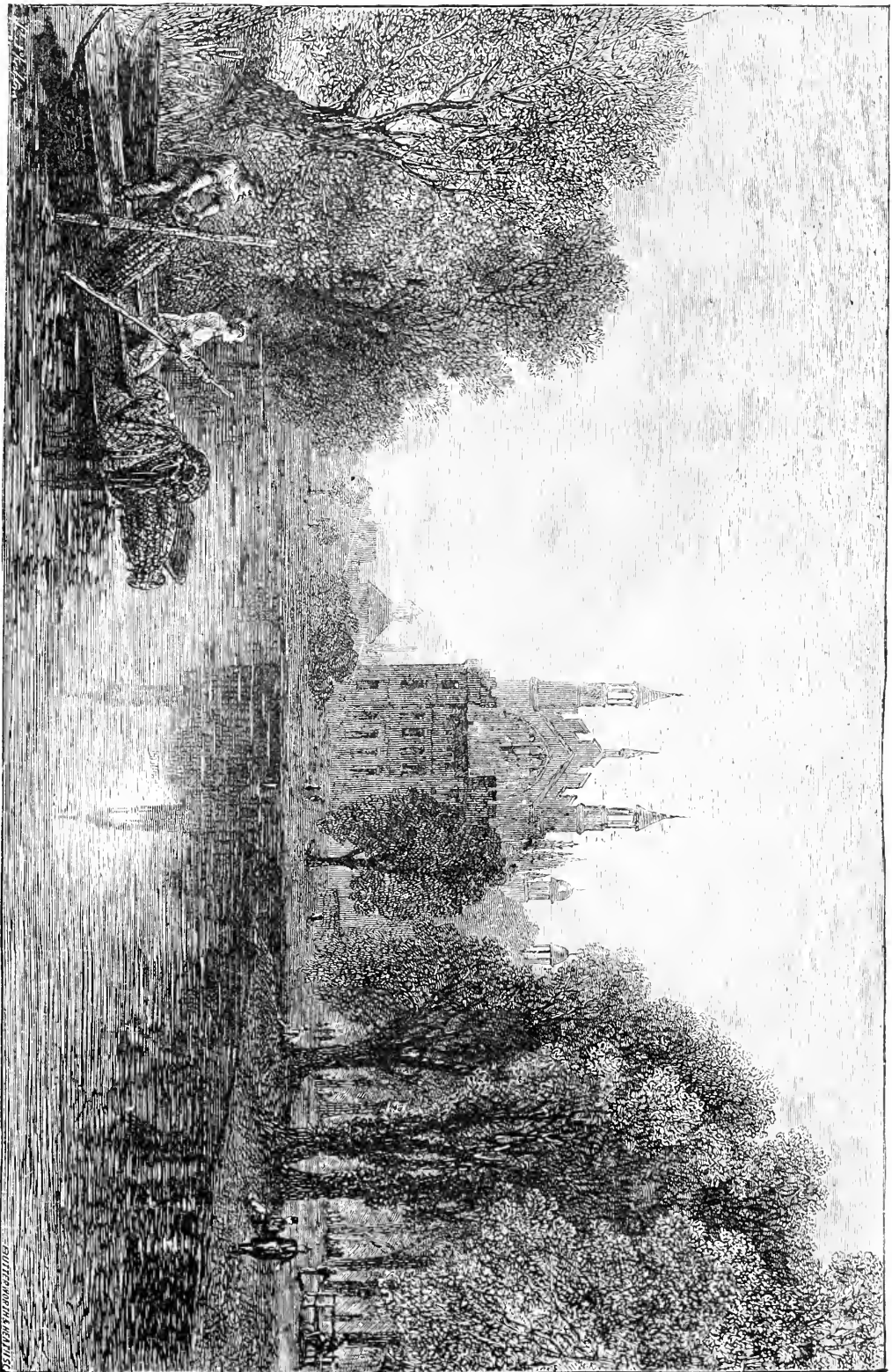
Martyrs, chained to the reading-desk, as in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It is better to be reminded of 'the faith and patience of the saints,' than of the light convictions and the easy apostasy of politic 'believers'; and so the old church at Bray has taught us a refreshing and unexpected lesson.

Soon the towers of Windsor are seen rising above the trees; then Eton College comes into view, with its

'distant spires, antique towers
That crown the watery glade.'

Perhaps the best view of the castle from the Thames is that from a point just beyond the Great Western Railway bridge. When the Queen is absent, access to the state apartments is liberally permitted. St. George's Chapel, built by Edward IV., is the finest existing specimen of the architecture of that period; and the view from the North Terrace, constructed by Queen Elizabeth, is perhaps the most beautiful on the River Thames.

A little lower down, and we are passing between Runnymede ('Meadow of



ETON FROM THE RIVER.

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Council'), where the barons camped, and Magna Charta Island, where the great charter of English liberty was signed; and a temporary struggle between kings and nobles laid the broad foundations of English freedom. As we sweep round the bend beneath the broad meadow and the wooded Isle, 'while we muse the fire burneth,'—the ardor of grateful love to Him who has shaped the destinies of our beloved land, and has never from that hour withdrawn the trust then committed to the nation, of being the guardians and pioneers of the world's freedom. A multitude of thoughts and questionings throng in upon us, but we must not lose the opportunity of impressing on our memory the outward features of the scene. There is not much to see: if there be time to land upon the island, it will be as well to do so, and to enter the pretty modern cottage there erected, containing the very stone—if tradition is to be believed—on which the Charter was laid for the royal signature.

From Runnimede it is but an easy climb to the brow of Cooper's Hill, with its far-famed view of the river, of Windsor, and its woods. Dr. Johnson speaks of Sir John Denham's poem, of which we have taken some lines as the motto to this chapter, as 'the first English specimen of local poetry.' Its subject, as well as its style, will preserve it from the oblivion to which the greater number of the poet's works have descended.

Another Coln falls into the river, to the left, a little farther on—suggestive, in its name, of the Roman occupation; the 'street' to the west here crossing the Thames by a bridge. 'London Stone,' a few hundred yards lower down, marks the entrance into Middlesex; then clean and quiet Staines—'Stones,' so termed, perhaps, from the piers of the old Roman bridge, or, it may be, from the London Stone itself, comes into view: but if the traveler has time to spare, he will rather pause at Laleham, so well known to every Christian educator as the earliest scene of Arnold's labors.

'The first reception of the tidings of his election at Rugby,' we are told by his biographer, 'was overclouded with deep sorrow at leaving the scene of so much happiness. Years after he had left it, he still retained his early affection for it, and till he purchased his house in Westmoreland, he entertained a lingering hope that he might return to it in his old age, when he should have retired from Rugby. Often he would revisit it, and delighted in renewing his acquaintance with all the families of the poor whom he had known during his residence; in showing to his children his former haunts; in looking once again on his favorite views of the great



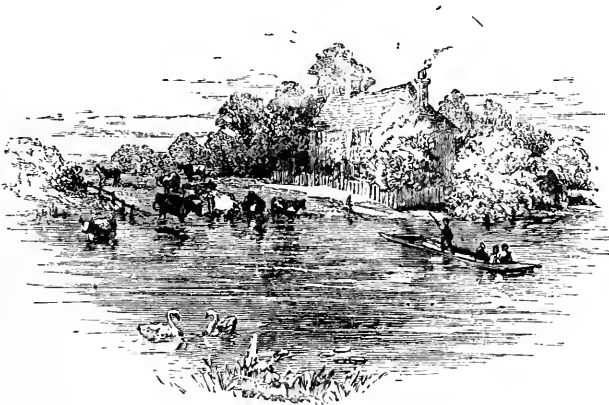
MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

plain of Middlesex—the lonely walks along the quiet banks of the Thames—the retired garden with its “Campus Martius,” and its “wilderness of trees,” which lay behind the house, and which had been the scene of so many sportive games and serious conversations.’¹

Chertsey, on the other side of the river, is next passed, the leisurely traveler having the opportunity, if he so please, of visiting the house of Cowley the poet, or of climbing to St Anne’s Hill, once the residence of the statesman Charles James Fox.

Then, still on the right, the mouth of the Wey is seen, the pretty town of Weybridge not being far off. Towns and villages now multiply: the villas of city men begin to dot the banks; and the suburban railway station appears, with its hurrying morning and evening crowds. The chronicle of names now would be like the monotonous cry of the railway porter: ‘Shepperton; Walton; Sunbury; Hampton.’ But as yet we need not join with the throng. The ‘silent highway’—as the river has been called—is also a retreat. Still we can leisurely survey the charm, which, so long as the sky, the water, and the trees remain, no builder can efface, although he may try his best, or worst.

A bend in the river between Shepperton and Walton is of historic interest, as there Julius Cæsar with his legions forced the passage of the Thames, and routed the British General Cassivelaunus. ‘Cæsar led his army to the territories of Cassivelaunus, to the river Thames, which river can be crossed on foot in one place only, and that with difficulty. On arriving, he perceived that great forces of the enemy were drawn up on the opposite bank, which was moreover fortified by sharp stakes set along the margin, a similar stockade being fixed in the bed of the river, and covered

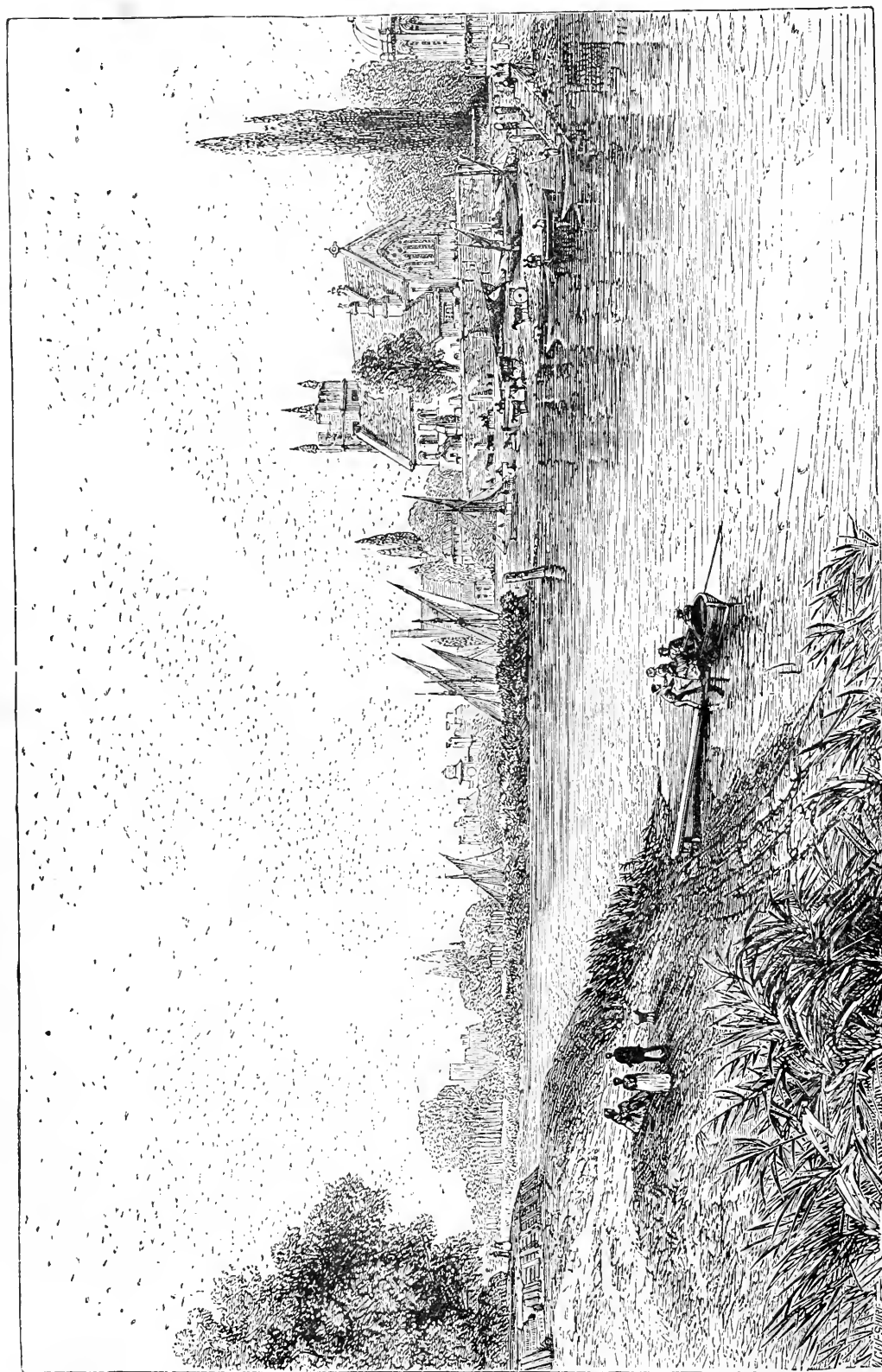


LALEHAM FERRY.

by the stream. Having ascertained these facts from prisoners and deserters, Cæsar sent the cavalry in front, and ordered the legions to follow immediately. The soldiers advanced with such rapidity and impetuosity, although up to their necks in the water, that the enemy could not withstand the onset, but quitted the banks and betook themselves to flight.’² The name Cowey, or Coway Stakes, to this day commemorates the event.

¹ Stanley’s *Life*, vol i., p. 37. One of Arnold’s Laleham pupils, afterwards his colleague at Rugby, writes: ‘The most remarkable thing, which struck me at once in joining the Laleham circle, was the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately felt to be most real; it was a place where a new-comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold’s great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do—that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence, an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man’s feeling about life; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up toward him who had taught him thus to value life and his own self, and his work and mission in this world.’

² Cæsar, *Commentaries*. Book v. § 19.



SWALLOWS AT ISLEWORTH.

'Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way!'—*Pope.*

[*Original Skelton.*]

Two or three miles farther, and just past Hampton village, on the left bank, the traveler will notice a little rotunda with a Grecian portico with a mansion of some pretensions in the wooded background. The house was Garrick's residence, and in the rotunda there originally stood Roubiliac's famous statue of Shakspeare, now in the British Museum. Bushey Park and Hampton Court next tempt us to the shore. Great names of history again rise to memory—Wolsey, Cromwell, William III. But the charm of Hampton Court is, that its palace and gardens are free of access to the people; a privilege which, all the summer through, is appreciated by eager, happy throngs. But let us cross the river to the comparative solitude of the two Dittons—'Thames' and 'Long.' An *impromptu* of poor Theodore Hook, lively and graceful, according to his wont, has led many a tourist in search of a holiday to



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

this pretty neighborhood, and the poet's memory is revered in the village accordingly. Here are the first and last verses :

'When sultry suns and dusty streets proclaim town's "winter season,"
And rural scenes and cool retreats sound something like high treason—
I steal away to shades serene which yet no bard has hit on,
And change the bustling, heartless scene for quietude and Ditton.
* * * * *

Here, in a placid waking dream, I'm free from worldly troubles,
Calm as the rippling silver stream that in the sunshine bubbles ;
And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers, some abler bard has writ on,
Despairing to transcend *his* powers, I'll *ditto* say for DITTON.'

Then comes trim Surbiton with its villas, and Kingston—once, as its name imports, a town of kings. For here were crowned several Saxon monarchs; is there not the coronation-stone in the market-place, engraven with their names? Teddington Lock, a little lower down, is the last upon the Thames; and here too the anglers of the river put forth their chief and almost their final strength. The mile from Teddington to Eel-pie Island off Twickenham will be an unusually quiet one, if the voyager interfere not with the sport of one or other of these gentry, drawing down their resentment accordingly. Strawberry Hill reminds us of Horace Walpole, literary idleness, sham Gothic, and *bric-à-brac*. We glance and pass on. Pope's Villa no longer exists; only a relic of his famous grotto remains; but a monument to the poet is in Twickenham Church, with an inscription by Warburton, setting forth that Pope 'would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.'

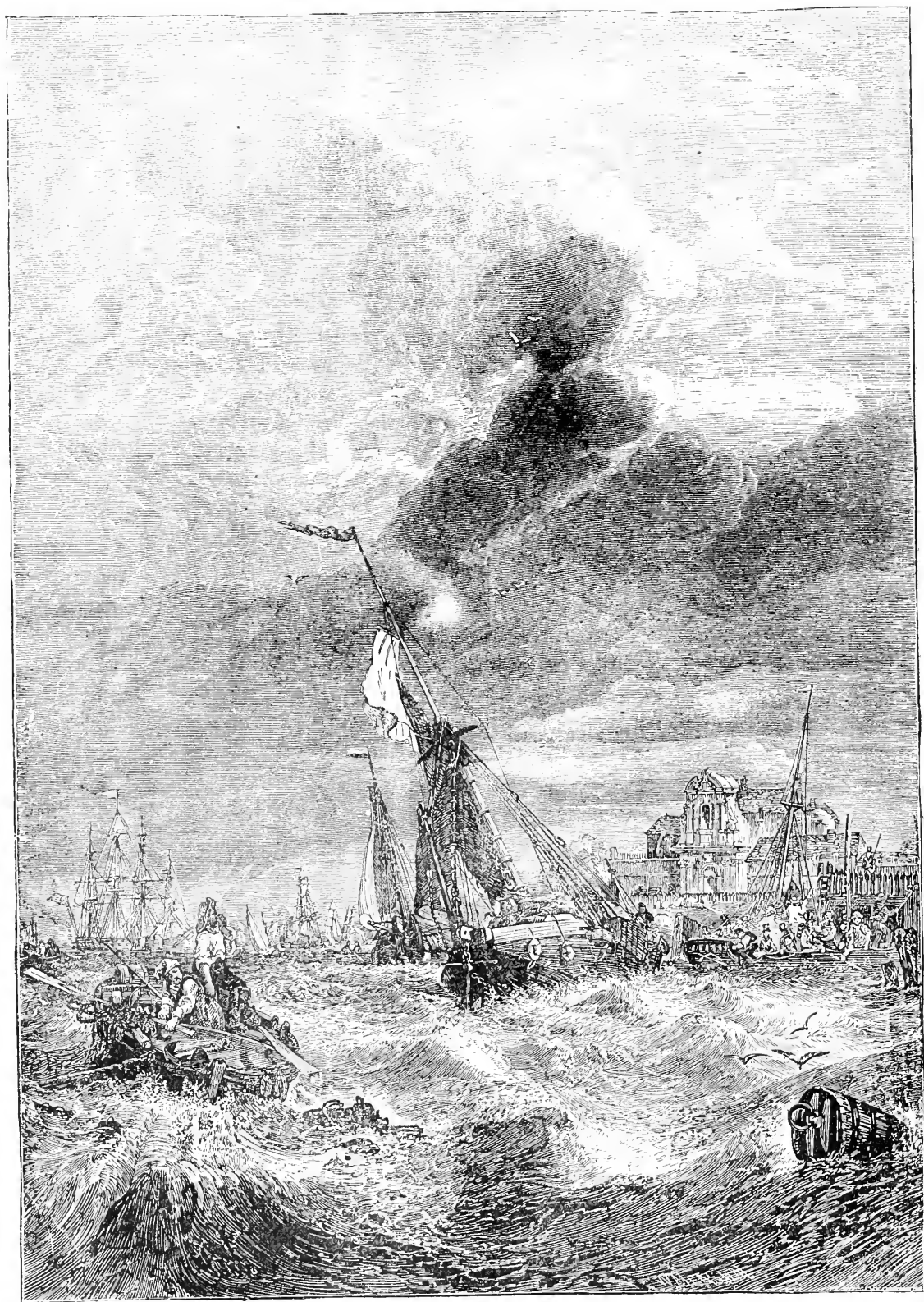
Past wood-fringed meadows on either hand, the 'Broadwater,' now rightly named, sweeps on to Richmond, where we must ascend the far-famed hill, to gaze once more upon the finest river-view in Europe. A little farther down, on autumn days, off Isleworth, may be descried flights of swallows, preparing for their outward journey. 'They arrive,' writes the artist who has depicted the scene, 'in a mass, at the same hour, without confusion, as it were in regiments, and in some of their oblique evolutions resemble a drift of black snow. At dusk they all sink down into the island or "ait" opposite the church of Isleworth, where a large bed of osiers affords them in its slender wands a settling-place for the night.'

From this point, all Londoners know their river. The beauty of nature is no longer present, but a new sentiment of wonder and interest takes possession of us. We feel the stir and hear the roar of the great Babel. What were once quiet suburban villages are now but a part of the metropolis. Still, however, they retain something of the quaint picturesqueness of the last century. In many a nook and corner we come upon solid, comfortable houses of red brick, where our great-grandmothers, over a 'dish of tea,' may have discussed the 'poems of a person of quality,' or 'the writings of the ingenious Mr. Addison.' These relics of the last century are rapidly disappearing, but are imitated with some success in the mansions which line the broad embankment between Cheyne Walk at Chelsea and the beautiful Albert Suspension Bridge.

The noble embankments which now skirt so large a portion of the London River, and the bridges old and new, afford every facility for the full study of the Thames in all its aspects. Yet those who only cross with the hurrying crowd miss half the picturesqueness of what many who have traveled far still recognize as among the most picturesque city views in Europe. Wordsworth's sonnet, beginning—

'Earth has not anything to show more fair,'

was written on Westminster Bridge! But then it was on an early summer morning, when the 'mighty heart' of the city was 'lying still,' and the 'very houses seemed asleep.' The blue sky, unobscured by smoke, hung in the freshness of the dawn over the dwellings of men and the heaven-pointing spires. The night airs had swept away every city taint, and the atmosphere was pure as among the mountains or by the sea. The experiment is worth making still—at the cost of an hour or two's earlier rising, to prove how exhilarating, fresh, and delightful the London



From a painting]

WIND AGAINST TIDE (TILBURY FORT).

[by Stanfield.

air may be. Or perhaps the charm of the scene may be more deeply felt amid the mystery of night, when the clouds have dispersed, and but for some rare footfalls there is silence, and the countless lights stretch in long lines, reflected by the gently rippling waters, while even the bright glare of the railway lamps aloft only add color and splendor to the gleaming array, and the steadfast stars hang overhead. By night, or in early morning, perhaps through force of contrast, the full beauty of these London river scenes is felt. Or, to vary the impression, we may take boat, as did our fathers, from bridge to bridge, 'from Westminster to Rotherhithe,' or farther down the broadening stream, with the wealth of the world, as it almost seems, ranged on either hand in the close-crowded vessels or the stupendous warehouses. Every such excursion is a new revelation, even to minds accustomed to the scene, of what is meant by English commerce, and of the ties which connect us with all mankind. Yet there is much to remind us that the universal reign of peace has not as yet set in. Grim preparations for defense and war bespeak a nation prepared, if needs be, for strife. And as at length we reach Tilbury Fort, and glow under the influence of the invigorating sea-breeze, great memories rush in upon us of armaments once gathered here; to lead, as it seemed, a forlorn hope.

When King James I. threatened the recalcitrant corporation of London with the removal of the court to Oxford, the Lord Mayor, with scarcely veiled sarcasm, replied, 'May it please your Majesty, of your grace, not to take away the Thames too!' The words were worthy of a London citizen, and may well remind us, before we pass to other English scenes, of that which, after all, is the glory of the river. We have been dwelling chiefly on its picturesque and recreative aspects; and of these it is hardly possible to make too much, as is shown by the largely increasing number of weary brain-workers whose choicest holidays, in house-boat, fishing-punt, or tiny yacht, are found in the upper reaches of the Thames. But below the bridges of the metropolis, a new world seemed to open—a busy, crowded, restless world, darkened by many a cloud of smoke, filled with strange outcries in many tongues, with unlovely ranges of building, mile after mile, until the clear water is reached at length between the marshes of Essex and the hills of Kent.

But these are only the outward aspects of the scene. Look at it in another light, and this Lower Thames inspires us with wonder and almost awe at the boundless wealth and world-wide commerce which it bears upon its ample bosom. For good or for evil, influences are going forth from these broad waters, incessantly, to affect all mankind. Ever and anon, some vessel of the yet untried 'navy of the future' looms into sight, with its grand powers of defense, its terrible possibilities of destruction. But not by these is the real power of Britain put forth. They are but a reserve. It is *another* navy that conveys the real power of the country to the nations.

Take him for all in all, the British sailor is a fine noble-hearted fellow, with faults on the surface, but a heart of oak beneath. It is not wonderful that he is the object of much benevolent and Christian attention, both ashore and afloat.

But, returning to our favorite river. Of the outward-bound ships, dropping downward with the tide, there are those which convey the Missionary to his scene of hallowed toil:—

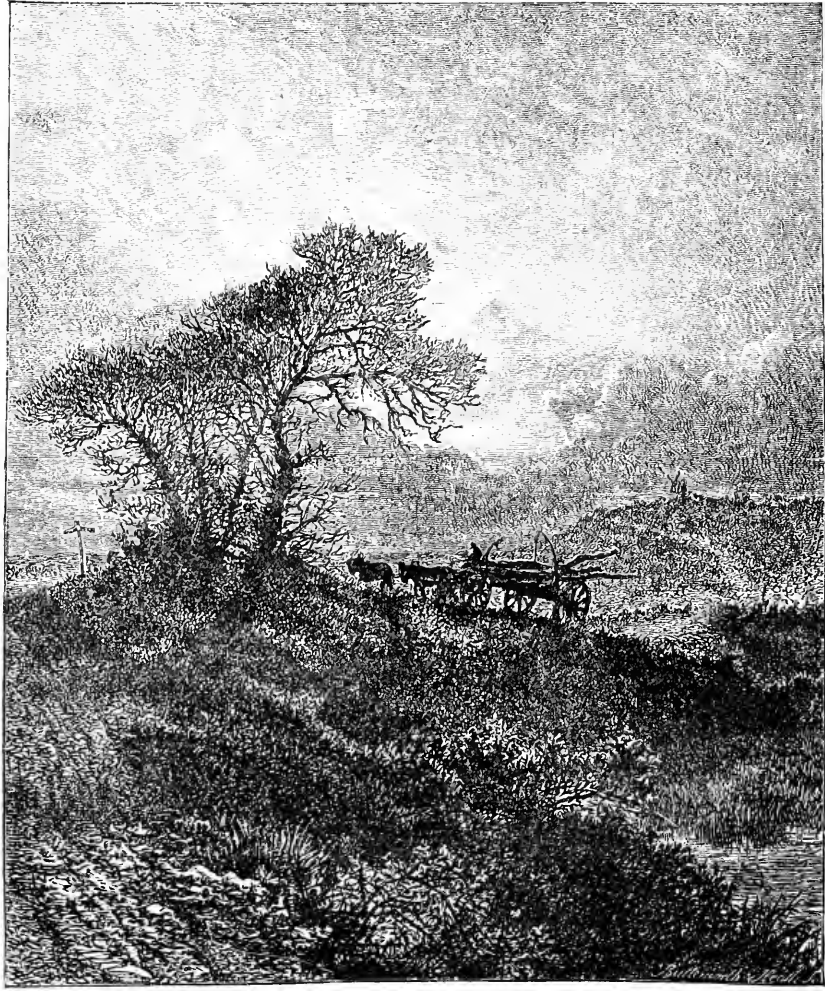
'Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press,
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross.'

THE RIVER THAMES.

A friend of ours in long passed days, used to tell us of the first time he listened to Robert Hall, and of the first words which he caught from the great preacher's lips. The place of worship was crowded, and for a time the low utterances of Mr. Hall's marvelous voice were completely lost. The assembly was standing in prayer, as the custom then was. By degrees a hush crept over the throng—a silence that might be felt—then through the stillness stole the preacher's voice, in sweet and solemn continuance of his hitherto unheard supplication: *And may the breath of prayer fill the sails of every missionary ship, and waft it all over the world!*

These memories and thoughts, and 'the vision that shall be,' have led us far. The stream whose course we have traced from the tiny rivulet in Trewsbury Mead has become to our thoughts the channel of communications which, for good or evil, are affecting every nation under heaven.



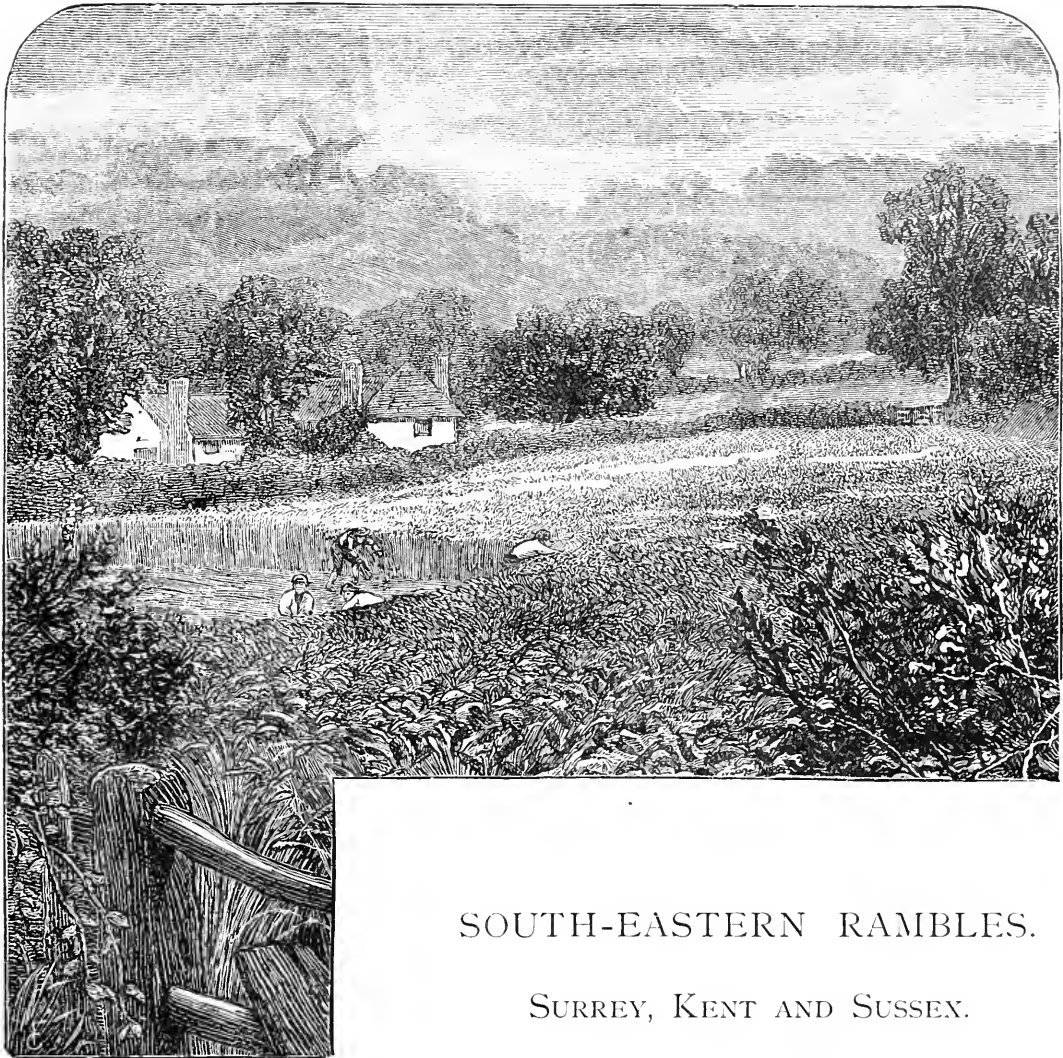


A SURREY COMMON.

What pleasant groves, what goodly field !
 How fruitful hills and dales have we !
 How sweet an air our climate yields !
 How stored with flocks and herds are we !
 * * * * *

So in the sweet refreshing shade
 Of THY protection sitting down,
 The gracious favors we have had,
 Relate we will to Thy renown.

GEORGE WITHER : *Songs and Hymns of the Church*



SOUTH-EASTERN RAMBLES.

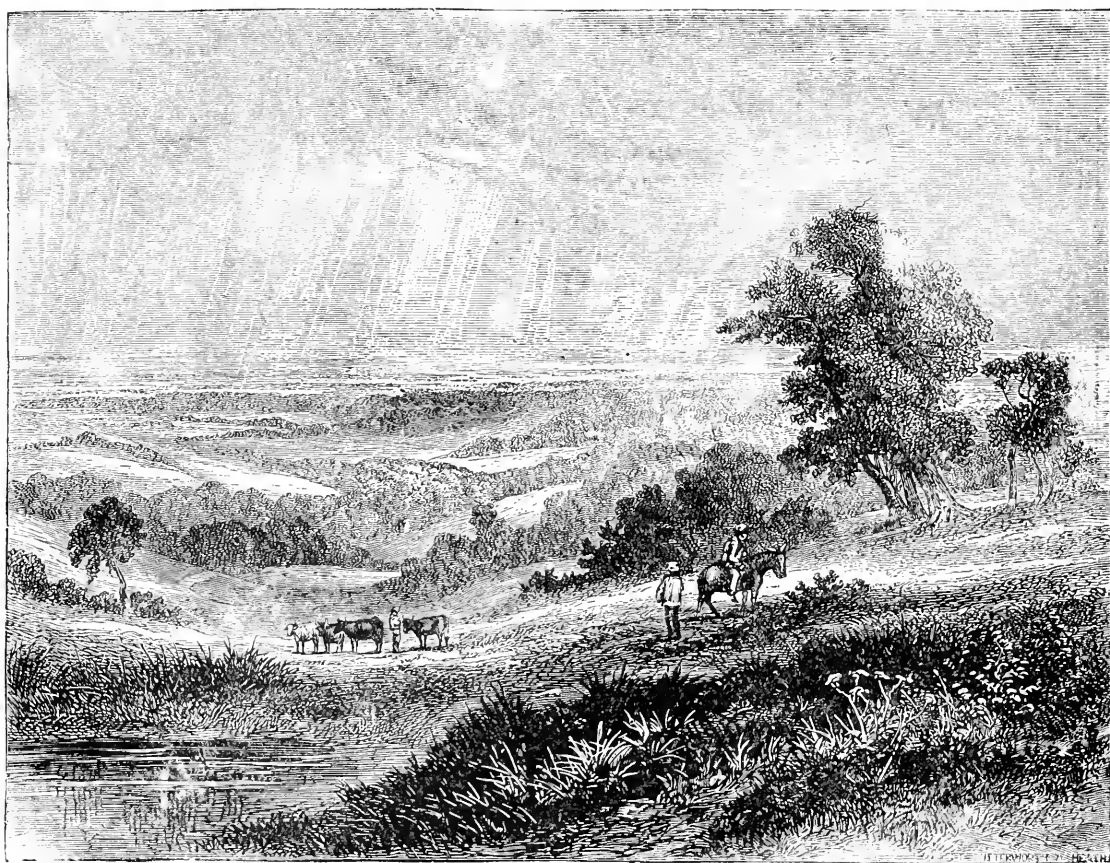
SURREY, KENT AND SUSSEX.

‘**H**E is a benefactor to his species who makes two blades of corn to grow where only one grew before.’ The substantial truth of the aphorism none will question; yet it would be a doubtful benefit if all the waste lands were reclaimed and brought under the plow. Enclosure Acts, by extending the area of the productive soil, have increased the resources of the country and the food of the people. But the total absorption into cultivated farms of heath, forest, and woodland would be to purchase the utilitarian advantage at too high a price.

The open commons of Surrey and the rolling downs of Sussex are, in their way, of a beauty unsurpassed. Both are chiefly due to the great chalk formation, which comes down in a southwesterly direction from the eastern counties, breaks into the Chiltern Hills, extends over the greater part of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Hampshire; and in the east of the last-named county becomes separated into two branches; one, the ‘North Downs,’ running almost due east to the North Foreland and Shakspeare’s Cliff; the other, the ‘South Downs,’ pursuing a southeasterly direction to Beachy Head. In their long and undulating course, they form innumerable combinations of picturesque beauty. Places elsewhere, well known and deservedly famous, are rivaled in loveliness by many a sequestered scene in the line of

the lower chalk country, of which few but the thinly scattered inhabitants, and now and then an unconventional tourist, have ever heard.

The charm of these lines of rolling upland is much enhanced by the great rough plain which they inclose—'the Weald' (*i.e.*, Forest), as it is termed—extending in an irregular triangle from the point where the Downs diverge to the British Channel. Geologists have framed many theories as to the formation of the Weald. It belongs to the oolite formation below the chalk; it is the uppermost member of that formation, and was a deposit of sands and clays in a tropical climate, as is abundantly evident from animal and vegetable remains found there. These prove the existence of islands, banks and forests, forming the shores of a vast estuary, the



WEALD OF SUSSEX.

embouchure of some great river from the west. At one time the deep chalk deposit extended all over it; but this was disturbed by a line of elevation running along its east and west axes, the superincumbent chalk being broken up and washed away; hence the cliff-like aspect of the Downs in many places, where they descend precipitously to the sandy and gravelly ledge of the valley, as to a beach. The remains of the huge land lizards and iguanodons of the Weald, collected by the late Doctor Mantell, form one of the most conspicuous exhibitions of fossil bones in the British Museum. The pretty little fossil ferns, *Lonchopteris* and *Sphenopteris*, found nature-printed on the sand-stones, are, on the other hand, the very counterparts, in size and delicacy, of their present successors.

In early times, as every local historian tells, the Weald was a chief seat of the iron manufacture in Great Britain. The ironstone found here was certainly wrought by the Romans and Saxons, if not by the Ancient Britons; and down to the seventeenth century the trade was prosperous. Many an old manor-house, to the present day, attests this former prosperity, while its memories linger also in such local names as Furnace Place, Cinder Hill, and Hammer Pond. The balustrades round St.



HORSTED KEYNES CHURCH.

Paul's Cathedral are a relic of the Sussex ironworks. Want of fuel, and the more abundant and rich ironstone of the coal-measures, caused the decay of the industry, after whole forests had been destroyed to feed the furnaces. The old-fashioned cottages, here and there remaining, speak of days of former prosperity among the working-classes; nor are they even yet devoid of comfort, although the transition has been great—ironworkers then, chicken-fatteners now!

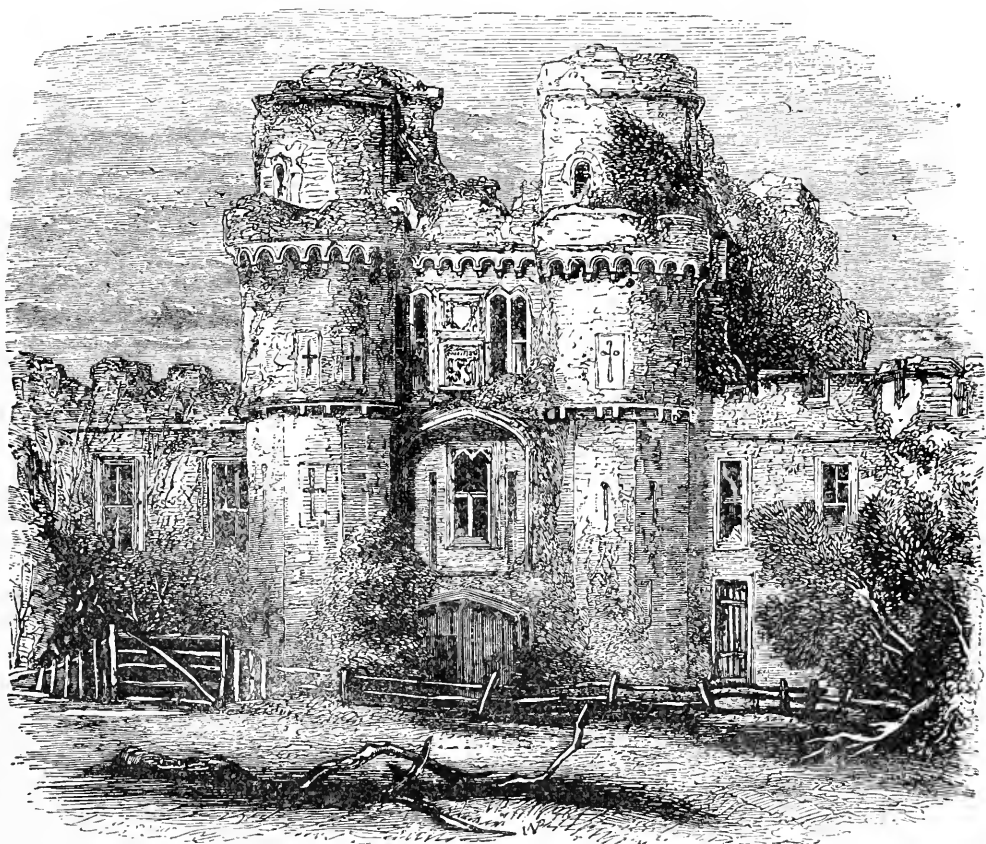
The ridge that runs through the center of the Weald is called the Forest Ridge

and Ashdown. It is here that the chief beauties of the district are concentrated, while the whole plain lies open to view from the heights. Starting from East Grinstead, near to which is the source of the Medway, a walk of extraordinary interest and sylvan beauty leads by Forest Row and the ruins of Brambletye House up to High Beeches; from which spot a pleasant excursion may be made to Horsted Keynes, where the gentle and saintly Archbishop Leighton lies buried. His grave is in the chancel; his tombstone outside the church. Thence, bearing to the east, the traveler may work his way to Crowborough Beacon, near the road from Tunbridge Wells to Lewes, where, with a foreground of moss and fern dotted here and there by fir trees, he may look over the whole rolling surface of the Weald, rich with the flowers of spring, the blossoms of summer, or the golden fruitage and yellow corn of the autumn; while the purple downs on either hand close in the prospect, with just one gleam, beyond Beachy Head, of the distant sea. Then, if desirous of prolonging his ramble to other points of view, he may cross the hills to Heathfield, resting on the way at Mayfield, an old-world Wealden town, once a residence of archbishops, and the traditional scene of the renowned combat between Dunstan and the Devil. Here the traveler may find a temporary resting-place in some rustic hostelry, where, if luxuries are not obtainable, the eggs and bacon are wholesome and abundant; the sheets are fragrant with lavender; and, though perhaps a little wondered at by the rustic children, he will have a home-like welcome.

Again we leave the beaten track, and push on through the vale of Heathfield to the south; for a walk of seven or eight miles will bring us to Hurstmonceux, inseparably connected with the name and work of Archdeacon Hare, the philosophic theologian and devout Christian, whose books on the *Victory of Faith* and the *Mission of the Comforter* have done so much to elevate the religious thought of the age; and who, by his *Vindication of Luther*, has made it impossible for any man of competent knowledge and fair judgment to repeat old calumnies against the great Reformer. We visit the castle—one of the finest remains of the later feudalism—fortress and mansion in one. ‘Persons who have visited Rome,’ writes Archdeacon Hare, ‘on entering the Castle-court, and seeing the piles of brickwork strewn about, have been reminded of the Baths of Caracalla, though of course on a miniature scale; the illusion being perhaps fostered by the deep blue of the Sussex sky, which, when compared with that in more northerly parts of England, has almost an Italian character.’ After exploring the great ruddy-tinted ruins, we may ascend to the church, taking a glance at the rectory, the home of so much piety and genius, seeing once again in thought the archdeacon’s friend and curate, poor John Sterling, as described by Hare, with his tall form rapidly advancing across the lawn to the study window; or more pensively may pass to the churchyard, where so many members of the parted family band sleep as ‘one in Christ.’

Before turning northwards, let us make our way to Beachy Head, grandest of the English chalk headlands in the south; thence, either turning westward to Seaford, with its grand cliff scenery, or in the opposite direction to Eastbourne, that bright modern watering-place, between the sea and the hills, with the quaint Sussex village in the background. Here, resting for a while, we may prepare for a long, health-giving, inspiring ramble over the South Downs, ‘that chain of majestic mountains,’ as White of Selbourne calls them—for the most part bare, treeless hills, sweeping in many a grand curve, broken by shadowed ‘coombes,’ or wooded

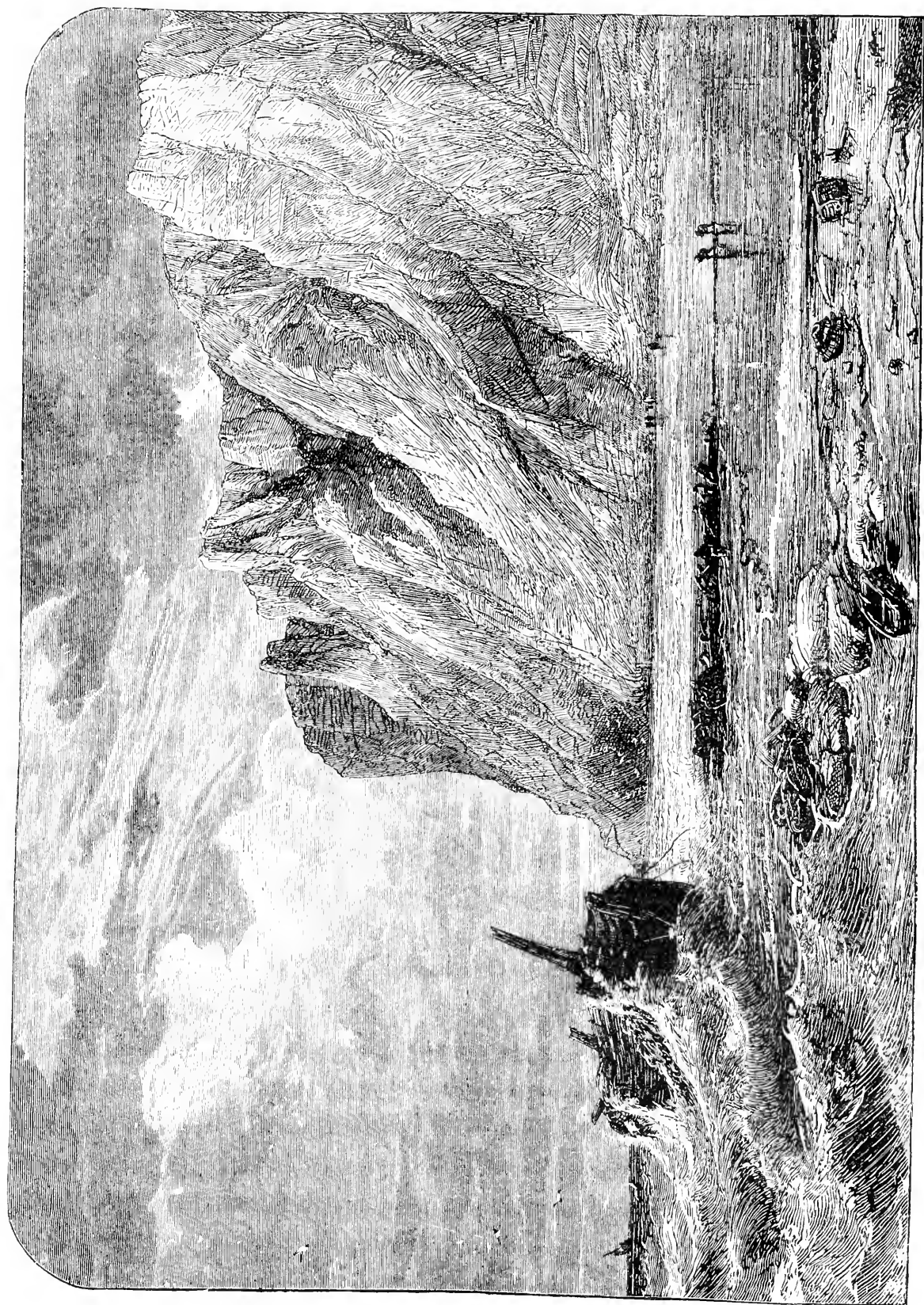
flowery 'deans.' On the way to Lewes, Firle Beacon, one of the highest points of the Downs, may be ascended, after which the traveler may take the rail to Brighton and Shoreham, and strike up hill again into what is perhaps the finest part of the range, where from Chanctonbury Ring he will be able to command at one view all its most characteristic features. The height itself is conspicuous far and wide, from its dark crown of fir trees. Probably the 'Ring' denotes here the ancient entrenchment, British or Roman, which is circular, or it may be a reminiscence of the time when fairies were believed in; 'fairy rings' being a common feature of the Downs; caused really by the growth of mushrooms, the grass by the decay of the latter becoming a deeper green.



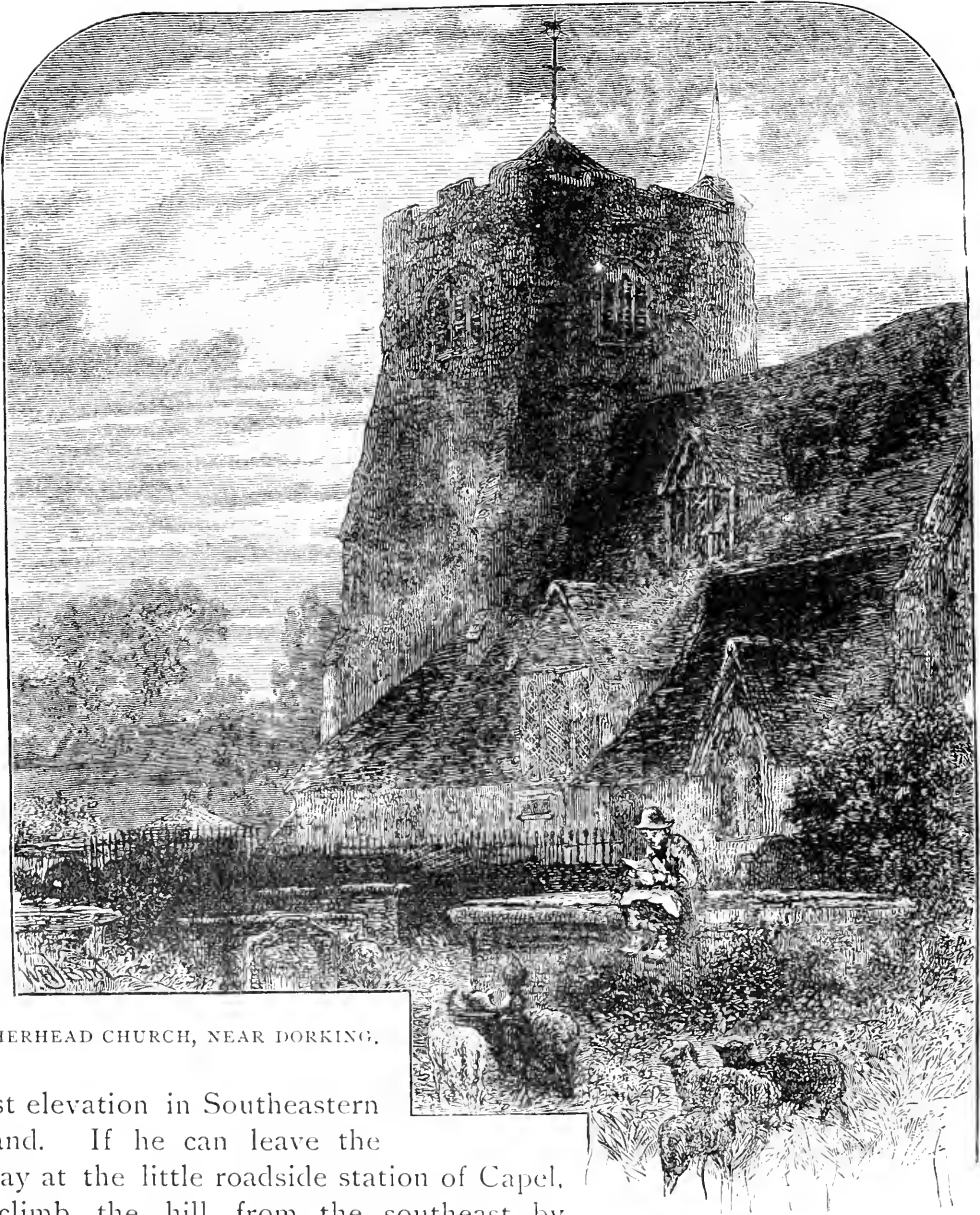
HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE.

Steyning is the nearest station to Chanctonbury, and we would advise the tourist to take train there for the North Downs, or, better still, to proceed in the opposite direction to Arundel, famous for its picturesque castle and park, with its fair historic pastures: but in either case the Weald will be crossed *viâ* Horsham. About half-way between Arundel and Horsham, many a traveler will be disposed to turn off to the little Sussex town of Midhurst, on the edge of the Weald, where Richard Cobden was born, and where the old 'Schola Grammaticalis,' the most prominent building in the town, has the twin honor of the great Free Trader's early education and that of Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist.

Between Midhurst and Dorking, whither the traveler is bound, he may see to his left the wooded slopes and imposing tower-crowned summit of Leith Hill, the



BEACHY HEAD.



LEATHERHEAD CHURCH, NEAR DORKING.

loftiest elevation in Southeastern England. If he can leave the rail, say at the little roadside station of Capel, and climb the hill from the southeast by Ockley and Tanhurst, he will not only be richly rewarded, but may perhaps express his astonishment that such views and such a walk should be found within a short afternoon's journey of London. From the summit of Leith Hill, it is said that ten counties are visible; not only Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, but Hampshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and Essex. The eye ranges, in short, from a height of just less than 1000 feet over a circumference of 200 miles of fair and various landscape; valley and upland; broad meadows and wooded slopes, with many an open ridge against the sky. Only the charm of river or lake is wanting: but we are in no mood to be critical. Downwards, the walk is full of interest, through wooded lanes to Anstiebury, where there is a fine Roman encampment, and on to romantic Holmwood, with its pine woods and breezy common; past Deepdene, the wonderfully beautiful seat of the Hope family, and so to Dorking, where

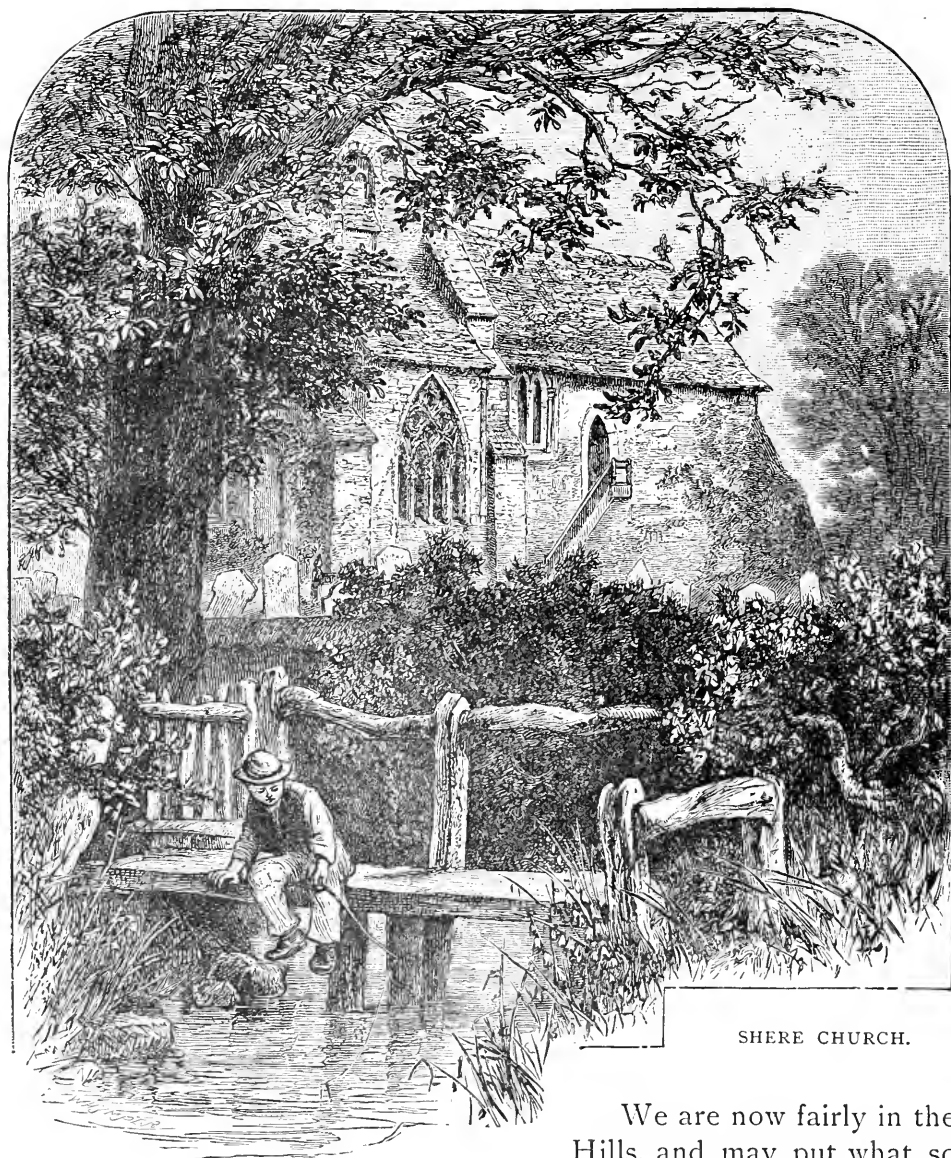
the wearied pedestrian will find a pleasant rest, with nothing to excite him, save the remembrances of his little excursion. If he had not been well prepared for its exceeding loveliness beforehand, it must have been to him a surprise as well as a delight. Comparisons are proverbially distasteful, but we can understand, if we cannot wholly endorse, the rapturous verdict of John Dennis, who gives it as his opinion that the prospect from Leith Hill 'surpasses at once in rural charm, pomp, and magnificence' the view of the Val d'Arno from the Apennines, or of the Campagna from Tivoli.

The charm of this neighborhood is now well understood by not a few wearied Londoners, who find a summer's home in one or other of the many picturesque farmhouses—many of them really fine specimens of eighteenth, and even seventeenth, century architecture. Nor can there well be a greater rest for the parents, or delight for the children, than this dwelling amid rural sights and sounds in the



COBDEN'S BIRTHPLACE, AT MIDHURST.

brightest time of the year. These Sussex and Surrey farmsteads are becoming formidable rivals to the crowded seaside. Not only so, but in our walks through these districts we have often met the pale-cheeked, hollow-eyed, prematurely quick-witted boys and girls of London 'slums,' sent hither by thoughtful, well-timed charity, and cared for by kindly cottagers, until in a very few weeks they learn to play and run like country children, and carry back with them some color on their sallow cheeks, with a store of happy remembrances to brighten their poor lives. Among the philanthropic schemes of the day there is hardly one that has in it greater promise of good than this effort to bring the sweet influences of country life to bear upon the children of the gutter and the squalid back streets of town. No doubt the scheme, like others, requires to be very carefully worked out in detail, with caution on many points that need not be indicated here. But, well managed, it must be a moral and educational influence fraught with blessing.



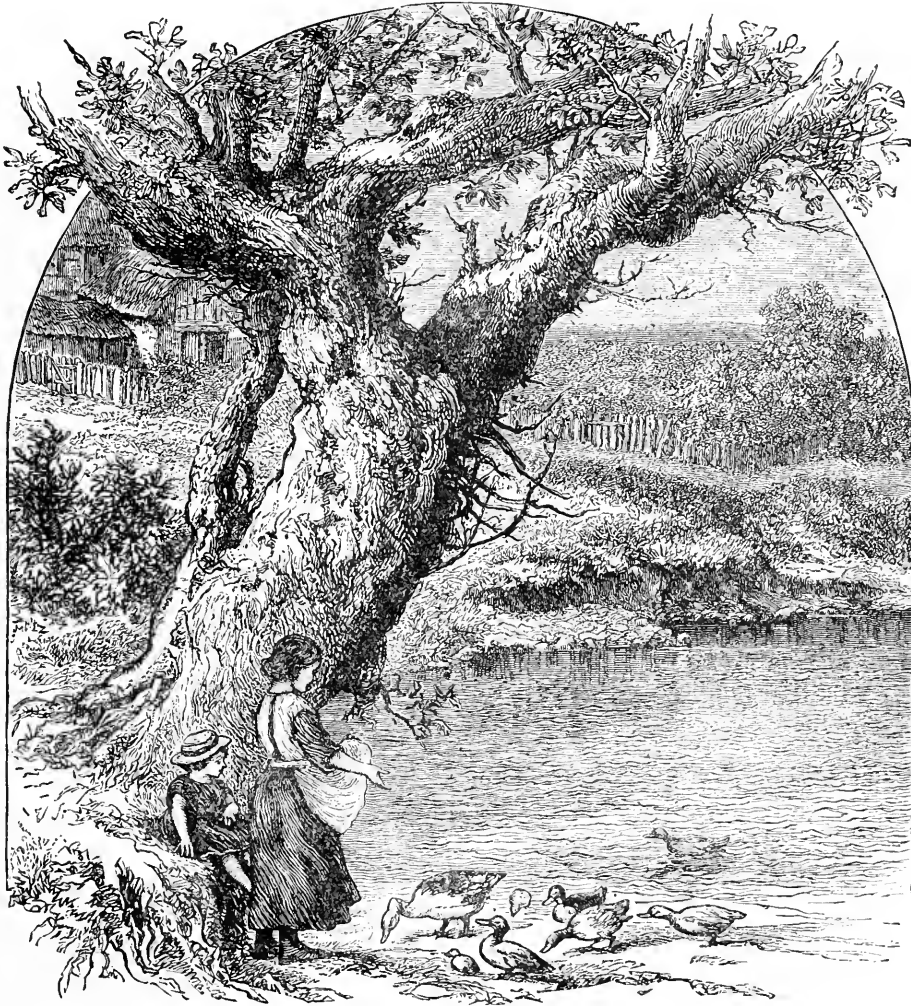
SHERE CHURCH.

We are now fairly in the Surrey Hills, and may put what some will think the very crown to these south-eastern excursions by a walk from Dorking to Farnham. Ascending by one of many lanes, shadowed (at the time of our visit) by hedges bright with hawthorn berries, and tall trees just touched with the russet and gold of early autumn, we are soon upon an upland stretch of heath and forest, still remaining in all the wildness of nature. Sometimes the path leads us between venerable trees—oak and beech, and yew, whose branches form an impenetrable roof overhead, then traverses a sweep of bare hill, bright with gorse and heather, then plunges into some fairy dell, carpeted with softest moss. Many of the ‘stately homes of England’ upon the lower slopes, with their embowering trees, add a charm to the scene by their reminiscences as well as by their beauty. To the left is Wotton; made famous by the name and genius of John Evelyn, author of *Sylva* and the *Diary*—the scholar, gentleman, and Christian—pure-minded in an age of corruption, and the admiration of dissolute courtiers, who could respect what they would not imitate.

It is to him that Cowley says :

‘ Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness ;
And happier yet, because thou’rt blest
With wisdom how to choose the best.’

That the choice was made, for life and death, appears by the inscription which Evelyn directed to be placed on his tombstone at Wotton. ‘ That living in an age



AT HASLEMERE.

of extraordinary events and revolution, he had learned from thence this truth, which he desired might be thus communicated to posterity : that all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but real piety.’

Beyond Wotton is the charming village of Shere, with its picturesque little church and crystal stream. Two or three miles farther, Albury is reached, with its lovely gardens designed by Evelyn. The curious traveler may here inspect the sumptuous church erected by the late Mr. Drummond, the owner of Albury, for the followers of Edward Irving. The worth of Mr. Drummond’s character, with the shrewd sense and caustic wit by which he was wont to enliven the debates of the

House of Commons, laid a deeper hold upon his contemporaries than his theological peculiarities ; and the special views of which this temple is the costly memorial have proved of insufficient power to sway the minds and hearts of men. Still ascending, we reach again the summit of steep downs, and, advancing by noble yew trees, gain at Newlands' Corner another magnificent view. The hill of the 'Holy Martyrs' Chapel, now corrupted to 'Saint Martha's,' may next be climbed, and a short rest at the fine old town of Guildford will be welcome. The castle, the churches with their monuments, and Archbishop Abbot's Hospital, are all worthy of a visit ; and a run by rail to Haslemere, near which beautiful village Lord Tennyson has fixed his abode, may well occupy a leisure day, with, if possible, a climb to Blackdown, a mile or two beyond the poet's residence, with its fresh breezes and splendid prospects. But for the pedestrian a much finer approach to Haslemere will be over the upland commons from Farnham. Reserving, therefore, this excursion for the present, let us press on from Guildford to Farnham by a ten miles' walk over the 'Hog's Back.'

Climbing from the Guildford station through pleasant lanes, the traveler emerges upon a narrow chalk-ridge, half a mile wide, and nearly level, which etymologists tell us was called by the Anglo-Saxons *Hoga*, a hill, whence the ridge received its name. Possibly, however, a simpler derivation, as the more obvious, is also the more correct. The long upland unbroken line might not inaptly have been compared with one of those long, lean, narrow-backed swine with which early English illuminations make us familiar ; and the homeliness of the name would quite accord with the habit of early topographers. The walk is interesting, but, after the varied beauties of the way from Dorking to Guildford, may appear at first slightly monotonous. On either side the fair, fertile champaign of Surrey stretches to the horizon, broken here and there by low wood-crowned hills ; and at one point especially, between Puttenham on the left, and Wanborough on the right, the combinations of view are very striking. Puttenham church-tower, and the manor-house, formerly the Priory, peep out from amongst the foliage of some grand old trees. A few cottages and farmhouses lie scattered about picturesquely, forming the very ideal of an old English village ; while pine-covered Crooksbury Hill, with the 'Devil's Jumps' and Hindhead in the farther distance, make a striking background to the view. 'Wan,' is evidently 'Woden,' and here there was no doubt a shrine of the ancient Saxon deity. We must not omit in passing to drink of the Wanborough spring, among the freshest and purest in England ; never known, it is said, to freeze.

Pursuing our journey, we presently look down upon Moor Park, and Waverley, which we may either visit now, descending by the little village of Seale, or reserve for an excursion from Farnham. Waverley contains the picturesque remains of an old Cistercian Abbey, built as the Cistercians always did build, in a charming valley, embosomed in hills, irrigated by a clear running stream, abounding in fish, and with current enough to turn the mill of the monastery. The annals of this great establishment, extending over two hundred and thirty years, were published toward the close of the seventeenth century ; and Sir Walter Scott took from them the name now so familiar wherever the English language is spoken.

Divided from Waverley by a winding lane, whose high banks and profuse undergrowth remind us of Devonshire, lies Moor Park. Hither Sir William Temple

retired from the toils of state, to occupy his leisure by gardening, planting, and in writing memoirs. A trim garden, with stiff-clipped hedges, and watered by a straight canal which runs through it, is doubtless a reminiscence of Temple's residence as our ambassador at the Hague. 'But,' says Lord Macaulay, 'there were other inmates of Moor Park to whom a higher interest belongs. An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as an amanuensis for board and twenty pounds a year; dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a



A HOP-GARDEN.

very pretty dark-eyed young girl, who waited on Lady Giffard. Little did Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependant concealed a genius equally suited to politics and to letters, a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can only perish with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in his servants' hall, which he, perhaps, scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long, unprosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch or Abélard. Sir William's secretary was Jonathan Swift. Lady Giffard's waiting-maid was poor Stella.'

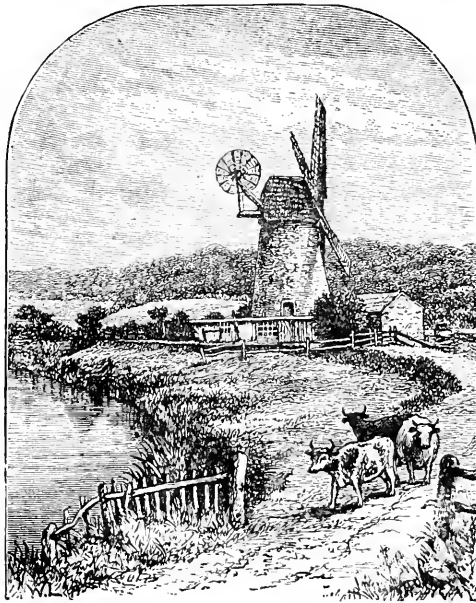
Just outside the lodge gate, at the end of the park farthest from the mansion, is a small house covered with roses and evergreens. It is known to the peasantry as 'Dame Swift's Cottage.' Our rustic guide pointed it out by this name, but who Dame Swift was he did not know. He had never heard of Stella and her sad history. An object of far greater interest to him was a large fox-earth, a couple of hundred yards away, in which some years ago 'a miser' had lived and died. A whole crop of legends have already sprung up about the mysterious inmate of the cave. He was a nobleman, so said our informant, who had been crossed in love; he had made a vow that no human being should see his face, and accordingly never came out till after nightfall, even then being closely wrapped up in his cloak. After his death a party of ladies and gentlemen came down from London in a post-chaise and four; and, having buried the body, carried away 'a cartload of golden guineas and fine dresses, which he had hid in the cave.'

The picturesqueness of the approach to Farnham, whether over the last ridge of the Hog's Back, or through the lanes from Seale, Moor Park, and Waverley, is much enhanced by the hop-gardens, which occupy about a thousand acres in the neighborhood. For excellence the Farnham hops are considered to bear the palm, although the chief field of this peculiar branch of cultivation is in Kent. No south-eastern rambles, especially in the early autumn, would be complete without a visit to the gardens where the hop-picking is in full operation. It is the great holiday for thousands of the humbler class of Londoners, as well as the chosen resort of thousands of the 'finest pisantry' from the Emerald Isle. Costermongers, watermen, sempstresses, factory girls, laborers of all descriptions, young and old, bear a hand at the work. The air is invigorating, the task to the industrious is easy, and the pay is not bad. The hop-pickers, who are in such numbers that they cannot obtain even humble lodgings in the villages, sleep in barns, sheds, stables, and booths, or even under the hedges in the lanes. A rough kind of order is maintained among themselves; although outbreaks of violence and debauchery sometimes happen. On the whole, the work is not unhealthy, and the opportunity of engaging in it is as real a boon to the hop-pickers as a journey to Scarborough or Biarritz to those of another class. Besides which, the great gathering of people gives opportunities of which Christian activity avails itself; and the evening visit to the encampment, the homely address, the quiet talk, and the well-chosen tract, have been instrumental of lasting good to those whom religious agencies elsewhere have failed to reach.

Farnham has special associations with both the Church and the Army; and the impartial visitor will no doubt take an opportunity of seeing the stately moated castle, the abode of the Bishops of Winchester, and of visiting the neighboring camp of Aldershot. The politician will recall the name of William Cobbett, who was born in this neighborhood, and, in his own direct and homely style, often dwells on his boyish recollections of its charms. Some will not forget another name associated with this little Surrey town. One among the sweetest singers of our modern Israel, Augustus Toplady, was born at Farnham. He died at the age of thirty-eight, but he lived long enough to write 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'; and none need covet a nobler earthly immortality.

From Farnham, as we have said, the pedestrian may pursue his way over breezy uplands by Hindhead and the 'Devil's Punchbowl' to Haslemere—a grand and inspiring nine miles' walk: or he may return, as we were fain to do, by rail to

London, only turning aside at Weybridge to Addlestone to see the Crouch Oak—one of the famous trees of England. *Crouch* perhaps means *cross*, from some mark upon the tree, once showing it to be on the boundary of Windsor Forest. But however this may be, the tree is a grand relic of the past. John Wycliffe, it is said, once preached under its spreading branches ; and a better-attested tradition represents ‘ the good Queen Bess ’ as having once dined beneath its shadow.



WINDMILL NEAR ARUNDEL.



IN THE NEW FOREST.

'THE groves were GOD's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.'

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



THE NEW FOREST.—A GROUP OF FOREST PONIES.

FORESTS AND WOODLANDS.

WHEN Britain was first brought by Roman ambition within the knowledge of Southern Europe, the interior of the island was one vast forest. Cæsar and Strabo agree in describing its towns as being nothing more than spaces cleared of trees—‘royds,’ or ‘thwaites,’ in North of England phrase—where a few huts were placed and defended by ditch or rampart. Somersetshire and the adjacent counties were covered by the Coit Mawr, or Great Wood. Asser tells us that Berkshire was so called from the Wood of Berroc, where the box-tree grew most abundantly. Buckinghamshire was so called from the great forests of beech (*boc*), of which the remnants still survive. The Cotswold Hills, and the Wolds of Yorkshire, are shown by their names to have been once far-spreading woodlands; and the same may be said of the Weald of Sussex, the subject, in part, of the preceding chapter. ‘In the district of the Weald,’ writes the Rev. Isaac Taylor, ‘almost every local name, for miles and miles, terminates in *hurst*, *ley*, *den*, or *field*. The *hursts* were the dense portions of the forests; the *leys* are the open forest-glades where the cattle love to lie; the *dens* are the deep-wooded valleys, and the *fields* were little patches of “felled” or cleared land in the midst of the surrounding forest. From Petersfield and Midhurst, by Billinghamurst, Cuckfield, Wadhurst, and Lamberhurst as far as Hawkshurst and Tenderden, these names stretch in an uninterrupted string.’ And, again, ‘A line of names ending in *den* testifies to the existence of the forest tract in Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and Huntingdon, which formed the western boundary of the East Saxon and East Anglian Kingdom. Henley in Arden and Hampton in Arden are vestiges of the great Warwickshire forest of Arden, which stretched from the Forest of Dean to Sherwood Forest.’ Hampshire was already a forest in the time of William the Conqueror; all he did was to sweep away the towns and villages which had sprung up within its precincts. Epping and Hainault are but fragments of the ancient forest of Essex, which extended as far as Colchester. Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire and the other northern counties, were the haunts of the wolf, the wild boar, and the red deer, which roamed at will over moorland and forest, and have given their names here and there to a bold upland or sequestered nook.

Even down to the time of Queen Elizabeth immense tracts of primeval forest remained unreclaimed.

And here it should be noted that though, as a matter of fact, forest lands are generally woodlands also, this is not essential to the meaning of the word. A 'forest,' says Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood,¹ 'is probably a wilderness, or uncultivated tract of country ; but, as such were commonly overgrown with trees, the word took the meaning of a large wood. We have many forests in England without a stick of timber upon them.' It is especially so in Scotland, as many a traveler who has driven all the long day by the treeless 'Forest of Breadalbane' will well remember.

The question has been recently much discussed in England as to whether the forests ought to be retained in their present extent. Economists have shown by calculation that forests do not pay. It is said that they encourage idleness and poaching, and thus lead to crime. Estimates have been made of the amount of grain which might be raised if the soil were brought under the plow. Yet few persons who have wandered through the glades of these glorious woodlands would be willing to part with them. Admit that the cost of maintenance is in excess of their return to the national exchequer, yet England is rich enough to bear the loss ; and it is a poor economy which reduces everything to a pecuniary estimate. 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' In God's world beauty has its place as well as utility. 'Consider the lilies.'

' God might have made enough—enough
For every want of ours,
For temperance, medicine, and use,
And yet have made no flowers.'

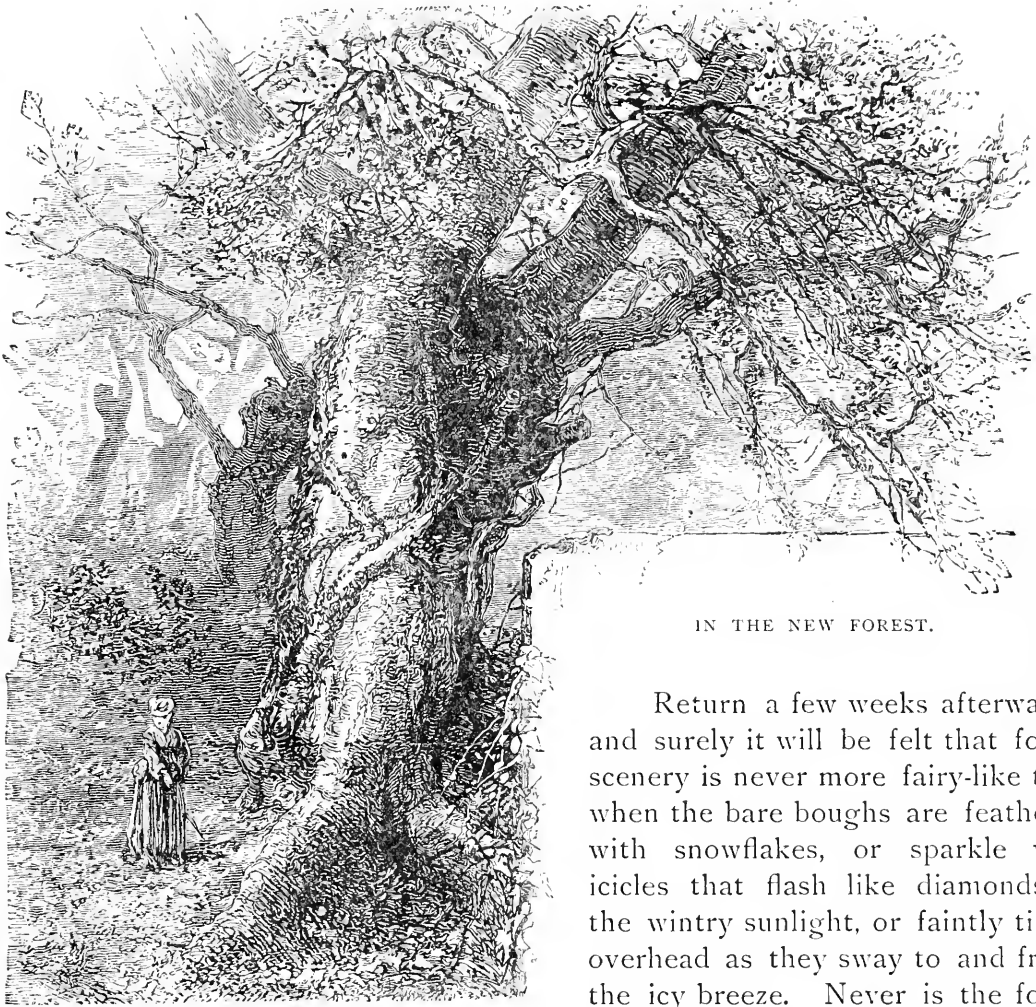
'He hath made everything beautiful in its time'; and intends that we should rejoice in His works as well as feed upon His bounty and learn from His wisdom. While by no means insensible to the charm of a richly cultivated district, where 'the pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered over with corn,' yet let us trust that the day is far distant when the few remaining forests shall have disappeared before modern improvements and scientific husbandry.

To the lover of nature, forest scenery is beautiful at all seasons. How pleasant is it, in the hot summer noon, to lie beneath the 'leafy screen,' through which the sunlight flickers like golden rain ; to watch the multitudinous life around us—the squirrel flashing from bough to bough, the rabbit darting past with quick, jerky movements, the birds flitting hither and thither in busy idleness, the columns of insects in ceaseless, aimless, gliding motion—and to listen to the mysterious undertone of sound which pervades rather than disturbs the silence ! Beautiful, too, are the woods when autumn has touched their greenery with its own variety of hue. From the old Speech House of the Forest of Dean we have looked out as on a billowy, far-extending sea of glory—elm, oak, beech, ash, maple, all with their own peculiar tints, yet bleeding into one harmonious chord of color in the light of the westering sun ; whilst from among them the holly and the yew stood out like green islands set in an ocean of gold.

A little later in the year, and we tread among the rustling leaves, whilst over us interlaces in intricate tracery a network of branches, twigs, and sprays :—

' The ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.'

¹ *Dictionary of English Etymology.*



IN THE NEW FOREST.

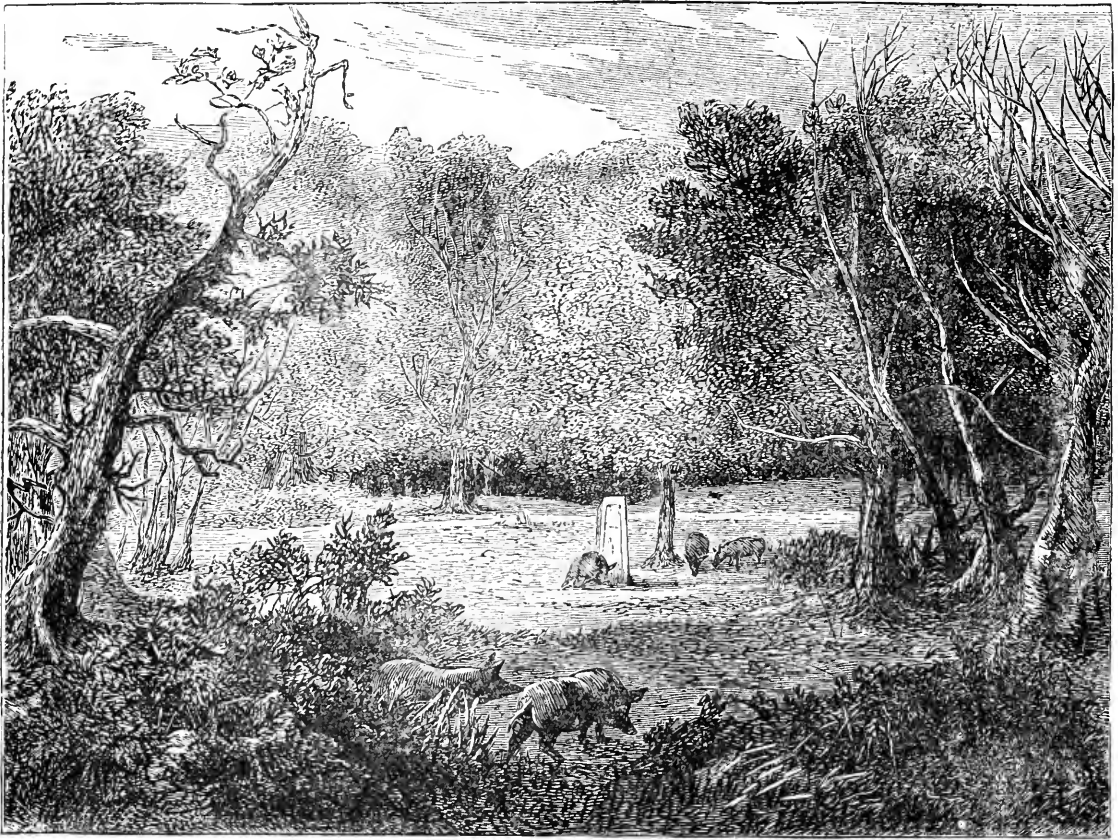
Return a few weeks afterwards, and surely it will be felt that forest scenery is never more fairy-like than when the bare boughs are feathered with snowflakes, or sparkle with icicles that flash like diamonds in the wintry sunlight, or faintly tinkle overhead as they sway to and fro in the icy breeze. Never is the forest more solemn than when, with a sound like thunder or the raging sea, the wind tosses the giant branches in wild commotion. We cannot wonder that Schiller delighted to wander alone in the stormy midnight through the woods, listening to the tempest which raged aloft, or that much of his grandest poetry was composed amid scenes like these.

Nor must we forget the aspect of the woods in early spring, when Nature is just awakening from her winter's sleep. It needs a quick eye to trace the delicate shades of color which then succeed each other—the dull brown first brightening into a reddish hue, as the glossy leaf-cases begin to expand, then a faint hint of tender green as the pale leaves burst from their enclosure one after another, tinging with color the skeleton branches which they are soon to clothe with their beautiful mantle.

‘Mysterious round ! What skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! A simple train,
Yet so delightful, mixed with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade unperceived so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.’

FORESTS AND WOODLANDS.

The NEW FOREST claims precedence over all others, from its extent, its picturesque beauty, and its historical associations. Though greatly encroached upon since the time that the Conqueror 'loved its red deer as if he were their father,' and the Red King fell beneath the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrell, it still contains long stretches of wild moorland, and mighty oaks which may have been venerable in the days of the Plantagenets. The red deer have entirely disappeared. About a hundred fallow deer yet remain. They are very shy, hiding themselves in the least visited recesses of the Forest, and are rarely seen except during the annual hunt, which takes place every spring. In 1874 a pack of bloodhounds was brought down by Lord Londesborough, who owns a beautiful park near Lyndhurst. The sport,



THE RUFUS STONE, NEW FOREST.

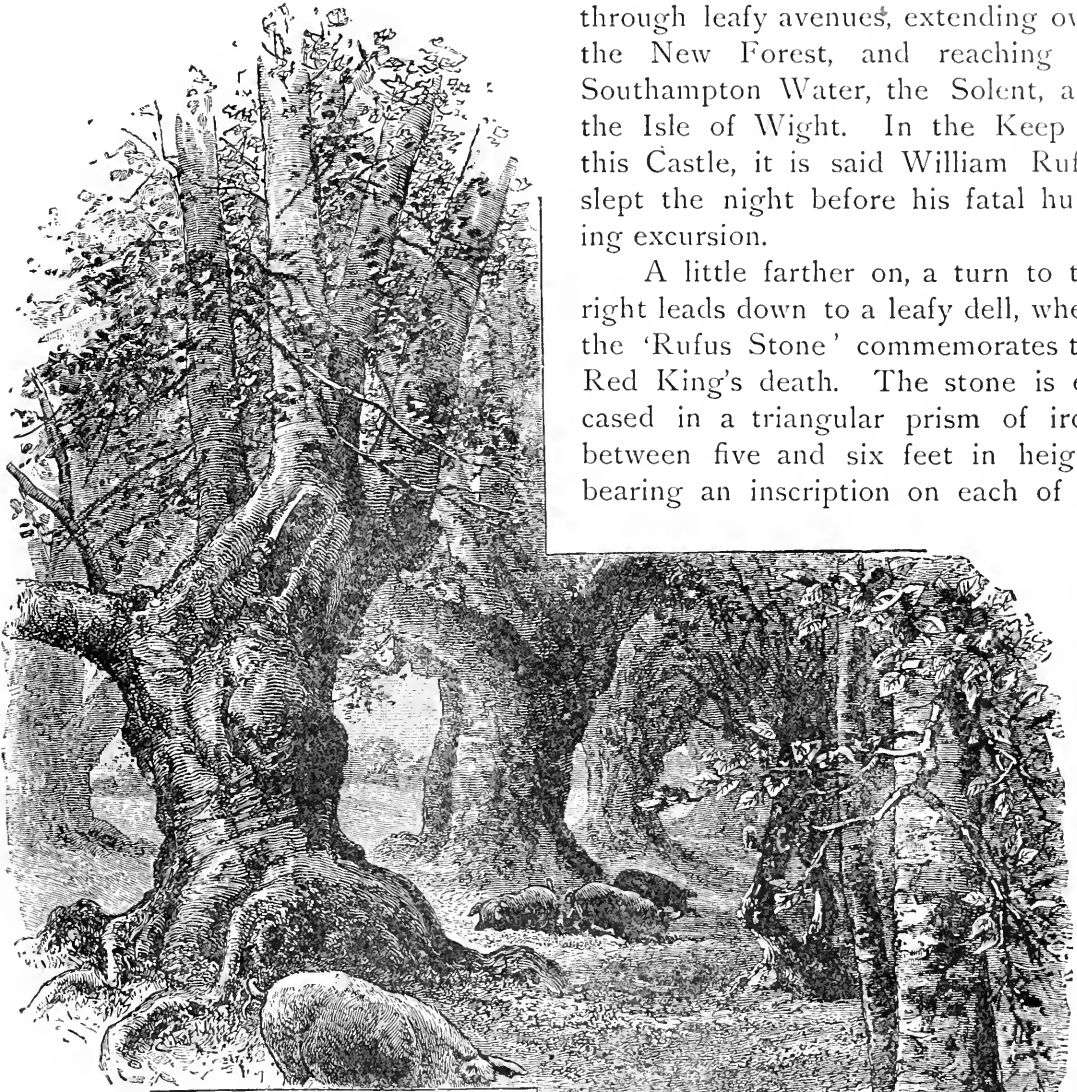
however, is said not to have been very good. Numerous droves of forest ponies run wild, and with the herds of swine feeding upon the acorns and beech-mast, give animation to the scene. Amid the forest glades even pigs become picturesque.

Charming excursions may be made into the Forest from the towns on its borders, Southampton, Lymington, Christchurch, or Ringwood. But he who would fully appreciate its beauties must take up his quarters at Lyndhurst, in the very heart of its finest scenery. From this center, walks or drives may be taken in every direction, and in almost endless variety. One of these, describing a circuit of about twelve miles, past the Rufus Stone and Boldrewood, claims especial mention. The road leads for a short distance through a richly wooded and highly cultivated district, by Rushpole Wood, past the pretty village of Minstead, where the 'Trusty

Servant,' after the old English fashion of serious humor, is an allegory upon a sign-post. Soon we pass Castle Malwood, Sir William Harcourt's seat, with its magnifi-

cent trees, and fine distant prospects through leafy avenues, extending over the New Forest, and reaching to Southampton Water, the Solent, and the Isle of Wight. In the Keep of this Castle, it is said William Rufus slept the night before his fatal hunting excursion.

A little farther on, a turn to the right leads down to a leafy dell, where the 'Rufus Stone' commemorates the Red King's death. The stone is encased in a triangular prism of iron, between five and six feet in height, bearing an inscription on each of its



THE NEW FOREST IN AUTUMN.

three sides, telling the story of the catastrophe, as handed down by tradition.

'Here stood the oak tree on which an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag, glanced and struck King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, on the breast, of which he instantly died, on the 2nd day of August, Anno 1100.'

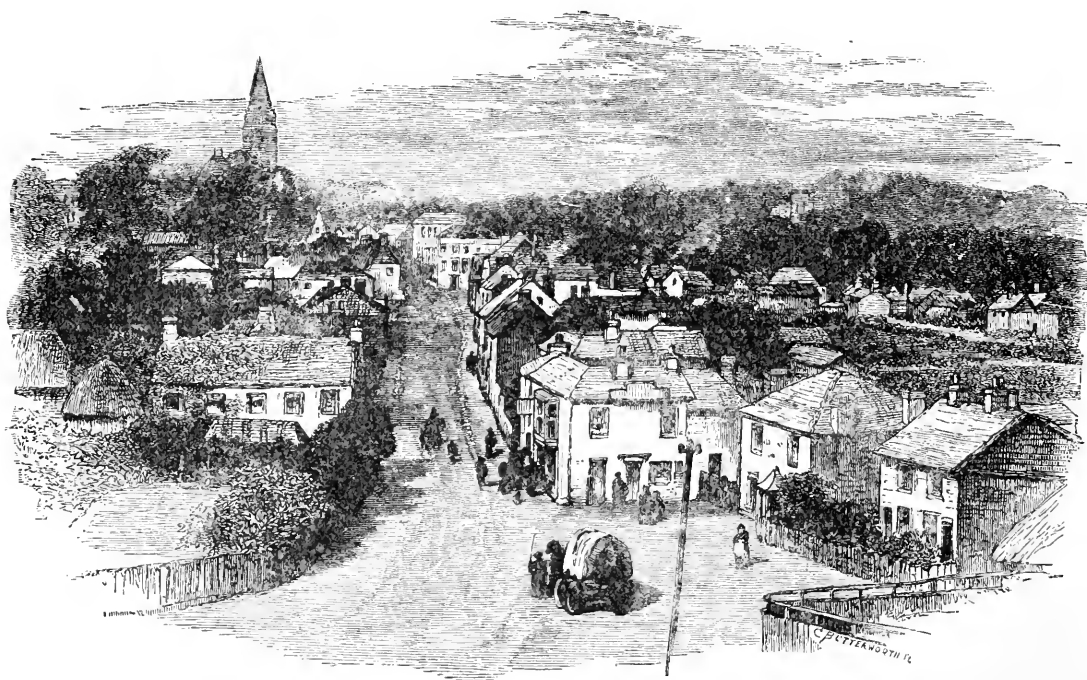
'King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, being slain as before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkis, and drawn from thence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral Church of that city.'



FORESTS AND WOODLANDS.

'That the spot where an event so memorable had happened might not hereafter be forgotten, this stone was set up by John, Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, Anno 1745. This stone having been so much mutilated, and the inscription on each of its three sides defaced, this more durable memorial, with the original inscriptions, was erected in the year 1841, by Mr. Sturges Bourne, Warden.'

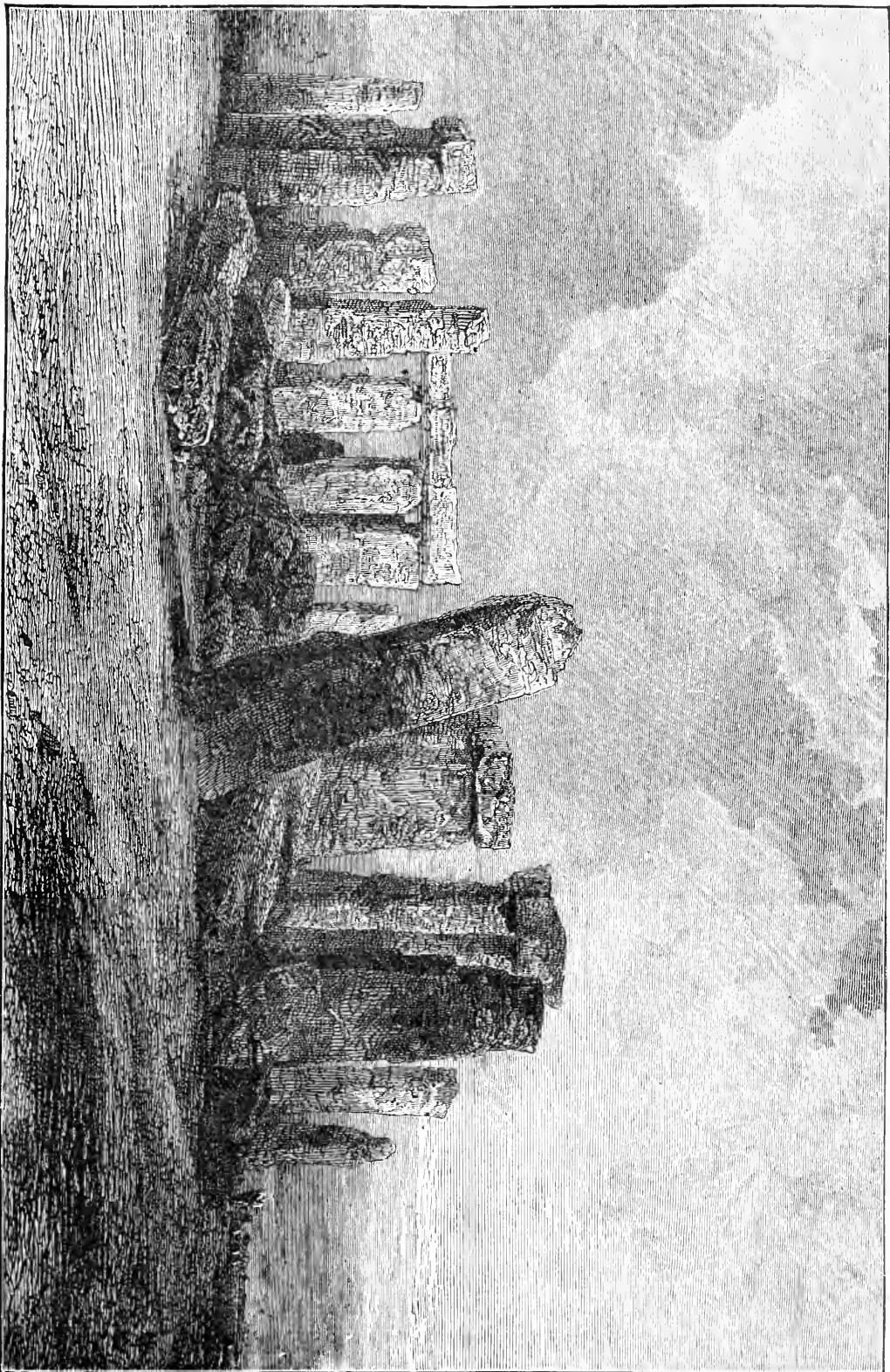
We leave this solitary royal monument to the swine that roam the Forest in search of beech-mast and acorns, and to the birds which make the woods musical throughout its whole extent, and climb by a track through the greensward to Stony Cross, where luncheon at an excellent inn is welcome; and we can gaze at leisure upon another splendid view over woods and uplands. Then, repassing Castle Malwood and Minstead, we return by the beautiful walks of Manor Wood and Park,



LYNDHURST, HANTS.

over the breezy Emery Down, affording another succession of beautiful views, to Lyndhurst. The walk has been long, and is only a specimen of the enchanting excursions open in all directions to the lovers of forest scenery, to whom the very names, as we write them down, Boldrewood—Brockenhurst, Beaulieu (which we must pronounce *Bewley* to be understood by the natives), and many more—call up memories of some of the pleasantest days and happiest wanderings that they have known in this fair England.

But, before we leave Lyndhurst, let us go up the steep churchyard steps and enter the building. We have noticed as characteristic of the district that the churches are placed on elevated mounds, often evidently artificial. Many are fine specimens of Norman architecture, but this at Lyndhurst is modern. Its chief attraction is Sir Frederick Leighton's fresco of the 'Ten Virgins,' over the Communion Table—a gift of the great artist to the church, and one of his finest works. The attitudes of the virgins on each side of the central figure are very varied and thrillingly impressive. Those at the right hand seem as if they could hardly believe



STONEHENGE.

their own joy; in most of them there is an exquisite suggestion of humility. An angel stands by the bridegroom to give them welcome. On the other side, where the foolish virgins are found—some in wild agony, others in sullen despair—another angel stands with outstretched hand as if to bid them depart; and the expression of sternness chastened by tender compassion in this angel's face appears to us the crowning achievement of the painter, and one of the most touching things we have ever seen in sacred art. The whole picture is a commentary of unsurpassed impressiveness on the solemn parable—

‘Too late ! too late ! ye cannot enter now !

On other parts of England's forest scenery, only less noteworthy than the above, we must not now linger.

The tourist who has a day or two at disposal may well combine with his New Forest excursions a visit to SALISBURY PLAIN, and especially to Stonehenge, that unique and mysterious British sanctuary. The Plain itself is not what many travelers expect to find. In literature it appears far more desolate and sterile than it will actually be found. Nor is it a level expanse such as its name suggests. Once it was a bare, wind-swept, undulating plateau, with innumerable tumuli, and barrows often marked by clumps of trees. The barrows and tumuli remain, silent memorials of nameless warriors and forgotten armies. But the barrenness has given way to cultivation; and, though many parts of the widespread tract are bleak enough in the wild winds of spring and autumn, there is not much to distinguish the plain from other rural scenes where an open country is dotted over with well-kept farms, wide pasture lands, and villages sheltered in leafy hollows. A pleasant breezy drive leads from Salisbury, past the grassy mound of Old Sarum, by Amesbury and ‘Vespasian's Camp,’ toward the quiet hill-brow where the gray stones of the Druid monument stand out against the horizon. To the unpracticed eye they at first appear small—almost insignificant—in contrast with the great sweep of the surrounding plain; but on approaching them we apprehend their vastness. After a time it becomes easy to reconstruct in thought the circles of the great temple; somewhat helped, perhaps, by the pictures of Stonehenge as restored, which the visitor will find offered for sale on the spot. But of the mystery there is no solution, excepting that some connection with sun-worship is proved by one significant circumstance. From the central slab, or ‘altar,’ along one of the avenues, a small stone is seen at some distance outside the circle, and this proves to be exactly in a line between the altar and the point of sunrise on the longest day. Such coincidence can hardly be accidental; but what it precisely signifies no records exist to show.

Passing now westwards, we reach the FOREST OF DEAN, less extensive than the New Forest, but hardly less beautiful,—

‘The queen of forests all that west of Severn lie.’—*Drayton*.

It occupies the high ground between the valleys of the Severn and the Wye. What Lyndhurst is to the one, the Speech House is to the other. The Foresters' Courts have been held here for centuries, in a large hall paneled with dark oak and hung round with deer's antlers. Here the ‘verderers,’ foresters, ‘gavellers,’ miners, and Crown agents meet to discuss in open court their various claims in a sort of local parliament. Originally the King's Lodge, it is now a comfortable inn, affording

good accommodation for the lovers of sylvan scenery. The deer, with which the forest once abounded, diminished in numbers up to 1850, when they were removed. But, as in the New Forest, droves of ponies and herds of swine roam at large among the trees, giving animation and interest to the landscape. A different feeling is aroused by the sight of furnaces and coal-pits in different directions, indicative of the mineral treasures hidden beneath the fair surface of this forest. Ironworks have in fact existed here from very early times; the forest trees having, as in the Weald of Sussex, afforded an abundant supply of fuel, though (thanks to the coal-beds beneath) without the same result in denuding the district of its leafy glories.

SAVERNAKE FOREST, in Wiltshire, the property of the Marquis of Ailesbury, is the only English forest belonging to a subject, and is especially remarkable for its avenues of trees. One, of magnificent beeches, is nearly four miles in length, and is intersected at one point of its course by three separate 'walks,' or forest vistas, placed at such angles as, with the avenue itself, to command eight points of the compass. The effect is unique and beautiful, the artificial character of the arrangement being amply compensated by the exceeding luxuriance of the thickset trees, and the soft loveliness of the verdant flowery glades which they inclose. The smooth, bright foliage of the beech is interspersed with the darker shade of the fir, while towering elms and majestic, wide-spreading oaks diversify the line of view in endless, beautiful variety. At one point, a clump of trees will be reached—the veterans of the forest, with moss-clad trunks and gnarled, half-leafless branches; the chief being known as the King Oak, but sometimes called the Duke's, from the Lord Protector Somerset, with whom this tree was a favorite. The railway from Hungerford to Marlborough skirts this forest, the southern portion of which is known as Tottenham Park. An obelisk, erected on one of its highest points in 1781, to commemorate the recovery of George III., forms an easily recognizable landmark, and may also guide the wanderer in the forest glades, who might else be bewildered by the very uniformity of the long lines of foliage. On the whole, if this Forest of Savernake has not the vast extent or the wild natural beauty of some other forests, it has all the charm that the richest luxuriance can give; while some of its noblest trees will be found away from the great avenues, on the gentle slopes or in the mossy dells which diversify the surface of this most beautiful domain. Nor will the visitor in spring-time fail to be delighted by the great banks of rhododendron and azalea, which at many parts add color and splendor to the scene.

Among the smaller woodlands, the BURNHAM BEECHES claim special notice. They are reached by a charming drive of five or six miles from Maidenhead. The road leads at first through one of the most highly cultivated and fertile districts in England, and then enters Dropmore Park, with its stately avenues of cedar and pine, and some of the finest araucarias in Europe. The Beeches occupy a knoll which rises from the plain, over which it commands splendid views, Windsor Castle and the valley of the Thames being conspicuous objects in the landscape. The trees are many of them of immense girth; but, having been pollarded—tradition says by Cromwell's troopers—they do not attain a great height. They are thus wanting in the feathery grace and sweep which form the characteristic beauty of the beech; but, in exchange for this, the gnarled, twisted branches are in the very highest degree picturesque, and to the wearied Londoner few ways of spending a summer's day can be more enjoyable than a ramble over the Burnham Knoll, with its turfy slopes and



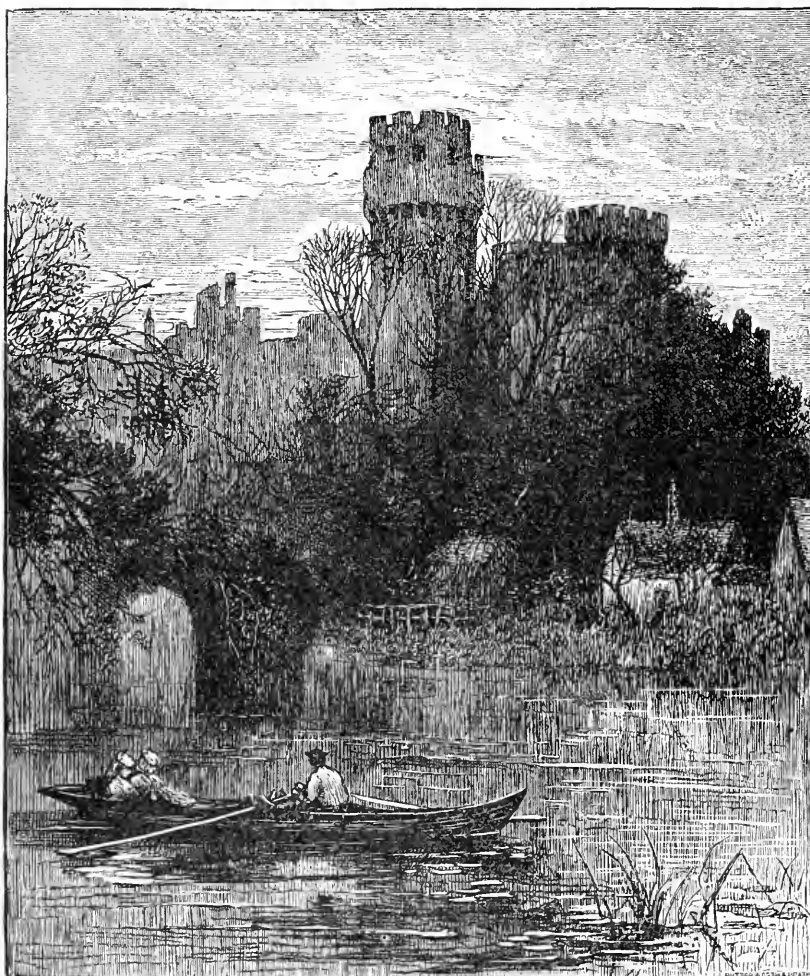
BURNHAM.

shaded dells, or, better still, a picnic with some chosen friends in the shadow of one or other of these stupendous trees.

Space will not allow us to do more than refer to the forests of EPPING and HAINAULT, so invaluable to wearied Londoners ; or of SHERWOOD, with its memories of Robin Hood and his ' merry men ' ; or of CHARNWOOD, with its wooded heights and picturesque ruins ; or of NEEDWOOD, between the Dove and the Trent ; or of WHITTELBURY and DELAMERE, with many others. The names recall the memories of happy days spent beneath their leafy screen, or in wandering over breezy heights, with grateful thoughts of—

' That unwearied love
Which planned and built, and still upholds this world,
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man.'





WARWICK CASTLE.

'The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.'

MRS. HEMANS.

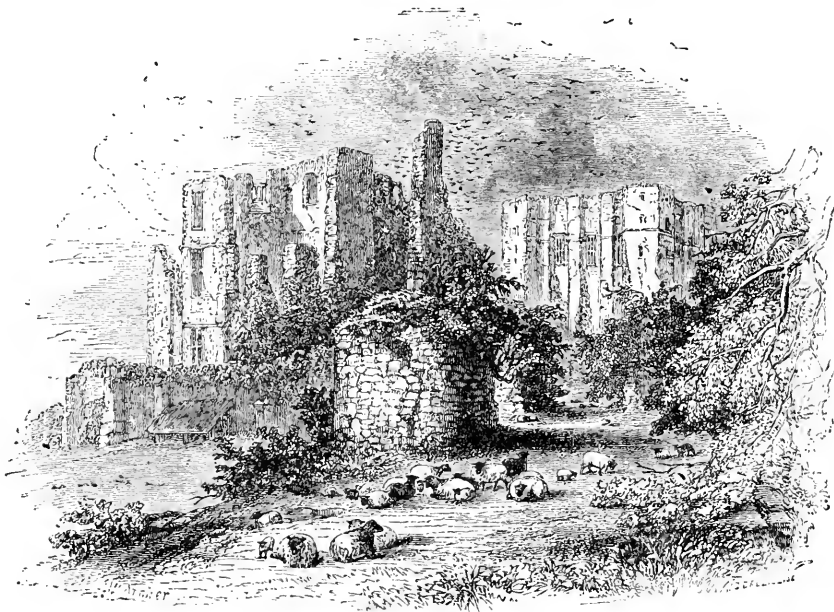


SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHPLACE, AS RESTORED.

SHAKSPERE'S COUNTRY.

THE traveler who would enter into the full charm of 'Shakspeare's country' is recommended to start from the quaint and ancient city of Coventry, and to pursue the high road to Warwick, taking, Kenilworth in his way. There is scarcely a walk in England more perfect in its own kind of beauty than the five miles from Coventry to Kenilworth. A wide, well-kept road follows, almost in a straight line, the undulations of the hills. Soon after leaving the city, a broad, flower-enameled coppice, open to the road, is reached; then the hedgerows are flanked on both sides with noble elms, forming a stately avenue, through which glimpses are ever and anon obtained of purple, wood-crested hills in the distance. Broad rolling pastures, and cornfields, rich in promise, stretch away on either hand; the grassy roadside and high hedge-banks, showing the deep red subsoil of the sandstone, or variegated clays of the red marls, are bright with wild flowers, and the air is musical with the song of birds. Travelers are few; the railway scream in the distance, to the left, suggests that all who are in a hurry to reach their destination have taken another route; if it be holiday time, parties of young men on Coventry bicycles are sure to flash past; but it is our delight to linger and enjoy. We are, as Thomas Fuller says, in the 'Medi-terranean' part of England; and English scenery nowhere displays a more characteristic charm.

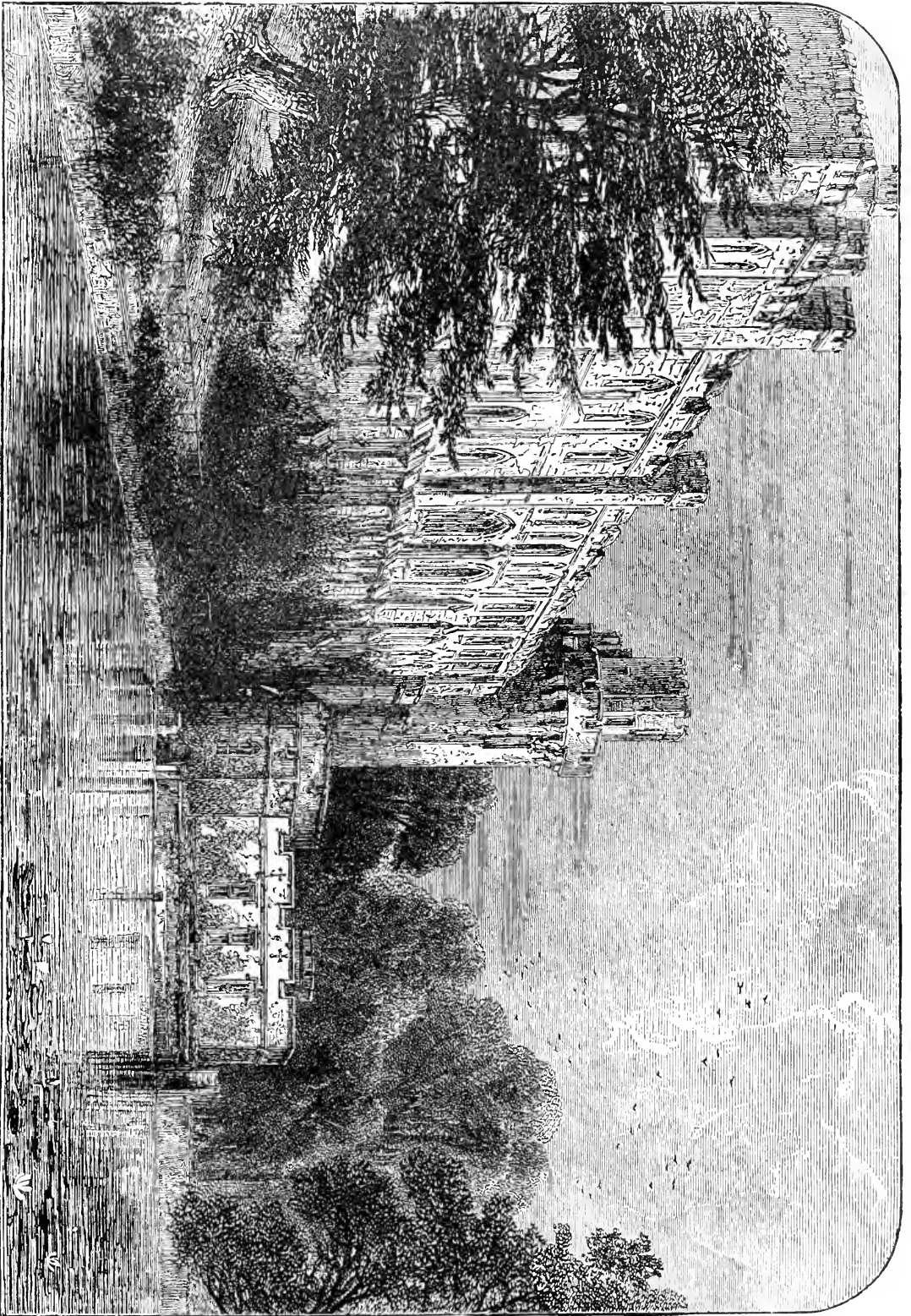
Kenilworth old church and the castle at length are reached ; the latter, a stately ruin. The visitor will duly note Cæsar's Tower, the original keep, with its walls, in some parts, sixteen feet thick ; then the remains of the magnificent banqueting hall, built by John of Gaunt, and, lastly, the dilapidated towers erected by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, one part of which bears the name of poor Amy Robsart. No officious cicerone is likely to offer his services ; a trifling gate fee opens the place freely to all, either to rest on the greensward, or to climb the battered ramparts ; to survey, at one view, the ancient moat, the castle garden, the tilt-yard, where knights met in mimic battle ; the bed of the lake, where sea-fights were imitated for a monarch's sport—in short, the impressive memorials of a fashion in life and act which has long since yielded to nobler things. 'The massy ruins,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to



KENILWORTH CASTLE, FROM THE TILT-YARD.

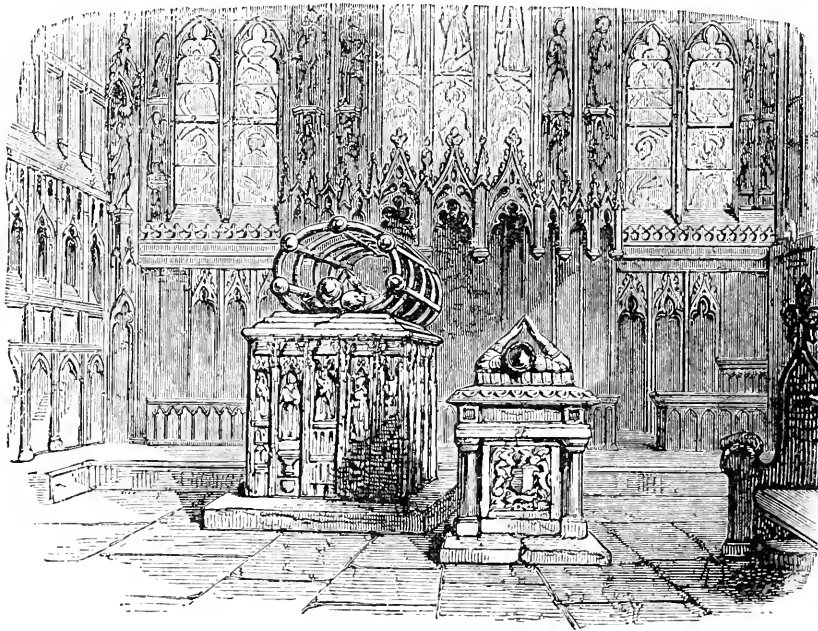
impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in industrious contentment.'

The town of Kenilworth is of considerable size, containing, at the last census, more than 3000 inhabitants. The traveler may rest here, or in a quaint little hostelry close to the castle gates, not forgetting to visit the ancient church—that at the other end of the town is modern, and need not detain him. After due refreshment, he will probably be in the humor for another five miles' walk, or drive, along a road almost equal in beauty to that by which he came, to Warwick, calling at Guy's Cliff by the way. He had better make up his mind, for the time at least, to believe in Guy, 'the Saxon giant,' who slew the 'dun cow,' and, after a life of doughty deeds, retired to a hermitage here, where the Avon opens into a lake-like transparent pool, at the foot of the exquisitely wooded cliff. The cave of the giant's retreat may be seen ; and the traveler will be charmed by the fair mansion, on the one side overhanging the Avon, and on the other opening down a long avenue, flowery and verdant, to the high road.



WARWICK CASTLE.

Warwick Castle is so frequently visited that it needs little description. The winding road, cut out of the solid rock from the lodge to the castle gate, is a fitting approach to the stately fortress-palace, and well prepares the visitor for what is to follow. Some will prefer to traverse the gardens, so far as watchful custodians permit, turning aside to the solid-looking Gothic conservatory to see the great Warwick vase, brought from fair Tivoli; others will follow the courteous housekeeper down the long suite of castle halls, noting the glorious views from the deep embayed windows, duly admiring the bed in which Queen Anne once slept, with the portrait of her majesty, plump and rubicund, on the opposite wall. The logs heaped up, as logs have been for centuries, in readiness for the great hall fire, carry the mind back to olden fashions; the inlaid table of precious stones, said to have been worth ten thousand pounds, but recently injured by some silly tourist, excites a languid curiosity;



BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WARWICK.

the helmet of Oliver Cromwell, an authentic relic, suggests many a thought of the great brain which it once enclosed; and, while other items in the antique show pass as phantasmagoria before the bewildered attention, there are some portraits on the walls to have seen which is a lasting pleasure of memory. It is a happy thing that these were spared by the fire of 1871; justly counted as a national calamity rather than a family misfortune. The traces of the conflagration are now almost wholly removed, although some priceless treasures have been irrecoverably lost. At the lodge, by the castle gate, there is a museum of curiosities, which will interest the believers in the great 'Guy,' and will amuse others. For there is the giant's 'porridge pot' of bell-metal, vast in circumference and resonant in ring; with his staff, his horse's armor, and, to crown all, some ribs of the 'dun cow' herself! What if, in sober truth, some last lingerer of a species now extinct roamed over the great forest of Arden, the terror of the country, until Sir Guy wrought deliverance?

Warwick itself need not detain us long; the church, however, demands a visit; and the Beauchamp Chapel, with its monuments, is one of the finest in England.

But the pedestrian will probably elect to spend the night at Leamington, close by, before continuing his pilgrimage. A visit to the beautiful Jephson Gardens, with their wealth of evergreen oaks, soft turfy lawn, and broad fair water, will afford him a pleasant evening; and the next morning will see him *en route* for Stratford-on-Avon. Again let him take the road, drinking in the influence of the pleasant Warwickshire scene: quiet rural loveliness, varying with every mile, and glimpses of the silver Avon at intervals, enhancing the charm. A slight *détour* will lead to Hampton Lucy and Charlecote House and Park, memorable for the exploits of Shakspeare's youth, and for the worshipful dignity of Sir Thomas Lucy, the presumed original of Mr. Justice Shallow. The park having been skirted, or crossed, the

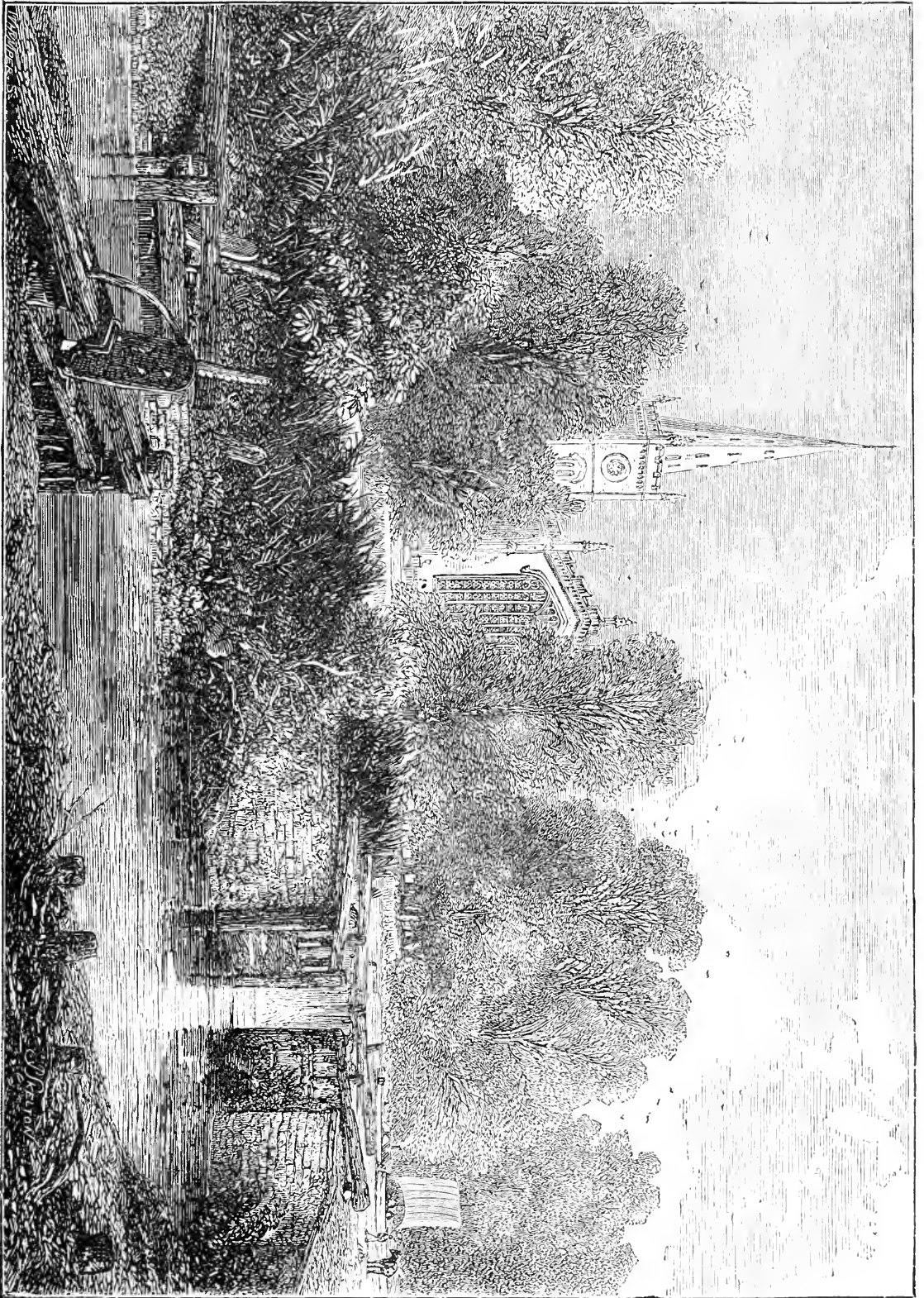
tourist proceeds three or four miles farther by a good road, and enters Stratford-on-Avon by a stone bridge of great length, crossing the Avon and adjacent low-lying meadows. The bridge, which dates from the reign of Henry VII., has been widened, on an ingenious plan, by a footpath supported on a kind of iron balcony. It is easy, however, to imagine its exact appearance when Shakspeare paced its narrow roadway, or hung over its parapet to watch the skimming swallow or the darting trout and minnow.

This Warwickshire town has been so often and so exhaustively described that we may well forbear from any minute detail. Every visitor knows, with tolerable accuracy, what he has to expect. He finds, as he had anticipated, a quiet country town, very much like other towns; neither obtrusively modern, nor quaintly antique—in one word, commonplace, save for the all-pervading presence and memory of Shakspeare. The house in Henley Street, where he is said to have been born, will



STATUE OF SHAKSPERE IN FRONT OF STRATFORD TOWN HALL.

be first visited, of course; then the tourist will walk along the High Street, noting the Shakspeare memorials in the shop-windows, looking up as he passes to the fine statue of the poet, placed by Garrick in front of the Town Hall. At the site of New Place, now an open, well-kept garden, with here and there some of the shattered foundations of the poet's house, protected by wire-work, on the green-sward, the visitor will add his tribute of wonder, if not of contempt, to the twin memories of Sir Hugh Clopton, who pulled down Shakspeare's house in one generation, and of the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who cut down Shakspeare's mulberry-tree in another. Just opposite are the guild chapel, the guildhall, with the grammar school, where the poet, no doubt, received his education; and, after some further walking, the extremity of the town will be reached, where a little gate opens to a charming avenue of overarching lime-trees, leading to the church. Before he enters, let him



STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

pass round to the other side, where the churchyard gently slopes to the Avon, and drink in the tranquillity and beauty of the rustic scene. Then, after gaining admission, he will go straight to the chancel and gaze upon those which, after all, are the only memorials of the poet which possess a really satisfying value, the monument and the tomb.

As all the world knows, the tomb is a dark slab, lying in the chancel, the inscription turned to the east. No name is given, only the lines, here copied from a photograph :

‘GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE :
BLEST BE Y^e MAN Y^t SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y^t MOVES MY BONES.’



AVENUE TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH DOOR.

These lines are not the only doggerel, whether justly or unjustly, fathered upon Shakspeare. The prostrate figure on a tomb in the east wall of the chancel, representing Shakspeare's contemporary and intimate, John-a-Combe, suggests another stanza, even inferior in taste and diction. But we have no room now for such recollections. Above us, on the left, is the monument of the poet, colored, according to the fashion of the time, with scarlet doublet, black sleeveless gown, florid cheeks, and gentle hazel eyes. How Mr. Malone, the commentator, not content

with 'improving' the plays, caused the bust also to be improved by a coating of white paint, how the barbarism was removed in 1861, and the statue restored, is a tale often told. The effigy certainly existed within seven years of Shakspeare's death, so that, in all probability, we have a faithful representation of the poet as his

contemporaries knew him. The following Latin and English inscriptions are beneath his bust :

'Judicio Pylivm, genio socratem, arte maronem : terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, olympvs habet.'

(In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil : Earth covers him, the people mourns him, heaven possesses him.)

'STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ, IF THOV CANST WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH
PLAST

WITHIN THIS MONVMENT, SHAKSPERE, WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE ; WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y^s
TOMBE

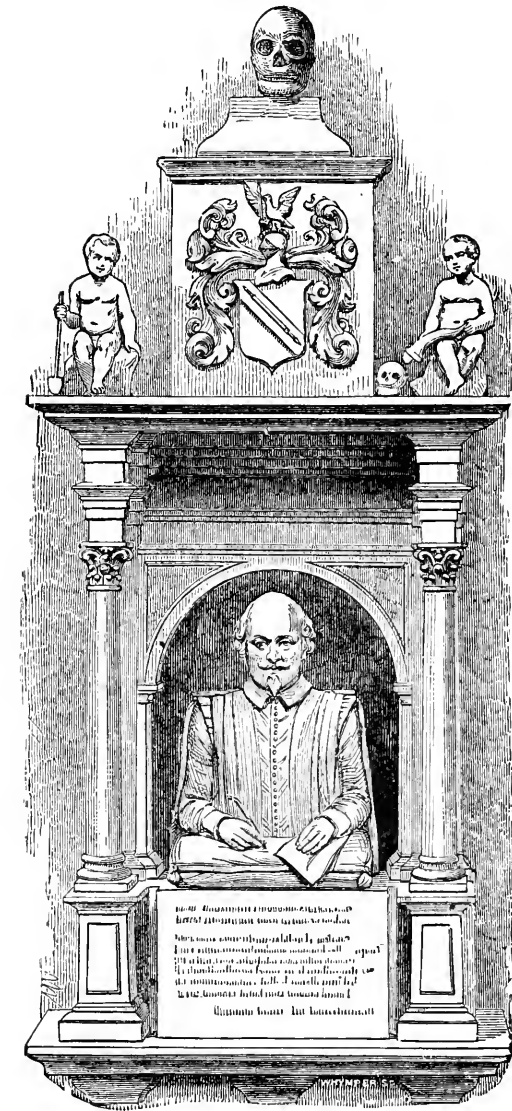
FAR MORE THAN COST ; SITH ALL Y^t HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.

Obiit an^o Doi. 1616. Ætatis 53 die 23 Ap.'

The inscription is clumsy enough, but proves that the poet's greatness was not, as sometimes alleged, unrecognized in his own generation. The epitaph on Mistress Susanna Hall, Shakspeare's favorite daughter, struck a higher note. Thus it began :—

'Witty above her sex—but that's not all—
Wise to salvation, was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakspeare was in that ; but this
Wholly of Him with Whom she's now in bliss.'

It is to be regretted that this inscription has been effaced, to make room for the epitaph of some obscure descendant. That to Shakspeare's widow, the wife of his youth,



THE MONUMENT.

Anne Hathaway, however, remains as placed over her grave by her son ; there is something in it pathetically and nobly Christian. It is in Latin, and may be rendered freely : 'My Mother : thou gavest me milk and life : alas, for me, that I can but repay thee with a sepulchre ! Would that some good angel might roll the stone away, and thy form come forth in the SAVIOUR'S likeness ! But my prayers avail not. Come quickly, O CHRIST ! then shall my Mother, though enclosed in the tomb, arise and mount to heaven !'

Before leaving the church we may note some other monuments which in any other place would be considered worth attention ; as well as a stained glass window, illustrating from Scripture Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man. Moses the infant,

Jacob the lover, Deborah the judge, and one or two other representations are interesting, but the observer feels that the types of character are not Shakspeare's.

The day's explorations are not yet over. The epitaph on Anne Hathaway's tomb, if nothing else, has quickened our desire to know something more of her surroundings in those days when Shakspeare won and wooed her in her rustic home. Retracing our steps through the town, we are directed to a field-path bearing straight for Shottery, a village but a mile distant. It is not difficult to picture the youthful lover, out here in the fair open country, among the wild flowers which line the walk, and which he has so well described; for there are few traditions of Stratford-on-Avon better authenticated than that which represents this as Shakspeare's



INTERIOR OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

(The man is pointing to Shakspeare's tomb: the monument is that on the north wall, immediately to the right of the door. The recumbent figure is that of John-a-Combe.)

walk in the days when he 'went courting.' The village is a straggling one, with a look of comfort about its farmsteads and cottages; and, at the farthest extremity from Stratford, in a pleasant dell opposite a willow-shaded stream, we find the cottage, not much altered, it may be, in externals, since the poet, then a lad of eighteen, there found his bride. The capacious chimney-corner, where no doubt the lovers sat, is genuine; and other antique relics, from a carved bedstead to an old Bible, carry the mind back, at least, to the era of the poet; while the garden and orchard, with the well of pure spring water, must be much as Shakspeare saw them.

And now, having returned to our comfortable hotel—where almost every room,



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

by the way, is named after one of the dramas, ours being 'All's Well that Ends Well'—what was the net result of the visit in regard to the personality and history of the great poet? It may seem a strange thing to confess, but the ef-

fect of the whole was to put Shaksperè himself farther from us, and to deepen the mystery which every student of his life and works finds so perplexing. For, save the monument and the tomb, there was absolutely nothing to tell of the poet's life; no scrap of his writing, no book known to have been his, no original authentic record of his words and deeds, no contemporary portrait, no object, whether article of furniture, pen, inkstand, or other implement of daily use, associated with his name. Strange that a generation which, as we have seen, so honored his genius and character, should not have preserved the poorest or smallest memorial of his life among them! True, there is an old, worm-eaten desk in the birth-place, at which he may have sat in the grammar-school; in a room above the seed-shop in the town there is a rude piece of carving, representing David and Goliath, which once ornamented a room of the house in Henley Street, and bears an inscription, 'said to have been composed by Shaksperè,' A.D. 1606. Let our readers judge:—

'Goliath comes with sword and spear,
And David with his sling:
Although Goliath rage and swear
Down David doth him bring.'

For the rest, the relics are evidently imported: an ancient bedstead, old-fashioned chairs, and the like; interesting in their way, but with nothing to tell us of the poet. He remains to the most zealous relic-hunter as great a mystery as Homer himself. Or if in anything here we see the poet, it is in those scenes of

external nature which he has so vividly pictured. We find him among the flowers ; beside the

‘ bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.’

With a happy ingenuity the garden of the house in Henley Street, now prettily and daintily kept, has been planted to a great extent with Shakspeare's flowers ; ‘pansies for thoughts,’ ‘rosemary for remembrance,’ with ‘columbines,’ the ‘blue-veined violets,’ the wild thyme, woodbine, musk-rose, and many more. His works are his true monument ; and of these there is in the same house a very large and noble collection, with a whole library of literature bearing upon them, gathered with admirable care. Yet how few autobiographical details do the volume contain ! How hopeless the task of constructing, even from the sonnets, a connected picture of his life and career ! And of the half-dozen anecdotes which have in one way or other descended to us of his words and ways, who can say that any detail is true ?

It is, perhaps, from the portraits, after all, that we may gain the most trustworthy impression of the poet's individuality. That on the tomb is for obvious reasons the most valuable. There it has been, in the sight of all men, from the very days of Shakspeare. The eyes of his widow and of their children must often have rested upon it ; and there can be no doubt that it presents the true aspect of the man. The engravings of the bust, and even the photographs, seem to us to exaggerate the calm, serene expression of the countenance. Partly, it may be, from the effect of the coloring on the full and shapely cheeks, there is an air almost of joviality about the face. It is much more easy to recognize the Warwickshire Squire of New Place than to feel the presence of the poet of all time. There is, in the Henley Street house, a portrait, lately discovered, with a somewhat remarkable history. The antiquity of this portrait seems indubitable ; but the face seems a copy, and, so far as we could judge without seeing the two side by side, a very exact copy, of that on the monument. For the high, intellectual cast of features which we naturally associate with Shakspeare, we must go rather to the ‘Chandos portrait,’ now in the National Portrait Gallery, or to the terra-cotta bust, disinterred in 1845 from the site of the old theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and presented by the Duke of Devonshire to the Garrick Club. In a somewhat rough fashion, the Droeshout portrait, prefixed to the first folio edition of the plays, in 1623, gives a similar impression of power.

But most of all is the greatness of Shakspeare brought home to us by the simple record of the names of those who, from all quarters of the world, have come to this little Warwickshire town to do homage to his memory. In all the world there is no shrine of pilgrimage like this, not only in the number of the visitants, but in their wonderful variety of character, temperament, and belief. The power of the spell shows the magician. The fading penciled inscriptions which cover the walls of the chamber in Henley Street ; the pages of the autograph books ; the words in which visitors have recorded their impressions,¹ attest the strange attractiveness and power of this one genius. Perhaps the most interesting of the autograph books is that

¹ See Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, Hugh Miller's *England and its People*, William Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*, Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*.

which was removed from the house in Henley Street many years ago, and is now to be seen in the room over the seed-shop, to which we have referred already. It seems to have been purchased and presented by an American gentleman, Mr. T. H. Perkins, of Boston, in 1812; and its pages contain the autographs of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, Joanna Baillie, James Montgomery, Charles Dickens, Professors Sedgwick and Whewell, 'William Duke of Clarence,' 'Arthur Duke of Wellington,' with a host beside. A thoughtful hour may well be spent in turning the well-worn pages, and in meditating on 'the vanity and glory of literature.'

For there was one point in which even Shakspeare failed; and the admiring reverence with which we join the throng of pilgrims to the shrine never passes into worship. We mean, of course, such 'worship' as a merely human being may supposably claim; and, in view of the highest possibilities of our nature, we mark in Shakspeare a certain limitation on the heavenward side of his genius. The point at

which intellectual sympathy and admiring affection pass into adoration is the point at which we are raised beyond ourselves, and made conscious of the infinite. Never will our moral nature consent to unite with our reason and our heart in yielding its deepest reverence, until it is uplifted into that sphere in which we can only walk by faith, and from which we can look down upon earthly things dwarfed and humbled by the comparison with the illimitable beyond.

Now Shakspeare's genius belongs essentially to the lower sphere. On earth he is the master. Every phase of nature, every subtlety of the intellect,



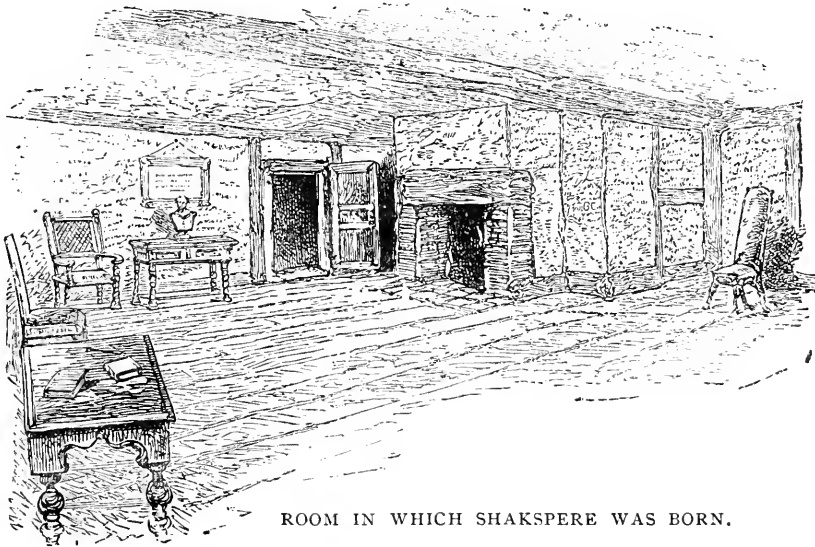
KITCHEN IN SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE.

every winding of the heart, is familiar to him. To use the comparison, often repeated because always felt to be so just, his wonderful mind was the mirror of all earthly shapes and various human energies. His own idiosyncrasy never appears; the mirror is absolutely colorless and true. His genius is universal; in reading him we are but surveying the face of nature. To many a subtle criticism the answer has been given, Shakspeare surely never meant this! The reply may be, Perhaps not, but Nature meant it; and, therefore, we have a right to find it there! Such is the highest achievement of *literature*, whose business it is to reflect the facts of the world, of society, of the human heart—plentifully to declare the thing as it is, and compendiously to reduce this round world into the microcosm of a book. Here is Shakspeare's transcendent power, and the secret of his supremacy among writers. He is simply the greatest literary man of the modern world. The transparency of the mirror, to return to the illustration, is maintained, not only by the absence of intrusive individuality, but by his perfect mastery over the instrument of expression. It is worth while to read his dramas over again, as a study of language alone. No English writer has ever approached Shakspeare in the precision, picturesqueness, and

the finished, yet seemingly careless, beauty of his diction. His prose is even more marvelous than his poetry. In the sense in which we use the word 'classic,' his works may truly be called the foremost classic, not only of Great Britain, but of the world.

What, then, is the defect which will forever prevent Shakspeare from receiving the entire homage of the heart of man? In a sentence, the mirror is turned toward earth alone, and in its very completeness hides heaven from the view. 'It would be impossible,' says a writer of our own day, 'to find a more remarkable example of a genius wide as the world, yet *not* in any sense *above* the world, than our great English poet's.' And again, 'It would be almost impossible to find any great Christian poet whose type of imagination is so entirely and singularly *contrasted* with that of the BIBLE, or in whom that peculiar faculty which, for want of a better term, we are forced to call the thirst *for the supernatural*, is more remarkably absent.'

This statement we accept, in full remembrance of the morals manifold, the theological references, and Scriptural parallels, which are scattered through the



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPERE WAS BORN.

poet's writings. The late Bishop Wordsworth, of St. Andrew's, and others have spent much labor, not altogether unprofitably, in showing that Shakspeare knew his Bible: while, oddly enough, among the passages expunged by the estimable Bowdler, the Biblical references occupy a considerable place, as though it had been profanity to introduce them in such a connection. The most is made of Shakspeare's religiousness by Archbishop Trench, in a sermon preached at Stratford-on-Avon at the Shakspeare Tercentenary, in 1864.

'He knew the deep corruption of our fallen nature, the desperate wickedness of the heart of man; else he would never have put into the mouth of a prince of stainless life such a confession as this: "I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me; . . . with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in." He has set forth the scheme of our redemption in words as lovely as have ever flowed from the lips of uninspired man:—

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

"Why, all the souls that live were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy."

He has put home to the holiest here their need of an infinite forgiveness from Him who requires truth in the inward parts:—

"How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are!"

'He was one who was well aware what a stewardship was his own in those marvelous gifts which had been entrusted to him, for he has himself told us:—



SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHPLACE BEFORE RESTORATION.

"Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not."

And again he has told us that

"Spirits are not finely touched
But for fine issues:"

assuredly not ignorant how finely his own had been touched, and what would be demanded from him in return. He was one who certainly knew that there is none so wise that he can "circumvent God"; and that for a man, whether he be called early or late,

"Ripeness is all."

Who shall persuade us that he abode outside of that holy temple of our faith, whereof he has uttered such glorious things—admiring its beauty, but not himself entering to worship there?’

To the same effect, we may quote the preliminary sentence of Shakspeare's will: ‘I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting.’ With such a master of words, this avowal would be no mere formality. During Shakspeare's last residence at Stratford, moreover, the town was under strong religious influences. Many a ‘great man in Israel,’ in fraternal visits to the Rev. Richard Byfield, the vicar, is said to have been hospitably entertained at New Place; and memorable evenings must have been spent in converse on the highest themes. In addition to all this, the following sonnet furnishes an interesting proof that the heart of Shakspeare, at an earlier period, had not been unsusceptible to religious sentiments and aspirations:

‘Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of thine excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy body's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.’—*Sonnet CXLVI.*

All that such words suggest we gladly admit among the probabilities of Shakspeare's unknown life. But in his dramas themselves we find no assured grasp of the highest spiritual truth, nothing to show that such truth controlled his views of life with imperial sway; little or nothing to uplift the reader from the play of human passions and the entanglement of human interests to the higher realms of Faith. It is the same Shakspeare who reveals the depths of human corruption, and the nobleness of human excellence. But in portraying the latter, he stops short, and fails exactly where the higher light of faith would have enabled him to complete the delineation. His best and greatest characters are a law unto themselves: his men are passionate and strong; his women are beautiful, with a loveliness that scarcely ever reminds us of heaven: he has neither ‘raised the mortal to the skies,’ nor ‘brought the angel down.’

We turn, then, from Stratford-on-Avon, feeling, as we have said, more deeply than ever the mystery that overhangs the career of the man, admiring, if possible, more heartily than ever the genius of the poet, and acknowledging, not without mournfulness, how much greater Shakspeare might have been. For there was an inspiration within his reach that would have made him chief among the witnesses of God to men; and his magnificent endowments would then have been the richest offering ever placed by human hand upon that altar which ‘sanctifieth both the giver and the gift.’



ON THE CANAL, AT BERKHAMPSTEAD.

'God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.
* * * * *

To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life.'

COWPER: *The Task*, Book iv.

THE COUNTRY OF BUNYAN AND COWPER.

THE RIVER OUSE.



YARDLEY OAK.

SOME of the most characteristic excursions through the gently undulating rural scenery which distinguishes so large a portion of the south midland district of England may be made along the towing-paths of the canals. The notion may appear unromantic; the pathway is artificial, yet it has now become rusticated and fringed with various verdure; some of the associations of the canal are anything but attractive, but upon the whole the charm is great. A wide level path, driven straight across smiling valleys and by the side of hills, here and there skirting a fair park, and occasionally bringing some broad open landscape into sudden view, with the gleam and coolness of still waters ever at the traveler's side, affords him a

succession of pictures which perhaps the 'strong climber of the mountain's side' may disdain, but which to many will be all the more delightful, because they can be enjoyed with no more fatigue than that of a leisurely, health-giving stroll.

It was by such a walk as this through some of the pleasantest parts of Hertfordshire that we first made our way to Berkhamstead, the birthplace of William Cowper, turning from the canal bank to the embowered fragments of the castle, and through the quiet little town to the 'public way,'—the pretty rural by-road where the 'gardener Robin' drew his little master to school:

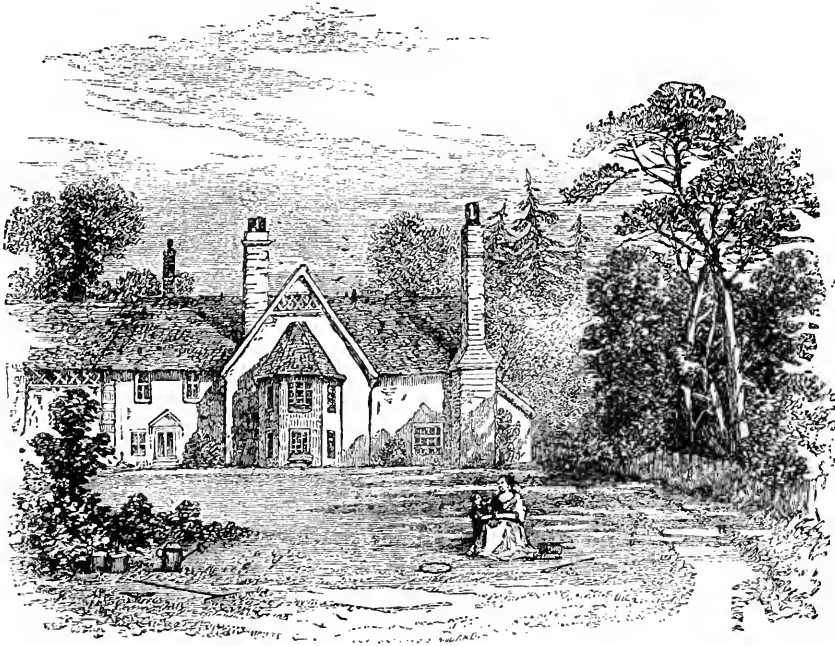
'Delighted with the bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,'

while the fond mother watched her darling from the 'nursery window,' the memory of which one pathetic poem has made immortal.

In a well-known sentence, Lord Macaulay affirms in reference to the seventeenth century: 'We are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of that century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced the *Paradise Lost*; the other, the *Pilgrim's Progress*.' Similarly, with regard to the brilliant literary period which began toward the close of the eighteenth century, 'we are not afraid to say' that, although there were many poets in

England of no mean order, there were but two to whom it was given to view nature simply and sincerely, so as adequately to express 'the delight of man in the works of God.' One of these poets produced *The Task*, the other *The Excursion*.

When Macaulay wrote, the place of Bunyan in literature was still held a little doubtful; the place of Cowper among poets is not wholly unquestioned now. Some are impatient of his simplicity, others scorn his piety, many cannot escape, as they read, from the shadow of the darkness in which he wrote. But we cannot doubt that, when the coming reaction from feverishness and heathenism in poetry shall have set in, the name of Cowper will win increasing honor; men will search for themselves into the source of those bright phrases, happy allusions, 'jewels five words long, that on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle for ever,' for which the world is often unconsciously indebted to his poems; while his incomparable letters will remain as the finest and most brilliant specimens of an art which penny postage, telegrams, and post-cards have rendered almost extinct.



BIRTHPLACE OF COWPER, BERKHAMPSTEAD RECTORY.

No one, at any rate, will wonder now that we should turn awhile from more outwardly striking or enchanting scenes to the ground made classic and sacred to the Christian by the memories of Bunyan and Cowper. We may associate their names, not only from their brotherhood in faith and teaching, but from the coincidence which identifies their respective homes with one and the same river, and blends their memories with the fair, still landscapes through which it steals.

The Ouse, most meandering of English streams, waters a country almost perfectly level throughout, though here and there fringed by the undulations of the receding Chilterns; with a picturesqueness derived from rich meadows, broad pastures with flowery hedgerows, and tall, stately trees; while in many places the still river expands into a miniature lake, with water-lilies floating upon its bosom. Among scenes like these the great dreamer passed his youth, in his village home

at Elstow; often visiting the neighboring town of Bedford, where we may picture him as leaning in many a musing fit over the old Ouse Bridge, on which the town prison then stood. The bridge is gone, the town has become a thriving modern bustling place; only the river remains, and the country walk to Elstow is little changed. There is the cottage which tradition identifies with Bunyan: with the church and the belfry, so memorable in the record of his experiences: the village green, on which, in his thoughtless youth, he used to play at 'tip-cat': there is nothing more to see; but it is impossible to pace through those homely ways without remembering how once the place was luminous to his awe-stricken spirit with 'the light that never was on sea or shore,' and the landscape on which his inward eye was fixed was closed in by the great white throne.

It is remarkable that there is in Bunyan's writings so little of local coloring.



OLNEY VICARAGE.

His fields, hills, and valleys are not of earth. The 'wilderness of this world' through which he wandered was something quite apart from the Bedfordshire flats, although indeed 'the den' on which he lighted is but too truthful a representation of the county prison, which was so long Bunyan's 'home.'¹ Even where familiar scenes may have supplied the groundwork of the picture, incidental touches show that his soul was beyond them. His hillsides are covered with 'vineyards'; the meadows by the river-side are fair with 'lilies'; the fruits in the orchard have

¹ Dr. Brown, in his *Life of Bunyan*, has shown that the prison in which Bunyan spent twelve memorable years (1660-1672) was not the old town jail on Ouse Bridge, but the county prison, of which only the fragment of a wall remains. But the 'Dream' may have come to him during a subsequent six months' confinement in the town jail, 1675-6. The *Pilgrim's Progress* was first published 1678.

mystic healing virtue. The scenery of Palestine rather than of Bedfordshire is present to his view, and his well-loved Bible has contributed as much to his descriptions as any reminiscences of his excursion around his native place. But it was after all in no earthly walks or haunts of men that he found the prototypes of his immortal pictures. They are idealized experiences, and from the Wicket-gate to the Land of Beulah they all represent what he had seen and felt only in his soul. No doubt the people are in many cases less abstract. A very remarkable edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, published some years ago by an artist of rare promise, since deceased, portrayed the personages of the allegory in the very guise in which Bunyan must often have met the originals up and down in Bedfordshire. Such faces may be seen to-day. We ourselves thought we saw Mr. Honesty, in a brown coat, looking at some bullocks in the Bedford market-place. Ignorance tried to entice us into a theological discussion at the little country-side inn where we rested for the night: the



ELSTOW.

next morning, as we passed along, Mercy was knitting at a farm-house door, while young Mr. Brisk, driving by in his gig, made her an elaborate bow, of which we were glad to see she took the slightest possible notice.

Bedford is now, at least, rich in memorials of its illustrious citizen and prisoner for conscience, sake. The Bunyan Statue, presented by the Duke of Bedford, was erected in 1874, and is one of the noblest and most characteristic out-of-door monuments in England. It has indeed been suggested that Bunyan might more appropriately have been represented in the attitude of writing than in that of preaching; but it should be remembered that the latter was the work he chose and loved, and that his greatest works were penned during the period of enforced silence. It is therefore with a fine appropriateness that he is represented as standing, as if in the presence of some vast congregation, the Bible in his hand, his eyes uplifted to

heaven, while upon the pedestal are carved his own words: 'It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand. The law of truth was written upon his lips. . . . It stood as if it pleaded with men.'¹

No visitor to Bedford should neglect the rapidly accumulating Bunyan Museum, comprising not only some simple relics of his lifetime, as his staff, jug, and the like, with books bearing his autograph—his priceless Bible and Fox's *Martyrs*—but the various editions of his works, and in particular a collection of the illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, from the first rude designs to the latest products of artistic skill. These are stored with reverent care, in connection with the place of worship occu-



BEDFORD.

pied by the Christian Church to which he ministered, and now known as Bunyan Meeting. To this edifice, likewise, a pair of massive bronze gates have been contributed by the Duke of Bedford, with panels illustrative of scenes from the allegory.

From Bedford to Olney, the distance by rail is between ten and eleven miles: by 'the sinuous Ouse,' probably between thirty and forty. Few travelers, therefore, will care to ascend by the river banks, and the frequent shallows preclude the thought of a boating excursion, which otherwise would, by its leisurely length, be some preparation for our exchange of the associations of the seventeenth century for those of the eighteenth. One hundred and three years separated the birthday

¹ *Pilgrim's Progress*. Picture of a 'Grave Person' in the Interpreter's House.

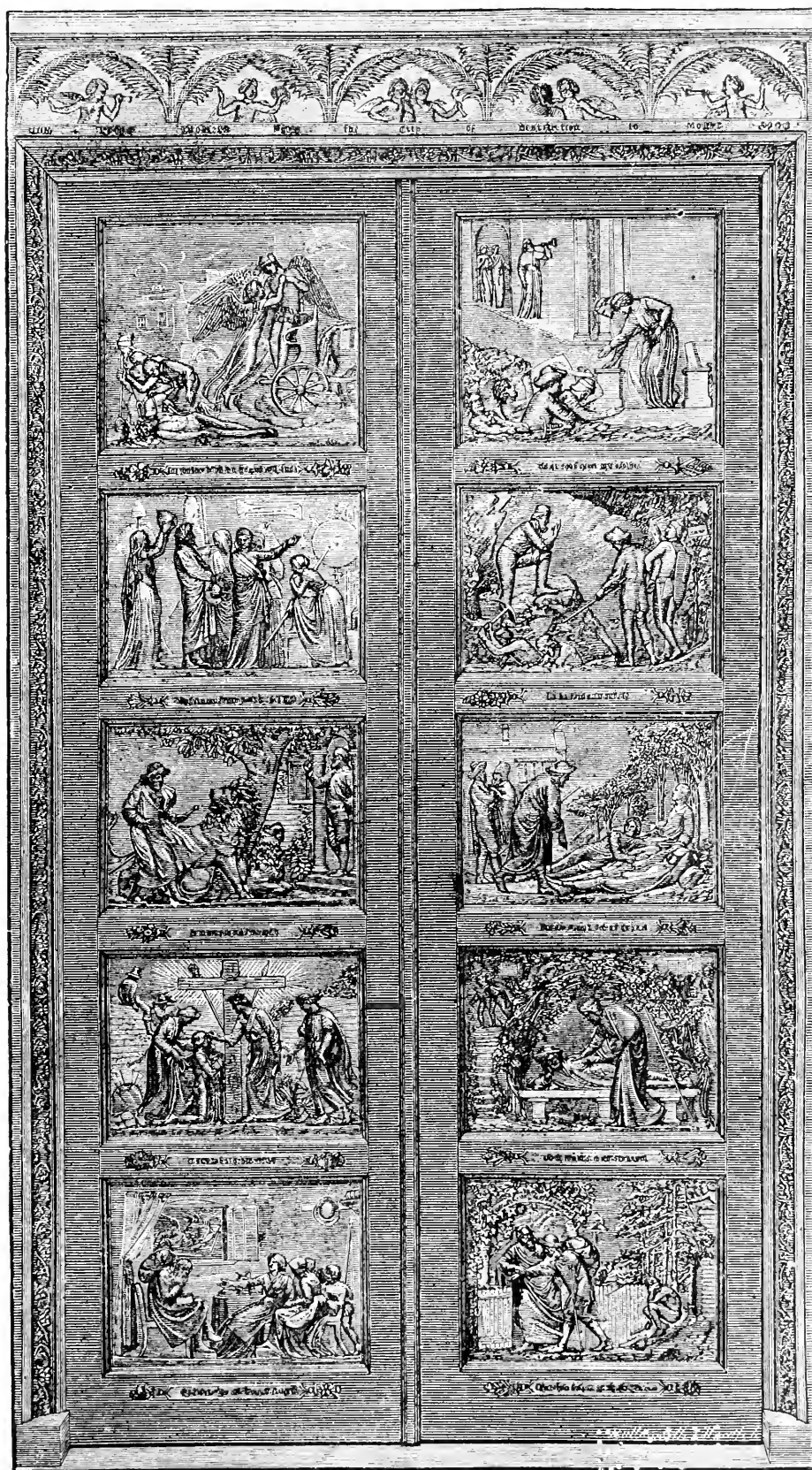
of Bunyan from that of Cowper. The interval marks the greatest advance that had ever been made in the history of English thought and freedom. But in the essentials of faith and teaching the two men were one: nor in some of their experiences were they very dissimilar. Both were sensitive, conscientious, and often, in the midst of their holiest longings after God, were most terror-stricken by the thoughts of the wrath to come. Some pages of Bunyan's autobiography may com-



BUNYAN MONUMENT, BEDFORD.

pare in their passionate anxiety with the annals of Cowper's despair. The great dreamer soon escaped from Doubting Castle to the Delectable Mountains; but, for the poet, the dungeon bars remained unloosed until the final summons came to the everlasting hills.¹

¹ 'From the moment of Cowper's death, till the coffin was closed,' writes his friend and relative Mr. Johnson, 'the expression into which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with *holy surprise*.'—*Southey's Life*.



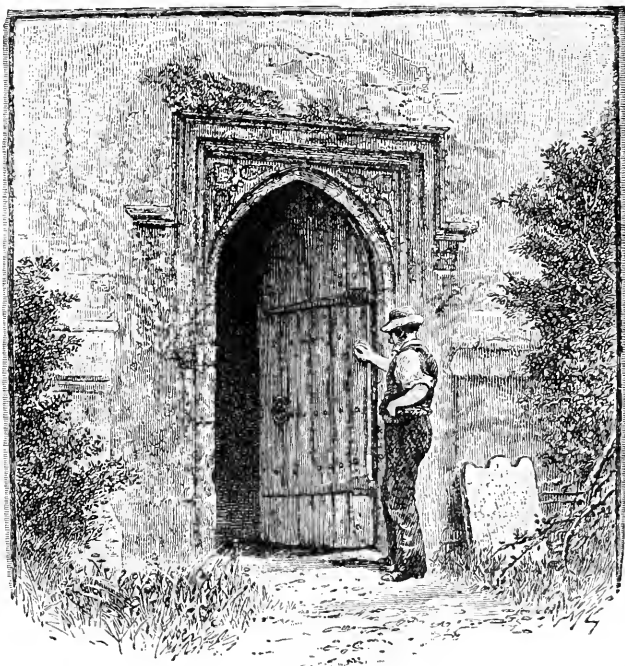
BUNYAN GATES, BEDFORD.

1148
VIA ABELL
HATTI, OYON

The sensitiveness of Cowper to external influences was so great as to raise the doubt whether other scenes and a different atmosphere might not have prevented many of his sorrows. On the death of his father, when the poet had reached the age of twenty-five, he touchingly and expressively tells us that it had never till then occurred to him 'that a parson has no fee-simple in the house and glebe he occupies. There was,' he says, 'neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that country to which I did not feel a relation, and the house itself I preferred to a palace.' To Huntingdon, where he first made acquaintance with the Ouse, and became an inmate with the Unwins, he clung very lovingly, although he does not rate the charms of the neighborhood very highly. 'My lot is cast in a country where we have neither woods nor commons, nor pleasant prospects: all flat and insipid; in the summer adorned only with blue willows, and in the winter covered with a flood.' But it was

at Olney that Cowper found such scenery as he could appreciate and love. 'He does not,' in the words of Sir James Mackintosh, 'describe the most beautiful scenes in nature; he discovers what is most beautiful in ordinary scenes. In fact, Cowper saw very few beautiful scenes, but his poetical eye and his moral heart detected beauty in the sandy flats of Buckinghamshire.' The walk, especially, from the quiet little town to the village of Weston Underwood, he has made classic among English scenes by the description in the first book of *The Task*. We know not where, in the whole compass of English poetry, to find a delineation so literally truthful as well as so delicately touched.

Leaving Olney, where, in truth, there is not much to detain us save the poet's home—the same in outward aspect, at least, as during the twenty years spent by him within its walls, and the summer-house in the garden, where he sat and wrote, while Mrs. Unwin knitted, and Puss, Tiny, and Bess sported upon the grass—we may climb the little eminence above the river, and, with an admiration like that of the poet a century ago, 'dwell upon the scene.' There is the 'distant plow, slow moving,' and



BELFRY DOOR, ELSTOW CHURCH.

'Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favorite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;

Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear ;
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.'

We are now at the upper corner of the Throckmorton Park. Pursuing our way, we listen to the music of 'nature inanimate,' of rippling brook or sighing wind, and of 'nature animate,' of 'ten thousand warblers' that so soothed the poet's soul. A dip in the walk from where the elms inclose the upper park, and the chestnuts spread their shade, brings us into a grassy dell where, by a 'rustic bridge,' we cross to the opposite slope, reascend to the 'alcove,' survey from the 'speculative height' the pasture with its 'fleecy tenants,' the 'sunburnt hayfield' the 'woodland scene,'



OLD HOSTELRY, ELSTOW.

the trees, each with its own hue, as so exquisitely depicted by the poet, while Ouse in the distance 'glitters in the sun.' At length the great avenue is reached.

'How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath,
The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot.'

Such were the scenes dearest to Cowper, and dear to many still for his sake. True, they are not unlike others. A thousand scenes are as beautiful, and many an

avenue, up and down in English parks, is of a nobler stateliness. Yet may this be visited with a special delight for its own sake and for Cowper's. It is something to be able to look with a poet's eye, to have his thoughts and words so familiar to memory, as to blend with the current of our own, as if spontaneously. We learn anew how to observe, and our emotions become almost unconsciously ennobled and refined.



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM COWPER, OLNEY.

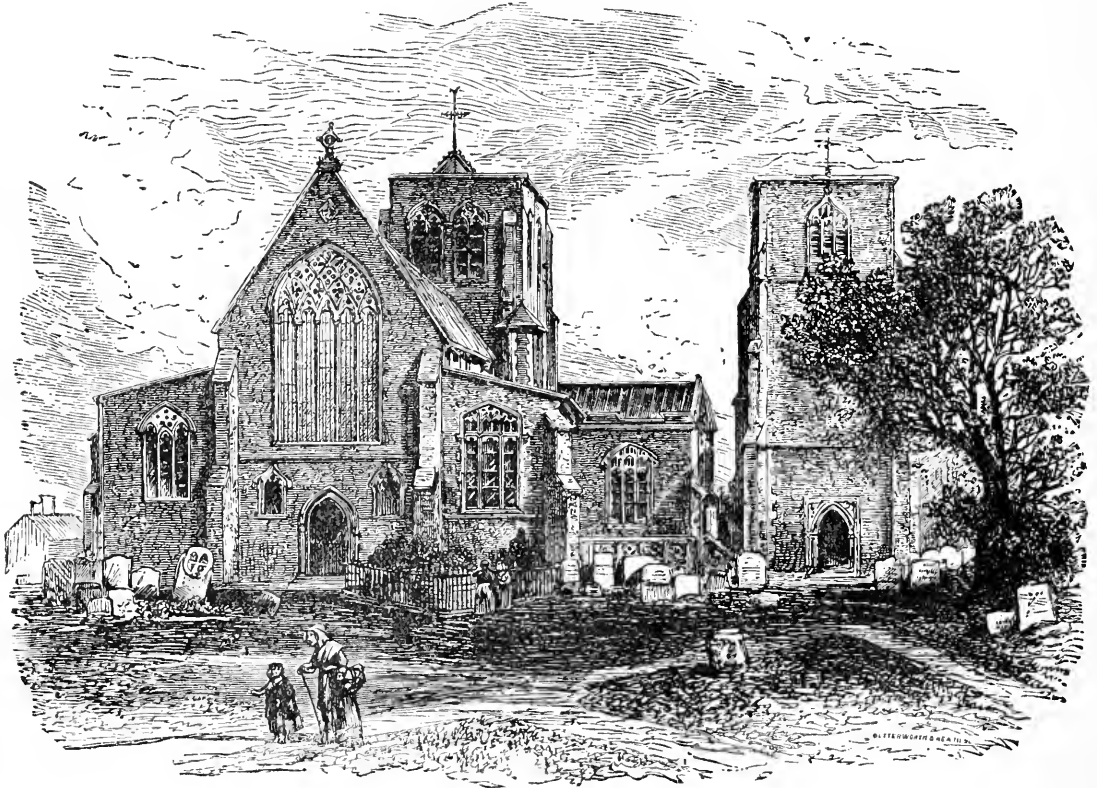
ated my affections from Weston. The genius of that place suits me better; it has an air of snug concealment, in which a disposition like mine feels peculiarly gratified, whereas here I see from every window woods like forests, and hills like mountains—a wildness, in short, that rather increases my natural melancholy.' A little while before, on Mr. Newton's return from the glories of Cheddar, Cowper writes: 'I would that I could see some of the mountains which you have seen, especially because Dr. Johnson has pronounced that no man is qualified to be a poet who has never seen a mountain. But mountains I shall never see, unless perhaps in a dream, or unless there are such in heaven. Nor those,' the poor heart-stricken poet makes haste to add, 'unless I receive twice as much mercy as ever yet was shown to any man.'

The last sentence prepares us for East Dereham, with its sad associations. But even from these we need not shrink. The homely Norfolk town brought to the troubled soul deliverance. Few, it may be, would turn aside to visit the place for its own sake; but the remembrance of the poet may well attract. The house in



WESTON LODGE, OLNEY.

which he died has been replaced by a Congregational Church bearing his name—twin brother, so to speak, though with scarcely the same appropriateness, to Bunyan Chapel in Bedford. But it is in the church where he lies buried, and in the tomb raised to his memory, that the true interest lies. Never was death more an angel of mercy than to this darkly shadowed spirit. We all know the words in which the most gifted of English poetesses, at 'Cowper's Grave,' has set the thoughts of many Christian hearts to words that deserve to be immortal :

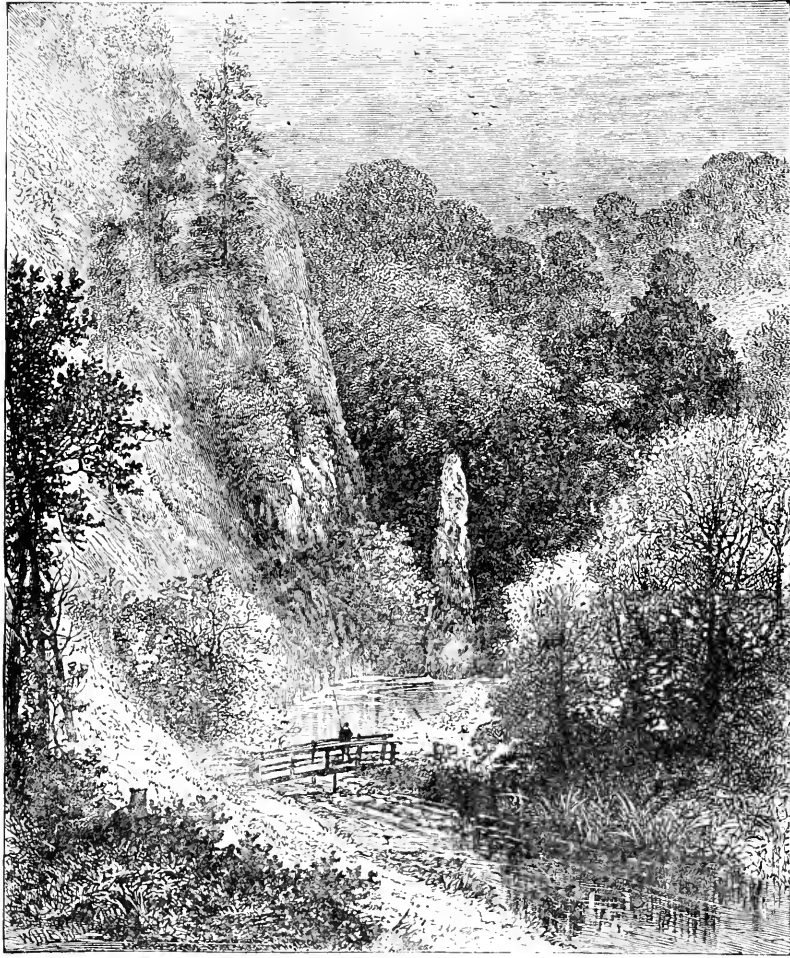


EAST DEREHAM CHURCH.

'Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses ;
That turns his fevered eyes around—*My mother ! where's my mother ?*
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other !

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him !
Thus woke the Poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death to save him !

Thus ? oh, not thus ! no type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—*My Saviour ! not deserted !*

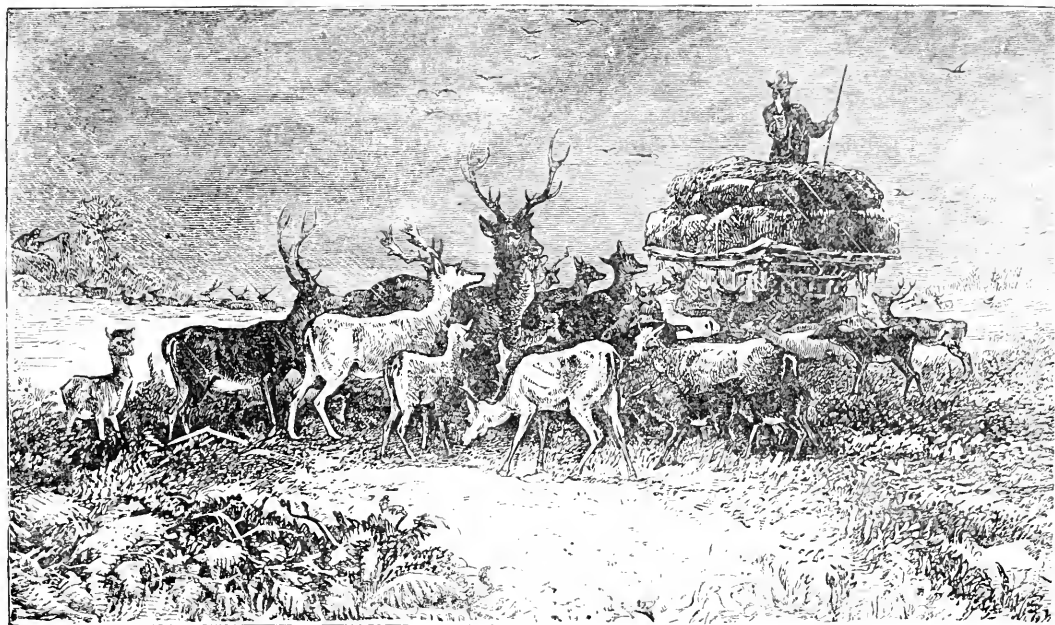


PIKE POOL, BERESFORD DALE.

‘VIATOR.—But what have we got here? A rock springing up in the middle of the river! This is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.

‘PISCATOR.—Why, sir, from that pike that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called Pike Pool: and young Mr. Izaak Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape, in black and white, in a blank book I have at home.’

The Complete Angler.



WINTER-TIME.—FEEDING THE DEER IN CHATSWORTH PARK.

THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

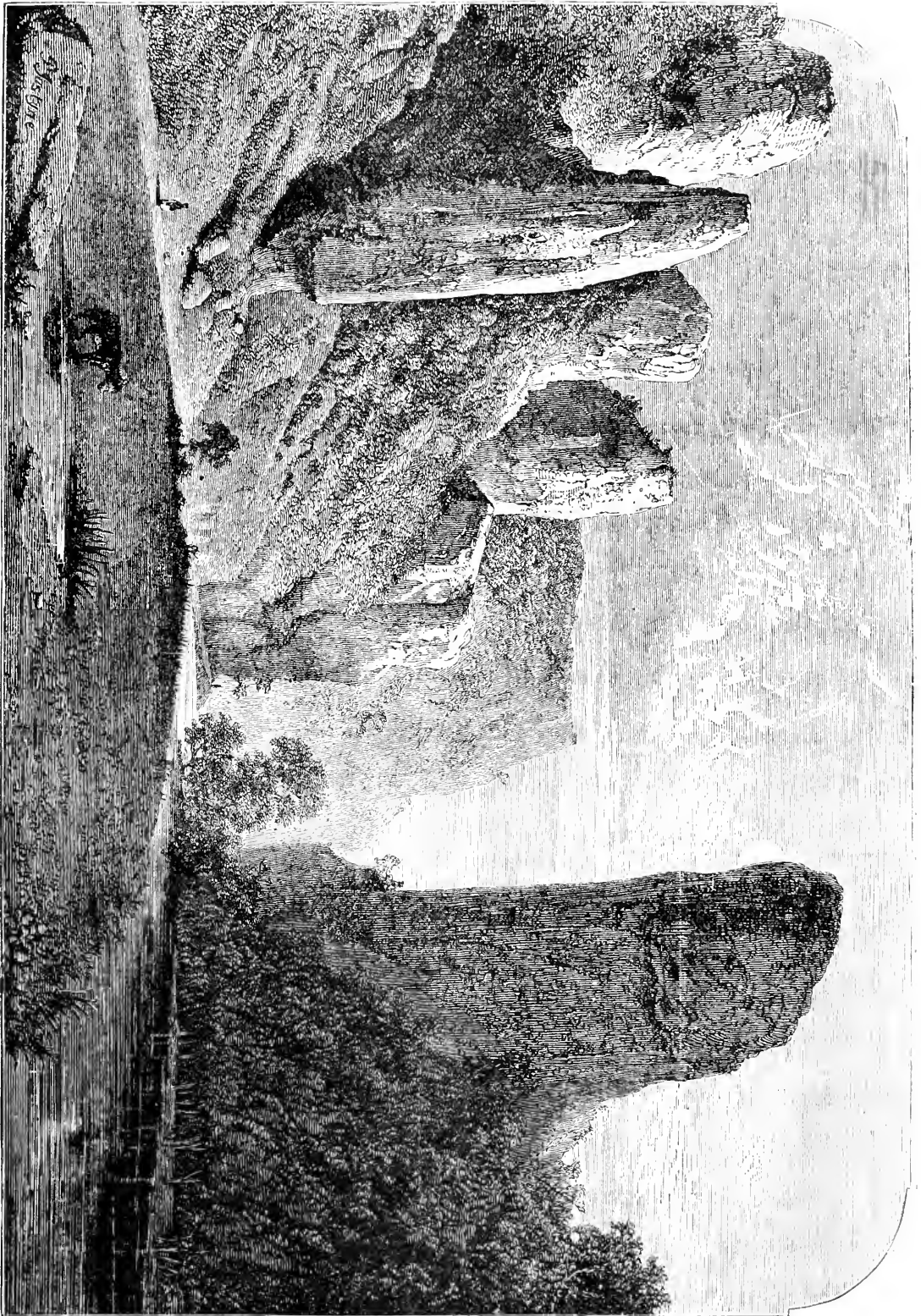
THE traveler into Derbyshire, unaccustomed to the district, may not unnaturally inquire for 'the Peak,' which he has been taught to consider one of the chief English mountains, and the name of which has always suggested to him something like a pyramid of rock,—an English Matterhorn. He will be soon undeceived, and then 'may paradoxically declare the peculiarity of 'the Peak District' to be that there is *no* Peak! The range so called is a bulky mass of millstone grit, rising irregularly from the limestone formation which occupies the southern part of Derbyshire, and extending in long spurs, or arms, north and northeast into Yorkshire as far as Sheffield, and west and south into Cheshire and Staffordshire. The plateau is covered by wild moorland, clothed with fern, moss, and heather, and broken up by deep hollows and glens, through which streamlets descend, each through its own belt of verdure, from the spongy morasses above, forming in their course many a minute but picturesque waterfall. The pedestrian who establishes himself in the little inn at Ashopton will have the opportunity of exploring many a breezy height and romantic glen; while, if he has strength of limb and of lungs to make his way to Kinderscout, the highest point of all, he will breathe, at the elevation of not quite two thousand feet, as fresh and exhilarating an atmosphere as can be found anywhere in these islands; the busy smoky city of Manchester being at a distance, 'as the crow flies,' of little more than fifteen miles! It is no wonder that a select company of hard-worked men, who have lighted on this nook among the hills, having a taste for natural history, resort hither year after year, finding a refreshment in the repeated visit equal at least to that which their fellow-citizens enjoy, at greater cost, in the terraces of Buxton, or on the gigantic slope of Matlock Bank.

Where the limestone emerges from under the mass of grit, the scenery altogether changes. For roughly rounded, dark-colored rocks, covered with ling and bracken, now appear narrow glens, bold escarped edges, cliffs splintered into pinnacles and pierced by wonderful caves, traversed by hidden streams. Of these caves the 'Peak Cavern' at Castleton is the largest, that of the 'Blue John Mine' the most beautiful, from its veins of Derbyshire spar.

The tourist, however, who confines himself to the Peak District proper, with its immediately outlying scenery, will have a very inadequate view of the charms of Derbyshire. He can scarcely do better than begin at the other extremity, ascending the Dove, through its limestone valley, as far as Buxton, thence taking rail to Chapel-en-le-Frith, expatiating over the Peak moorlands according to time and inclination, descending to the limestone region again at Castleton, and following the Derwent in its downward course to Ambergate, pausing in his way to visit Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, and to stay awhile at Matlock.

Having thus planned our own journey, our starting-point was Ashbourne, a quiet, pretty little town at the extremity of a branch railway. There was not much in the town itself to detain us: we could only pay a hurried visit to the church, whose beautiful spire, 212 feet high, is sometimes called the Pride of the Peak. There are some striking monuments; and among them one with an inscription of almost unequaled mournfulness. It is to an only child, a daughter: 'She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total.' Never was plaint of sorrowing despair more touching. Let us hope, both that the parents' darling was a lamb in the Good Shepherd's fold, and that the sorrowing father and mother found at length that there can be no total wreck to those whose treasure is in heaven!

A night's refreshing rest at the inn, where several nationalities oddly combine to make up one complex sign—the fierce Saracen, the thick-lipped negro, the English huntsman in his coat of Lincoln green!—and we sallied forth on a glorious day of early autumn to make our first acquaintance with Dovedale. Leaving the town at the extremity farthest from the railway station, we found ourselves on a well-kept, undulating road, skirted by fair pastures on either hand; the absence of corn-fields being a very marked feature in the landscape. Turning into pleasant country lanes to the left, we soon reached the garden gate of a finely situated rural inn, the 'Peveril of the Peak,' whence a short cut would have led us over the brow of the hill into Dovedale; but we were anxious to visit Ilam, and therefore made a détour as far as the 'Izaak Walton,' so well known to brothers of the 'gentle craft.' A little farther, and we were in the identical Happy Valley of Rasselas, where we found a charming little village, with school-house and drinking-fountain, park and hall and church, and every cottage a picture. Two little rivers meet here, one of them the Manifold, the other and larger the Dove; and, after a hurried view of the lovely valley, we lost no time in making our way to the entrance of the far-famed Dale. As most of our readers will know, the Dove divides Staffordshire from Derbyshire: we took the Derbyshire side, entering a little gate on the river bank, and leisurely, and with many a pause, pursued a walk with which surely in England there are few to compare. The river is a shallow, sparkling stream, with many a pool dear to the angler, and hurrying down, babbling over pebbles, and broken in its course by many a tiny waterfall. On both sides rise tall limestone cliffs, splintered into countless



DOVEDALE.

fantastic forms—rocky walls, towers, and pinnacles, and in one place a natural archway near the summit, leading to the uplands beyond. And all up the sloping sides, and wherever root-hold could be obtained on pinnacle and crag, were clustered shrubs and trees of every shade of foliage, with the first touch of autumn to heighten the exquisite variety by tints which as yet suggested only afar off the thought of decay. The solitude of the scene served but to enhance its loveliness. For that road by the river-side is no broad, well-beaten track. No vehicle can pass, and even the pedestrian has sometimes to pick his way with difficulty. The stillness, on the day of our visit, was unbroken save for the murmur of the water, the twitter of the birds, and the rustling of the branches in the gentle breeze. The blue sky overhead, and the sunlight casting shadows upon the cliffs and the stream, completed the picture; and if the memory of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton haunted their favorite stream, it so happened that we encountered none of their disciples.

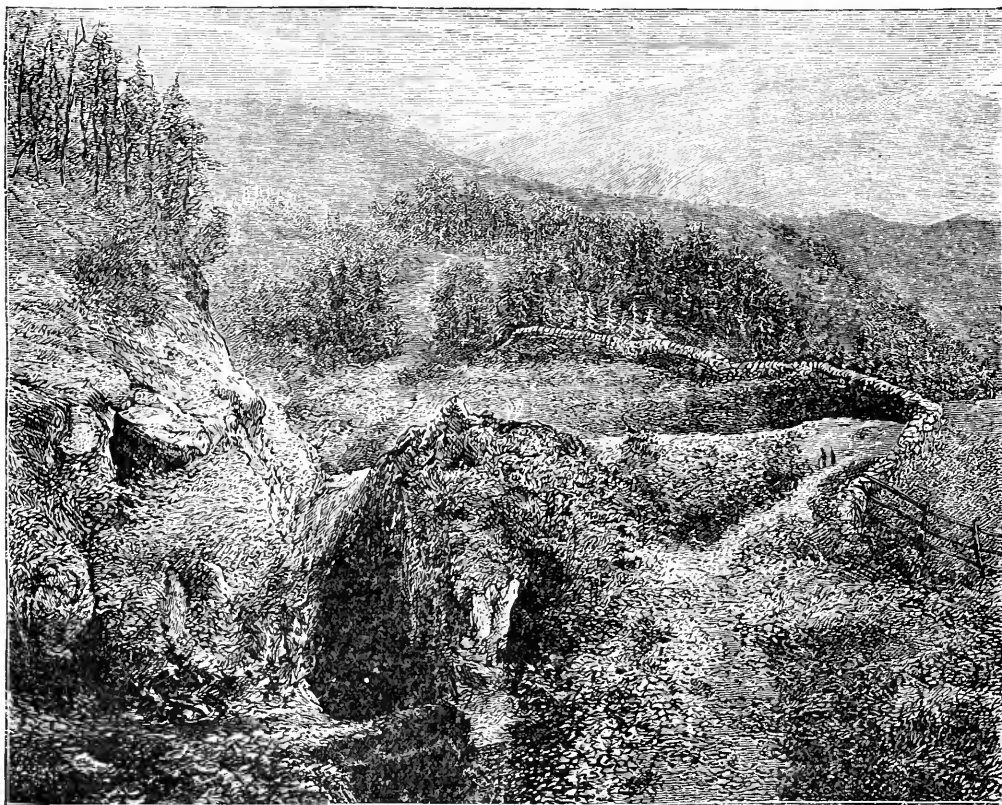
Many travelers leave the glen at Mill Dale, where a pleasant country lane to the right enables them to gain the high road between Ashbourne and Buxton. Time and strength permitting, however, we would strongly advise the tourist to make his way by the river banks to Hartington, passing through Beresford Dale, where at Pike Pool, represented in the frontispiece to this chapter, all the beauties of the Dove Valley are concentrated at one view. A limestone obelisk stands in the middle of the river, with a background of rich foliage, just touched, at the time of our visit, with autumnal hues, while the clear water eddied and sparkled around its base. This pool was the favorite resort of Walton and his friend Cotton. Many allusions to the spot will be found in *The Complete Angler*; and the comfortable inn at Hartington, reached from Beresford Dale by a walk for about a mile through pleasant meadows, bears Charles Cotton's name.

At Hartington, the high road to Buxton may be taken; or, far better, the traveler may make his way to the famous watering-place, by the plateau which divides the valley of the Dove from that of its tributary Manifold; he will then descend to the former valley near Longnor, and thence may climb to Axe Edge, a great outlying southerly branch or spur of the gritstone, from which the Dove has its rise. Parting with this lovely river at its very fountain-head, we find it difficult to believe that so much beauty and even grandeur can have been included in the twenty miles' course of a little English stream, and are ready to indorse the enthusiastic tribute of Cotton:

‘ Such streams Rome’s yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus or Ligurian Po :
The Maese, the Danube and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all, compared with thine,
And Loire’s pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare :
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To claim priority :
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.’

At Buxton, easily reached from Axe Edge, we found every variety of excursion and other enjoyments open to us, ‘for a consideration,’ while the place itself, from

the unsurpassed purity of its air, the healing qualities of its hot springs, and the fascinating contrivances which abound on all hands to make leisure delightful, induces the most eager tourist to rest awhile. The Derbyshire dales, moreover, that may be easily explored from this point, are very fine ; the whole of the Peak, in fact, is open to his exploration, with facilities of ready return. We could give, however, but a hurried glance to their manifold beauties, being bent upon descending the Derwent in some such leisurely fashion as that in which we had ascended the Dove. We had, indeed, the railway now to facilitate the latter half of our journey—no slight matter ; and yet this had the effect of bringing multitudes of travelers, like ourselves, so that the end of the Derbyshire tour was taken in company with a crowd. For a time, however, we were comparatively alone, as far as to Castleton,



THE 'SHIVERING MOUNTAIN.'

by Mam Tor, the wonderful 'Shivering Mountain,' where the sandstone and mountain limestone meet ; so called from the loose shale which is constantly descending its side, and which, in popular belief, does not diminish the mountain's bulk : thence down through the Winnyats or Windgates, a picturesque pass between lofty cliffs, taking its name from the winds which are said to rage almost ceaselessly through the narrow defile, although at the time of our visit the air was calm, while the lights and shadows of a perfect autumn day beautified the gray limestone crags. The ruins of Peveril's Castle, and the gloomy caves of Castleton, of course, were visited. Then began the journey down the Derwent, embracing pretty Hathersage, with its ancient camps, tumuli, and other remains whose origin can only be conjectured.

Here is the traditionary grave of Robin Hood's gigantic comrade, 'Little John.' A 'Gospel Stone,' in this village, once used as a pulpit, perpetuates the memory of the open-air harvest and thanksgiving services of past generations; while in the village of Eyam, three or four miles lower down, the 'Pulpit Rock,' in a natural dell still called a 'church,' brings to mind the heroism of a devoted pastor, who, during the plague of 1665, when it would have been dangerous to meet in any building, daily assembled his parishioners in this place to pray with them, to teach, and to console. The traveler will not regret the slight *détour* from the road by the river to visit this most interesting spot; and he may return to the Derwent by Middleton Dale, another magnificent pass through limestone cliffs. Hence he will soon reach Edensor, the 'model village,' and Chatsworth, 'the Palace of the Peak.' The splendors of the park and mansion are so familiar to thousands,—to whom in fact 'the Peak of Derbyshire'

is a name suggestive only of Chatsworth and Haddon Hall,—that we need attempt no description here. The visitor may follow his own bent, whether to wander in the stately park, or to join the hourly procession along the silken-roped avenue, through the corridors and apartments of the Hall, with due admiration of the pictures, the statuary, and the wonderful carving; thence passing out into the conservatory and the gardens, where nature has done so much, and art so much more. Truly, days at Chatsworth are among the bright days of life, especially if there be time and opportunity also to visit Haddon Hall, that almost unique specimen of an old baronial English home, empty and dismantled now, but carefully preserved, and beautiful for situation, upon the Derbyshire Wye, which here descends from

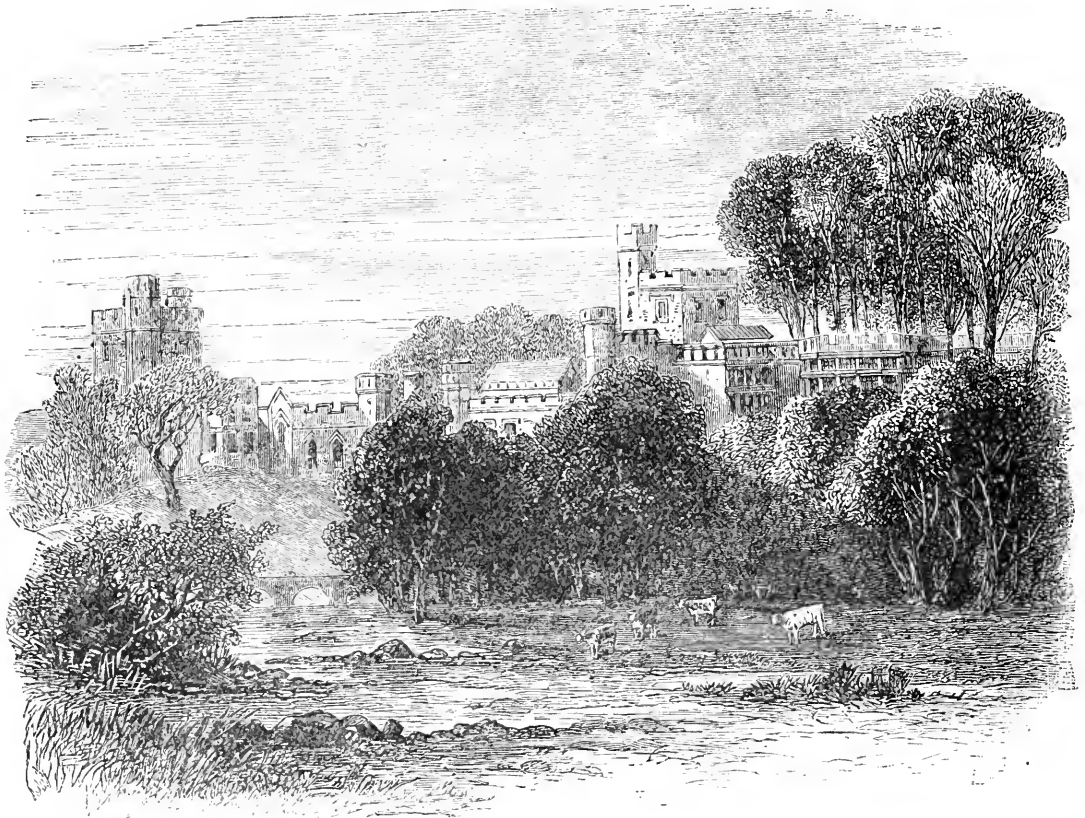
its limestone glens and dales, through the pretty town of Bakewell, to unite at Rowsley with the Derwent.

At this junction, too, the traveler comes upon the railway, and will be tempted to pass only too rapidly by the beauties of the Derwent Valley between Rowsley and Ambergate. We can but assure him that he will lose much by so doing; that Darley Dale and Moor are very beautiful, and that the tourist who rushes on to Matlock Bath without staying to climb Matlock Bank does an injustice to Derbyshire scenery; while, if he be in pursuit of health, he can find no better resting-place than at the renowned hydropathic establishments which occupy the heights. Still,



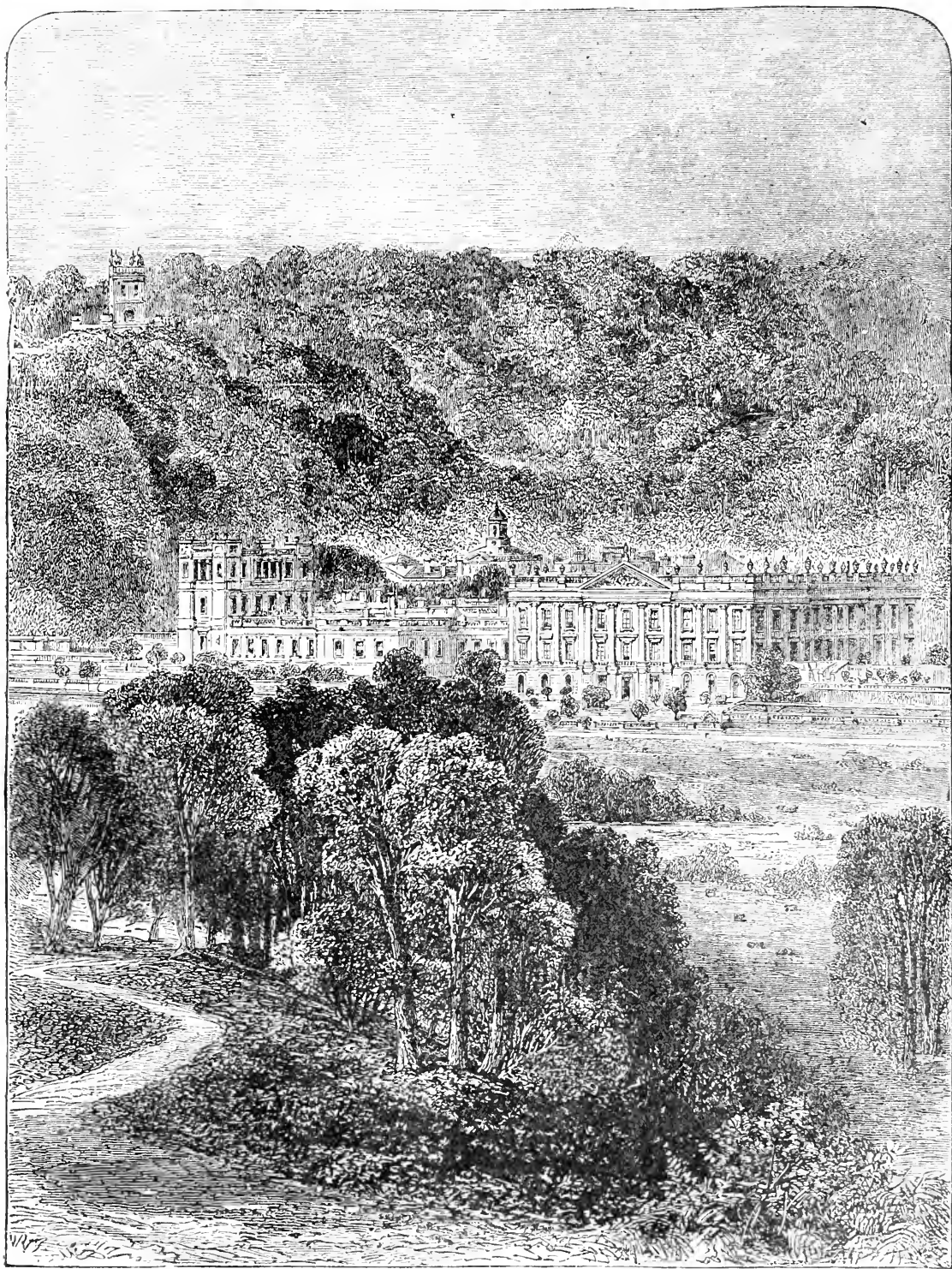
EDENSOR.

most who are in search of the picturesque will prefer to seek it at Matlock Bath, where indeed they will not be left to discover it for themselves. In this famous spot the beauties of nature are all catalogued, ticketed, and forced on the attention by signboards and handbills. Here is the path to 'the beautiful scenery' (admission so much); there 'the romantic rocks' (again a fee); there the ferry to 'the Lovers' Walk,' a charming path by the river-side, overshadowed by trees; and so on. Petrifying wells offer their rival attractions, and caves in the limestone are repeatedly illuminated, during the season, for the delight of excursionists. The market for fossils, spar, photographs, ferns, and all the wonderful things that nobody buys



HADDON HALL.

except at watering-places, is brisk and incessant. But when we have added to all this that the heights are truly magnificent, the woods and river very lovely, and the arrangements of the hotels most homelike and satisfactory, it will not be wondered at that the balance of pleasure remained largely in favor of Matlock. It would be certainly pleasanter to discover for oneself that here is 'the Switzerland of England,' than to have the fact thrust upon one's attention by placards at every turn; but perhaps there are those to whom the information thus afforded is welcome, while the enormous highly colored pictures of valley, dale, and crag, which adorn every railway station on the line, no doubt perform their part in attracting and instructing visitors. They need certainly be at no loss to occupy their time to advan-



CHATSWORTH, THE 'PALACE OF THE PEAK.'

tage, whether their stay be longer or shorter. Everything is made easy for them. Practicable paths have been constructed to all the noblest points of view : the fatigue of mountain-climbing is reduced to a minimum ; and the landscapes disclosed, even from a moderate elevation, by the judicious pruning and removal of in-

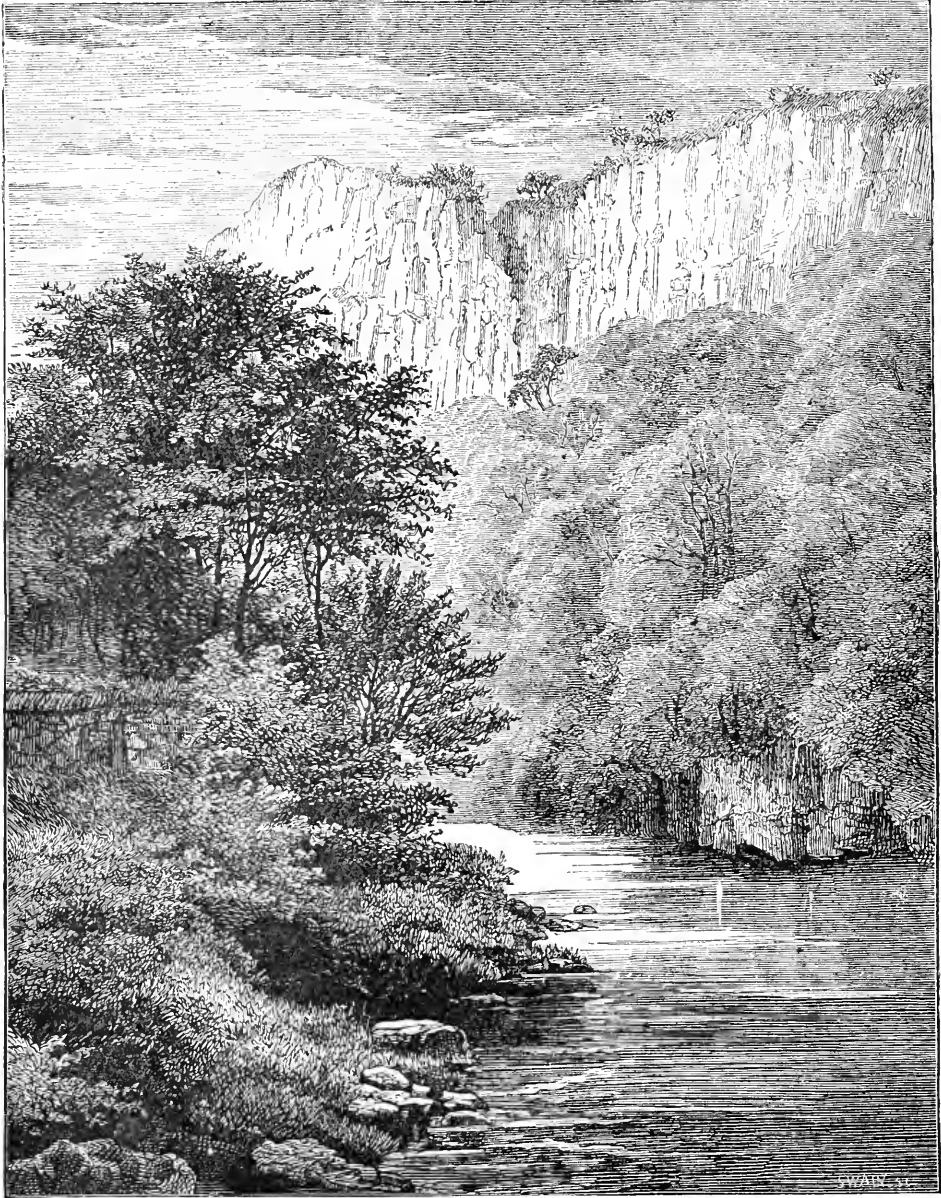


MATLOCK.

tercepting foliage, are such as to repay most richly the moderate effort requisite for the ascent. Lord Byron writes that there are views in Derbyshire 'as noble as in Greece or Switzerland.' He was probably thinking of the prospect from Masson, from which the whole valley, with its boundary of tors, or limestone cliffs, is outspread before the observer, while the river sparkles beneath, reflecting masses of foliage, with depths of heavenly blue between ; and, beyond the scarred and broken

ramparts of the glen, purple moorlands stretch away to the high and curving line of the horizon.

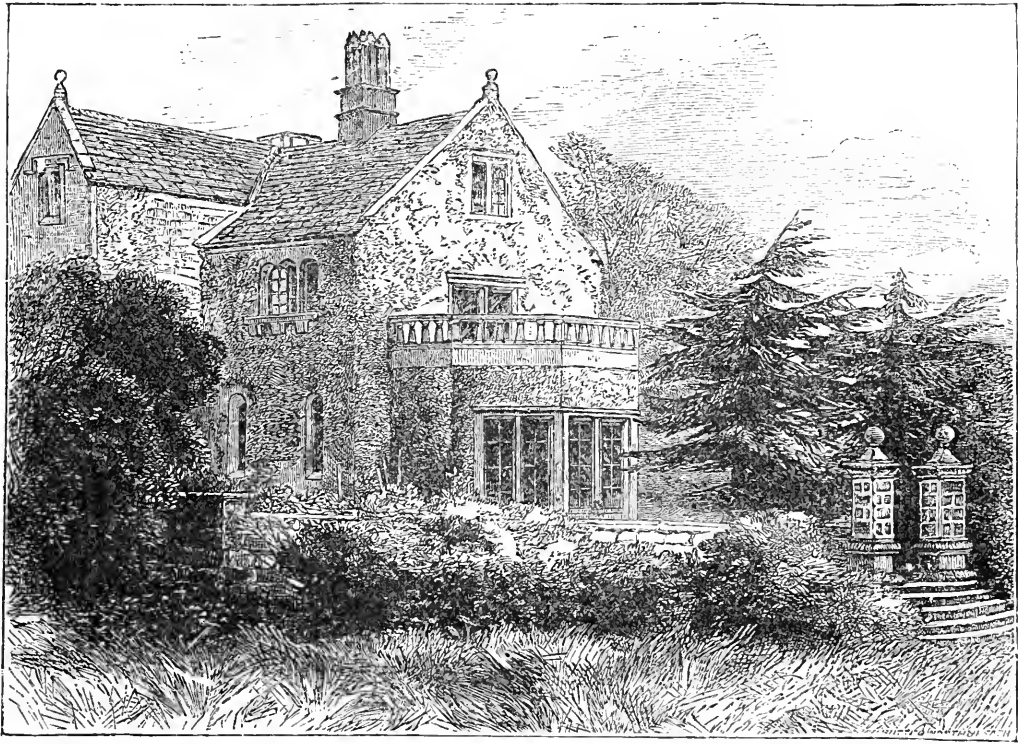
The traveler southward, who has accompanied us thus far, if yet unsated with beauty, will be wise in walking or driving by road from Matlock to Cromford, the



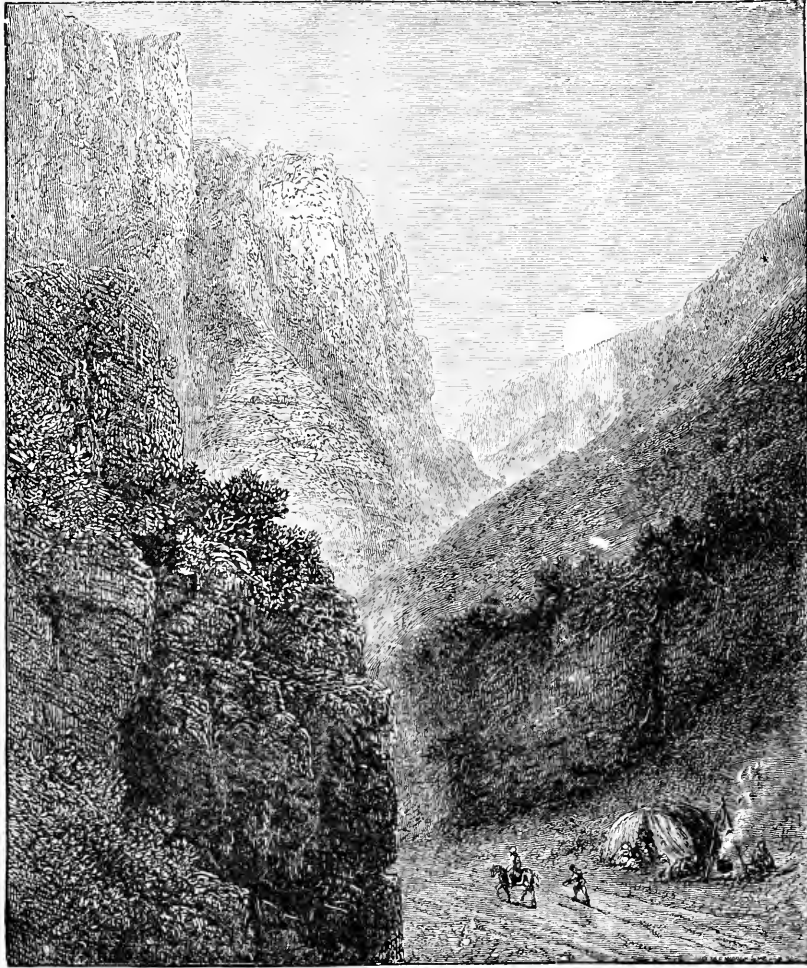
HIGH TOR, MATLOCK.

next station, instead of proceeding by railway. The pass between the limestone cliffs, although the great majority of passengers leave it unnoticed, is really, for its length, as fine as almost any of the dales in the higher part of the country. At Cromford there is the stately mansion of the Arkwrights, and a little beyond, on the other side of the railway, is Lea Hurst, the home of Miss Florence Nightingale,

a name that will be gratefully enshrined in the memories of the English people, even when war shall be no more. From this spot the valley gradually broadens, still richly wooded up the heights, with fair meadows on the river banks. And so we reach Ambergate, where we re-enter the busy world, bearing with us ineffaceable memories of the beauties and the wonders of 'the Peak.'



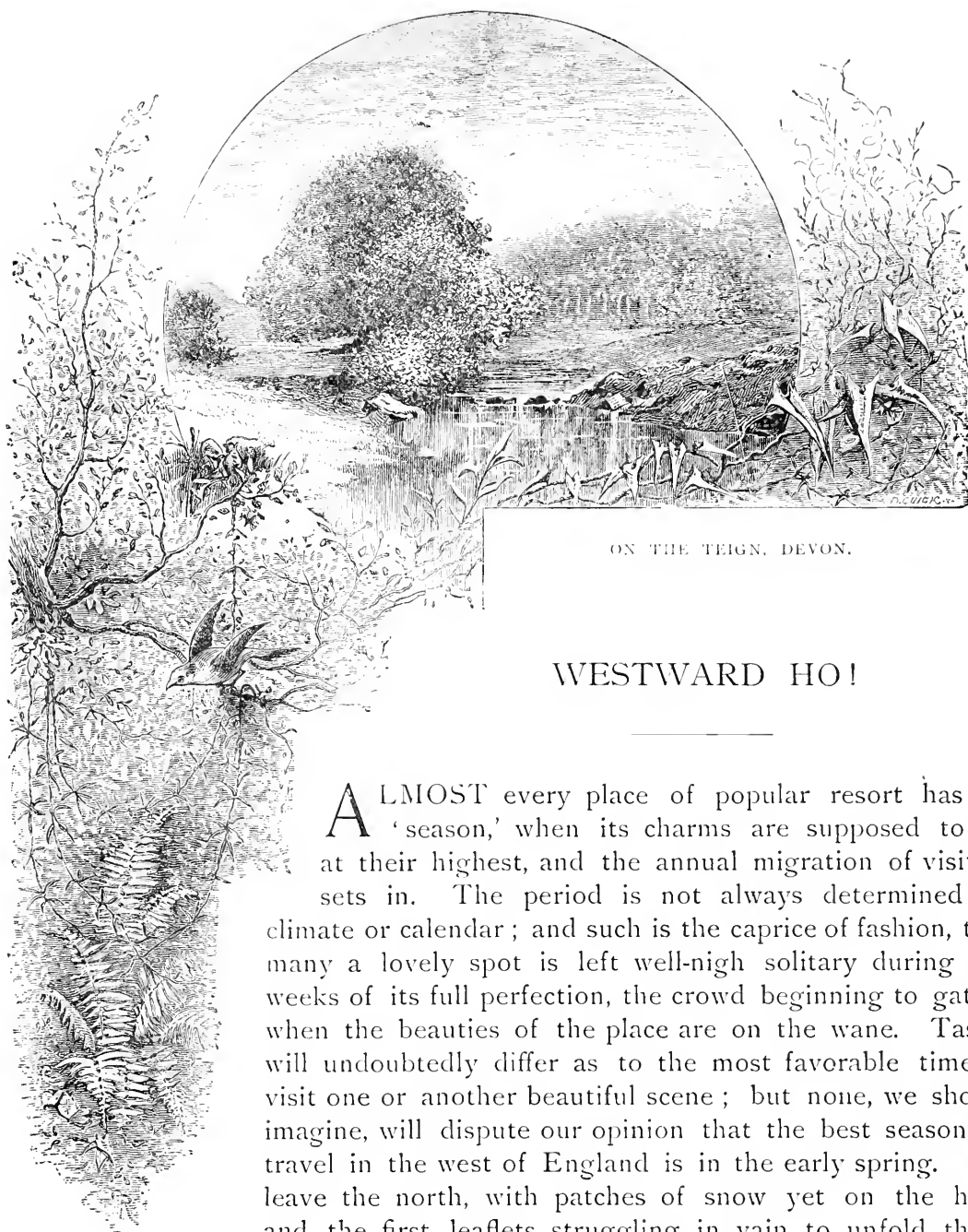
LEA HURST, MISS NIGHTINGALE'S HOME.



CHEDDAR CLIFFS.

'PAUSE, ere we enter the long craggy vale ;
It seems the abode of solitude. So high
The rock's bleak summit frowns above our head,
Looking immediate down, we almost fear
Lest some enormous fragment should descend
With hideous sweep into the vale, and crush
The intruding visitant. No sound is here,
Save of the stream that shrills, and now and then
A cry as of faint wailing, when the kite
Comes sailing o'er the crags, or straggl'ing lamb
Bleats for its mother.'

W. L. BOWLES.



ON THE TEIGN, DEVON.

WESTWARD HO!

ALMOST every place of popular resort has its 'season,' when its charms are supposed to be at their highest, and the annual migration of visitors sets in. The period is not always determined by climate or calendar; and such is the caprice of fashion, that many a lovely spot is left well-nigh solitary during the weeks of its full perfection, the crowd beginning to gather when the beauties of the place are on the wane. Tastes will undoubtedly differ as to the most favorable time to visit one or another beautiful scene; but none, we should imagine, will dispute our opinion that the best season for travel in the west of England is in the early spring. We leave the north, with patches of snow yet on the hills, and the first leaflets struggling in vain to unfold themselves on the blackened branches; or, if we hail from the metropolis, we gladly turn our backs on wind-swept streets and bleak suburban roads, to find ourselves in two or three hours speeding beneath soft sunshine, between far-extending orchards, in all the loveliness of their delicate bloom, while the grass is of a richer tint, the blue sky dappled with fleecy clouds of a more exquisite purity, and instead of the slowly relaxing grasp of winter, the promise of summer already thrills the air. 'The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'

But whither shall we direct our steps? It is the perfection of comfort in traveling to have time at command. We need be in no haste to leave the apple-blossomy valleys of Somersetshire, even for the woods and cliffs of Devon; and if the tourist

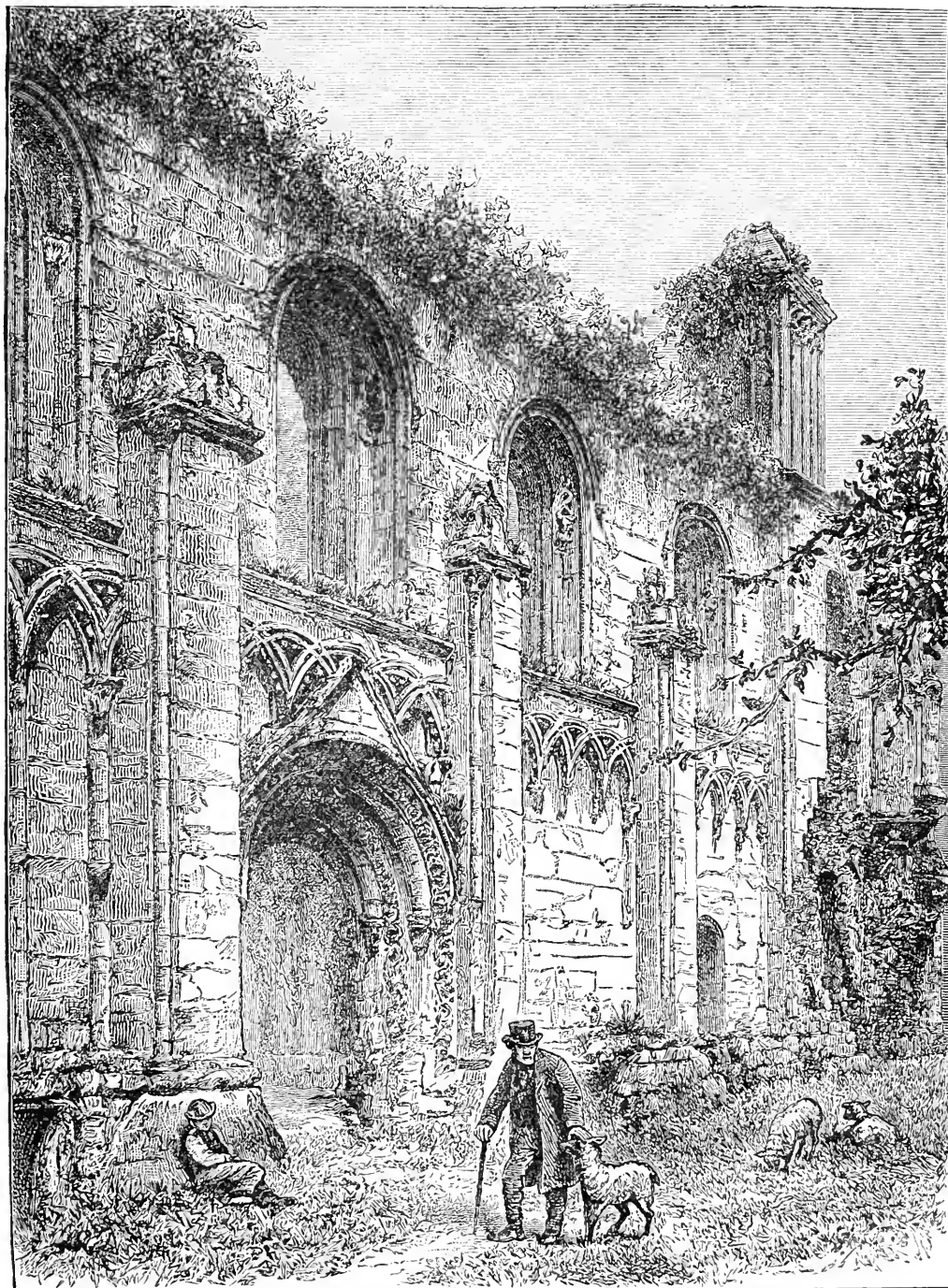
would visit a spot which, in its own way, is unique in England, let him turn aside, as we did, soon after leaving Bristol, to a rift in the Mendip Hills, and make his way through the pass between the Cheddar Cliffs. Cut sheer through the hill, from summit to base, is an extraordinary cleft. The road which winds along the bottom of the ravine is in some places only wide enough to allow two vehicles to pass abreast. On the right hand side a perpendicular wall of rock rises to the height of



THE GLASTONBURY THORN.

about four hundred and thirty feet. Its surface is broken by enormous buttresses, like the towers of some Titanic castle, surmounted by spires and pinnacles, whose light, airy grace contrasts finely with the massive walls on which they rest. Down the face of the cliff long festoons of ivy and creeping plants wave to and fro. The scanty soil on the ledges and in the fissures is bright with wild flowers. The yew and mountain ash, dwarfed into mere shrubs, seen to cling with a precarious foothold to the face of the rock. Far above us innumerable jackdaws and crows chatter noisily, and hawks, with which the district abounds, soar across the narrow

strip of sky overhead. The opposite side of the ravine is less precipitous, though even here it is steep enough to task the energies of the climber, and grand masses of



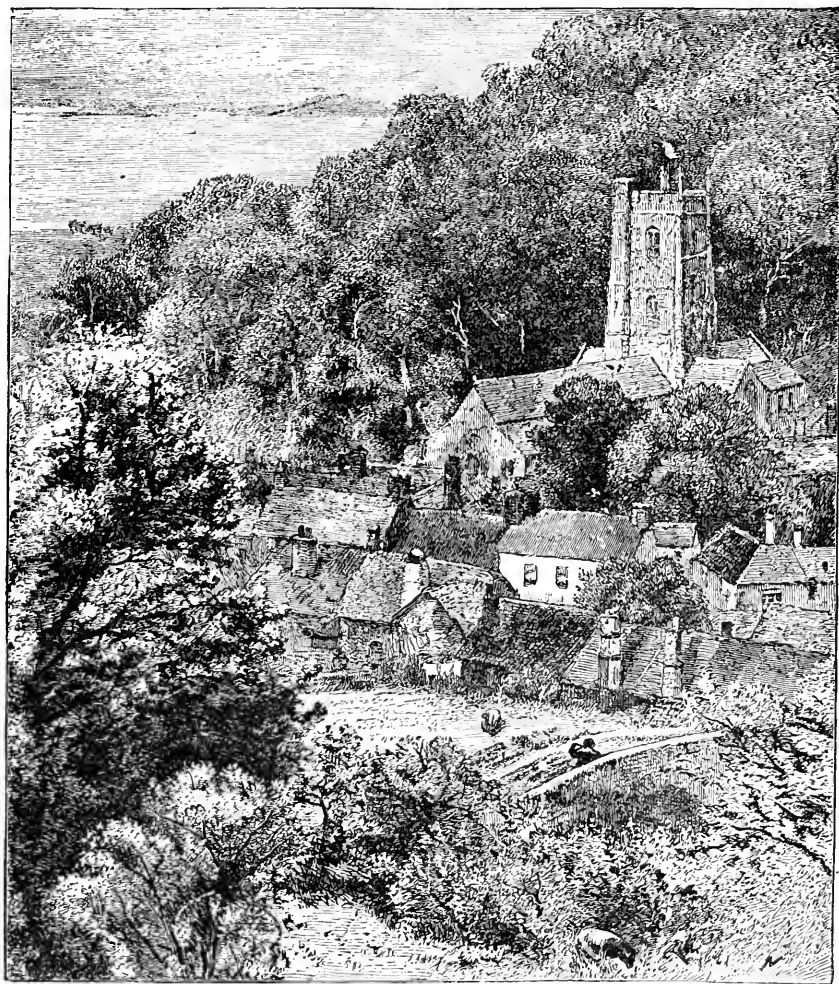
GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

rock stand out from the hill-side. Conspicuous amongst these is the Lion Rock, so called from its extraordinary resemblance to a crouching lion. This district abounds in caverns, many of them of great extent and beauty, which will well repay a visit.

Local tradition affirms that one reaches as far as Wookey Hole, a distance of ten miles.

The devoted and self-denying efforts of Mrs. Hannah More must not be forgotten in connection with Cheddar. Barley Wood, her residence, is but a few miles distant; and from this spot she issued those religious tracts in which she became the chief pioneer in the work that has now grown into such goodly dimensions.

From Cheddar the traveler may either continue his journey by way of Wells, or may return at once to the main line, passing near the coast of the Bristol



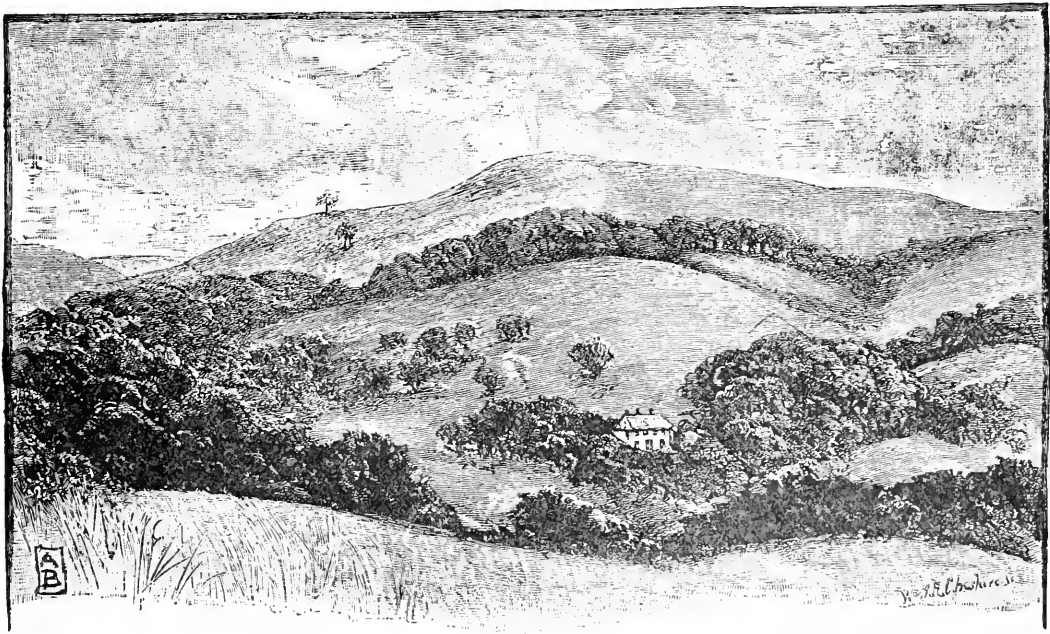
VILLAGE IN THE QUANTOCKS.

Channel, with a wide alluvial plain at his left, once covered by an arm of the sea, with islands, as Brent Tor and others, emerging from the waters, and reaching as far as Glastonbury or Avalon—'apple island,' famed in legend and song. A little farther, and the marshy plain of the Parret stretches away in one direction to Sedgemoor, scene of the 'last battle fought on English ground,'¹ that in which the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth suffered irretrievable defeat, and in another to Athelney, the place of King Alfred's retreat and noble rally against the Danes. In memory of the stories that charmed our childhood, we could do no otherwise than

¹ Macaulay. The date was July 6, 1685.

take the branch line at Durston, whence a few minutes run places us in the marshy, unpicturesque scene so memorable in English story. The whole neighborhood was evidently once covered with woods and morasses; good drainage has made it fertile now, but it must be confessed that it must depend for all its attractiveness on its associations. On or near the traditional site of the 'neat-herd's cottage,' an unpretending stone pillar, with a lengthy inscription, preserves the memory of Alfred's sojourn.

Resuming the journey westward, we soon discern the towers of the Taunton churches, and may find a welcome night's rest in this bright and pretty town; or, turning again off the main line, may pass northwest, by a route full of interest, to the Quantock Hills. On our way we pass Combe Florey, famous as the residence for a time of Sydney Smith, and as the scene of some of the most characteristic stories of his life. But we must not linger in the valley: at every point the wooded



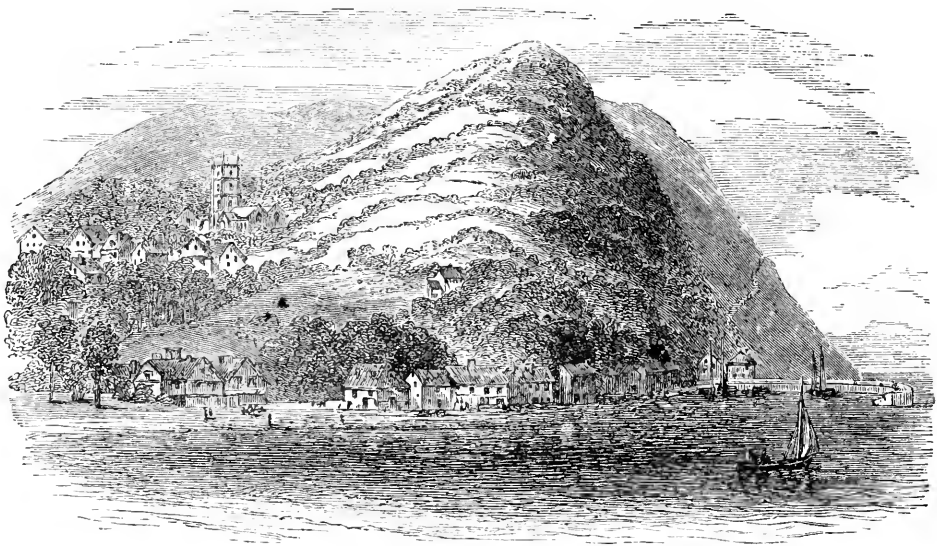
ALFOXDEN, WITH WORDSWORTH'S HOUSE.

hill-slopes tempt us to climb upwards among shady groves of beech, over turf thick with primroses and bluebells, then out upon the furzy heights. It hardly matters which path we take—whether up Cothelstone, whence the view is perhaps most magnificent, or Will's Neck, highest point of all, or Hurley Beacon. From hill-top to hill-top we make our way, descending into mossy glens, where the hill stream trickles down in miniature waterfalls, or striking down some deep wooded combe, where the houses of a village nestle among the trees, and the spacious church tells of a time when the inhabitants far outnumbered the present scanty population. In the valley below, to the northeast, we descry the village of Nether Stowey, for some time the residence of Coleridge, and farther to the north, at the foot of one of the loveliest of wooded combes, is Alfoxden, which was at the same time the home of Wordsworth. The two friends have told us how they used to meet and discuss high themes in many a charming stroll, their neighbors much wondering the while,

and the government of the day suspecting their advanced opinions. The end was that they had to leave, not before they had made imperishable record of the beauties of the place. Thus Wordsworth writes to Coleridge, in *The Prelude*:

‘ Beloved Friend !
When looking back, thou seest in clearer view
Than any liveliest sights of yesterday
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
Upon smooth Quantock’s airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered ‘mid her sylvan combs :
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel.’

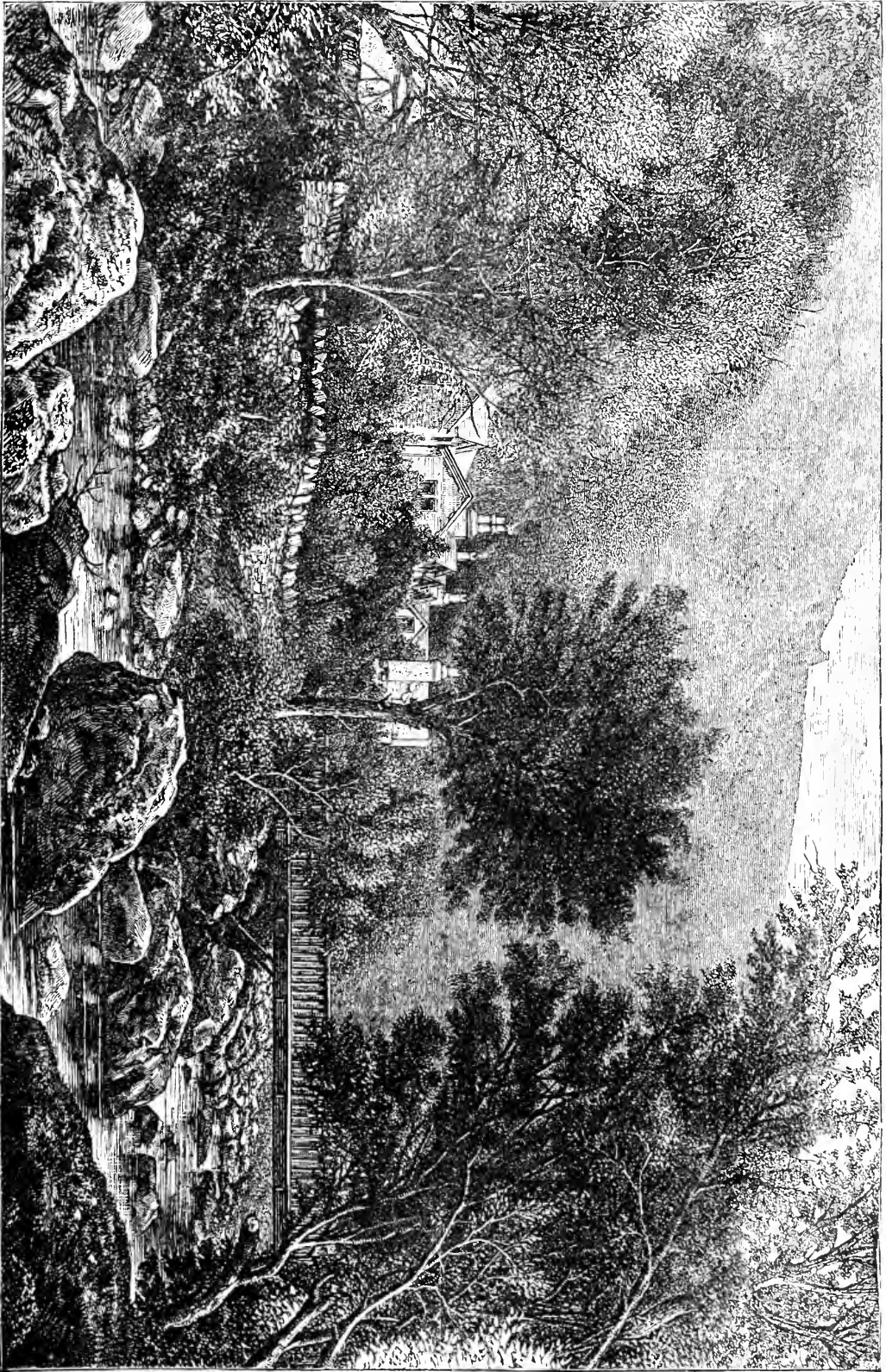
The work here accomplished by these poets in their early days, it is not too much to say, has given a new direction to poetic thought. In the *Lyrical Ballads*,



MINEHEAD.

here devised and mainly written, a bold attempt was made to leave all beaten tracks and accepted conventionalisms, and to combine with the imagination of the poet simplicity and absolute sincerity. Coleridge, as he tells us in his *Biographia Literaria*, took as his task the exhibition of the supernatural, associated with human interest and emotion, and wrote *The Ancient Mariner*. Wordsworth undertook to set forth the harmony of the homeliest scenes and experiences of life with high and ennobling thought ; hence, in different keys, his poems of *We are Seven*, *Lucy Gray*, and the *Lines above Tintern Abbey*. We shall have to speak of Wordsworth hereafter in connection with his own beloved Lakeland, but here in Somersetshire we trace the bright dawning of his genius, and visit Alfoxden and Nether Stowey, with due reverence, as the birthplace of modern English poetry.

Coleridge, in a note to *The Ancient Mariner*, says, ‘It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with Wordsworth and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned and in part composed.’



AT LYNNMOUTH.

The great hilly range to the west, in full view across the valley from the Quantocks, is an outlying rampart of Exmoor; and the brown peak in the distance is Dunkery Beacon, the highest point in Somersetshire. Our road leads between these heights and the sea, by Dunster, with its great ivied castle overhanging the quaint, feudal-looking little town, and Minehead, a cheerful, unpretending watering-place, to Porlock, where the ascent of what the country people call a 'terrible long hill,' by a zigzag moorland road, leads to a height from which, on looking back, we have a prospect of surpassing grandeur. Let us gaze our fill: if the day be fine, and the atmosphere clear, we shall see nothing nobler in the west of England. To the south the huge masses of Dunkery, brown with heather, rise from a foreground of woods and glens; below, to the east, lies a fair valley, surrounded with hills of every picturesque variety in form, prominent among which is the rugged side of Bossington Beacon. Toward the southeast, heights on heights arise, some richly wooded, others majestic in their bareness; while to the north and northeast stretches the Bristol Channel, with the Welsh mountains dimly seen beyond.

Then we go southwards over a reach of wild moorland, and come upon the indescribable loveliness of Lynmouth and Lynton. At some distance from any railway, accessible only by long walking or driving over hilly roads, or by small boats from steamers on their way up and down the Channel, this fair spot can never attract the crowd; but those who have wandered by its streams, or climbed its heights, are singularly unanimous in pronouncing it the most enchanting spot in England. Lynmouth is in the valley, on the shore; Lynton on the height, four hundred feet above. The name is derived from the *lyns*, or torrents, which descend separately, each through a wooded gorge or combe, until they meet beside the sea. Great mossy rocks everywhere break the course of the torrents, and the luxuriant foliage which lines the banks, the ferns and flowers, with the overhanging trees, combine to make a succession of perfect pictures. The traveler will, of course, go up Lyndale, the valley of the East Lyn, as far as Watersmeet, and will not omit to explore the quieter, more luxuriant, though less magnificent West Lyn. He will climb to the summit of Lyn Cliff, and will survey at ease the prospect from the summer-house; and will not omit the extraordinary Valley of Rocks, reached by a grand walk along the face of the cliff which overhangs the sea to the west of Lynton. At a break in this path he suddenly comes to a gigantic gateway, formed of two rocky pyramids, and enters upon a scene which, to his first view, appears strewn with the fragments of some earlier world. 'Imagine,' says Southey, 'a narrow vale between two ridges of hills, somewhat steep: the southern hill turfed; the vale, which runs from east to west, covered with huge stones, and fragments of stone among the fern that fills it; the northern ridge completely bare, excoriated of all turf and all soil, the very bones and skeleton of the earth; rock reclining upon rock, stone piled upon stone, a huge, terrific mass. A palace of the pre-historic kings, a city of the Anakim, must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped after the waters of the flood subsided. . . . I never felt the sublimity of solitude before.'

The drive from Lynton to Barnstaple, though not long, being, we believe, somewhat under twenty miles, brought to us a crowd of half-forgotten associations of early days when coach traveling was the chief means of locomotion. The coach itself was of the old build, spick and span in its neatness; the coachman was of old-

fashioned ways; the four sleek horses were no mere omnibus hacks, but, as they warmed to their work up and down hill, showed a mettle akin to that of roadsters in days long ago. The villages on the way had no sign of 'Station' or 'Station Hotel' about them; children ran from the cottage doors to shout after the coach, or to bring primroses and violets to the passengers; rustics gathered for a chat where the coachman pulled up, as he did tolerably often, for time seemed but a slight consideration in that old-world region. And all around was outspread a landscape of rich, ever-changing loveliness, ruddy in soil, rich in verdure, as at one time we descended into lanes, half-embowered by the already luxuriant hedgerows, and at another emerged upon an open moorland, swept by soft breezes from the sea, and engirdled



CLOVELLY.

by the hazy forms of distant hills. At length the estuary of the Taw came into view, the houses of Barnstaple appeared, the coach drove into the station yard, and we were in the world again.

Another route might have been taken from Lynton to Ilfracombe, by way of Combe Martin, with its fine and rocky bay; but we were anxious to reach less crowded and familiar spots than the famous North Devon watering-place, though this also is in its way delightful. We must, however, see one or two farther points on the coast before striking inland again; and accordingly took up our night's quarters at Bideford, famed for the length of its bridge and the steepness of its streets. Emerging early in the morning from the highest part of the town, we made our way to Westward Ho! that magni-

ficent possibility, whose stately mansions and hotels, broad quays and pier, surrounded by vessels from all parts, with its broad, level plain by the sea and noble background of wooded hills, had so often captivated us in railway-station waiting-rooms. We found it all there, except the mansions, the quays, and the ships! The bay is glorious, the plain upon the shore stretches far and wide,—to the satisfaction of golfers, for whose favorite game no spot can be better adapted: there is a great pebble ridge, a natural breakwater two miles long and fifty feet wide, composed of rounded pebbles of carboniferous 'grit'; the background of wooded cliffs is magnificent, while a lonely pier, one commodious hotel, a bath-house on a splendid scale, some rows of villas, lodging-houses, and one or two

educational establishments, give promise of the prosperity which seems only too long in coming.

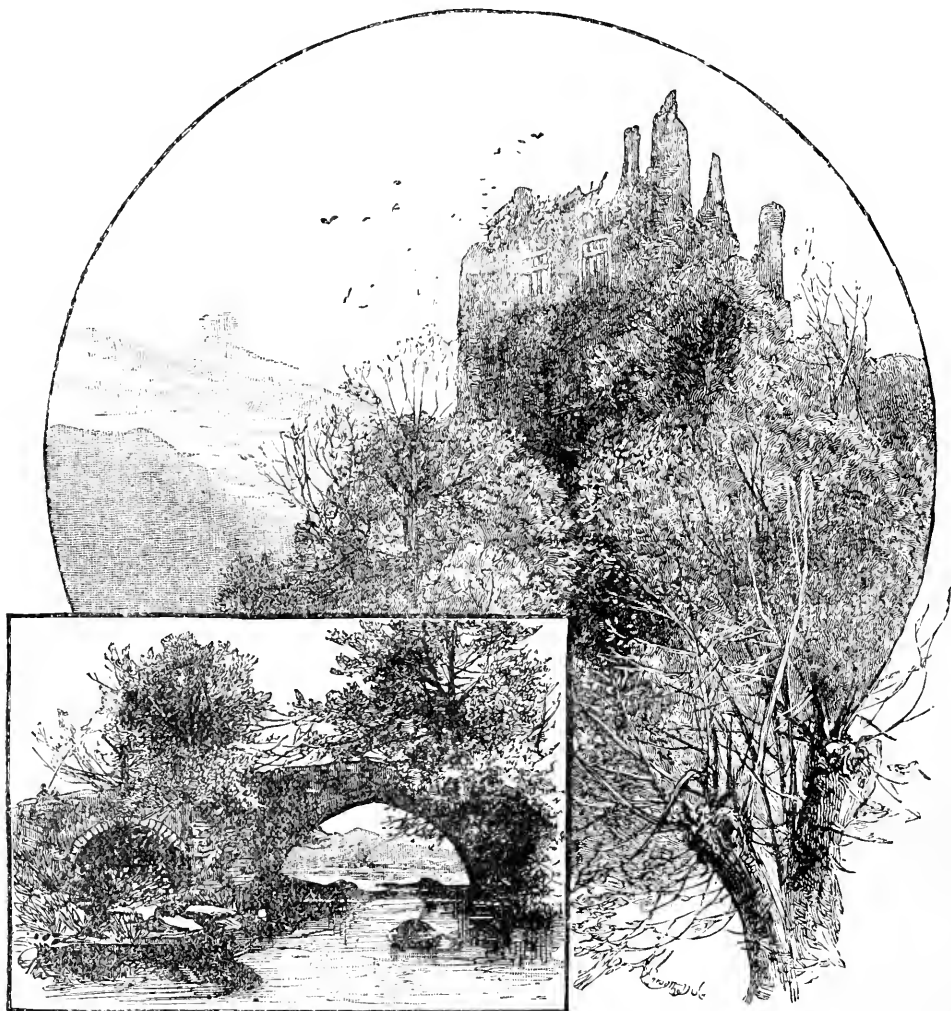
Returning to Bideford, we started at sunrise the next morning for Clovelly, with high expectations, and under the auspices of the British Government, as our chosen vehicle was the 'mail-cart,' in the shape of a very comfortable wagonette filled with pleasant, chatty passengers, all the livelier, perhaps, from the good-humored consciousness of merit which early rising is apt to engender. The road was not particularly striking, save for glimpses of the Channel seen through the light morning haze; the breath of spring was in the air, and when we alighted at the 'Hobby' gate we were fully prepared for the three miles' walk by which our breakfast was yet to be earned. The path, in reality a broad, well-kept drive, is carried along the face of the cliff, which shelves gradually, covered thickly with trees and brushwood, to the shore, while the bank towers above, soft with moss and beautiful with flowers. The cliff curves in and out irregularly; broken in one or two places by deep glens, over which the road is carried by rustic bridges. Long shadows lay, that morning, across the path; above and below, the tender, budding foliage clothed the dark branches of oak and elm, hazel and beech, in every variety of shade; the air was musical with birds, and, stirred by the gentle morning breeze and the whisper of the boughs, blended with the distant murmur of the sea. It was a walk to be remembered. At length, at a turning of the road, Clovelly came into sight, about a mile distant—a seemingly confused heap of houses emerging on all sides from thick woodland, and slanting steeply down to a stone pier jutting out into a little bay. At the end of the Hobby walk, the summit of the village was gained, and we were soon descending its curious steep street, not without longing looks at the quaint little lodging-houses, all untenanted as yet. Clovelly is a place to linger in and to dream! The practical need of the hour, however, was breakfast, during the preparation of which meal it was pleasant to sit in the hotel balcony, and look out upon the bay, with its lines of light and shadow, and the long outline of Lundy Island showing clear in the distance: for now the morning mists had lifted, and the brightness of spring was over sea and land. A walk of marvelous beauty followed, into the park of Clovelly Court, over springing turf, through woodlands budding into leaf, and along a stretch of rugged wilderness, preserved, with some art, in its primitive simplicity. Thence, by a winding pathway, or up a steep grassy slope, the highest point may be reached—a noble cliff, called, from some old local story, Gallantry Bower. A little summer-house, nestling in the cliff-side, commands a grand range of cliffs, with their curved, contorted strata, peculiar to the carboniferous formation, while many a jutting or broken crag gives a castellated aspect to this bold rampart of the coast. Inland, the scene is full of beauties of hill and glen, in almost measureless variety; but we could not linger to survey them all; for our way lay in another direction, before we could feast again on the splendors of cliff and sea.

Hartland Point, a little farther on, is the true 'Land's End' of Devonshire, the terminating promontory of Bideford Bay, a tongue of grassy land, not more than thirty or forty feet wide, at the summit of a tremendous precipice on either side, pointing to a similar projection on the opposite Welsh coast, like twin pillars of Hercules,¹ guarding the estuary of the Severn.

It would now have been easy to visit Bude Haven, and so to travel south and

¹ Ptolemy, the geographer (second century), is supposed to have referred to Hartland Point as the 'Promontory of Hercules.'

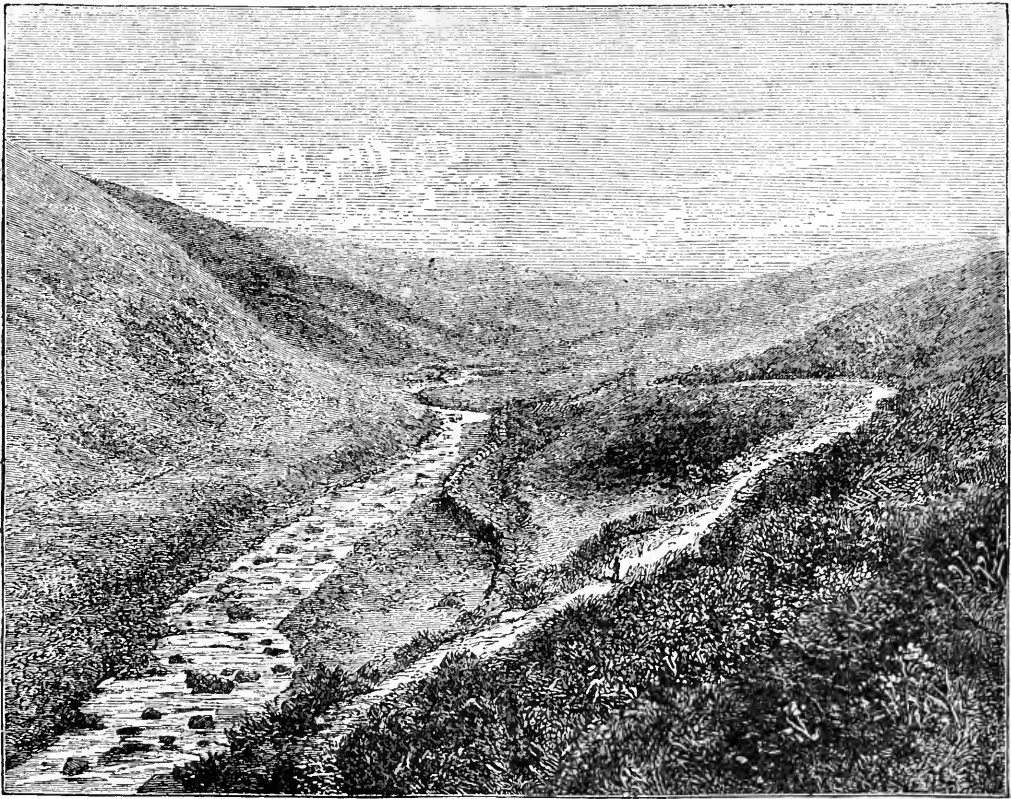
southwest along the cliffs which fringe the Atlantic, but our present plan was to strike inland to Dartmoor. The little town of Okehampton was therefore our first destination, reached by a somewhat dull route,—whichever road may be taken,—but, when gained, most interesting. The town lies in a valley, watered by a swift, romantic river, which, at one point, sweeping round a wooded hill, crowned by the ruins of an old castle, forms as lovely a picture as anything of the kind in England. Kingsley abuses Okehampton unjustly, we think; but, whatever may be thought of the town and its immediate neighborhood, there can be no doubt as to the wonder-



ON THE DART: BERRY POMEROY CASTLE AND HARFORD BRIDGE.

ful interest of the excursions that may be taken from it as a center. From the castle hill, as from other points in the town, the chief object that arrests the eye is the vast brown sweep of rising ground, suggestive of mysterious desolation beyond, which we know to be the boundary of Dartmoor. Ascending, we find ourselves at first on pleasant, breezy though treeless, heights; but we keep to beaten paths, and pursue our onward journey. At length the moorland track over which we have passed seems to rise behind us and shut out the world; and as we gaze around, we feel that all pictures which we had framed to ourselves of wild deserted solitudes are

surpassed. 'Like the fragments of an earlier world,' is again the comparison that rises to the lips. We are not unfamiliar with moorland scenery—with Rombald's Moor, for instance, in Yorkshire, beautiful in its variety of color, from the tender green and softening grays and browns of spring, to the purple, heathery splendors of the autumn, while the song of lark and linnet overhead, or the plaintive cry of the lapwing, gives animation to the scene. But at Dartmoor is a new experience of desolation. The stupendous mass of granite which here crops up from hidden depths is covered on its broken surface with thick peat, in which the blackened trunks of trees occasionally give evidence of a time when the range was clothed with wood, but which now, for the most part, bears only coarse grass and moss, with heather and whortleberry in the most favored localities. Broad spaces are covered by morass and bog, dangerous to



DARTMOOR.

the unaccustomed pedestrian. Scanty streams break from the heights, and hurry in all directions down to the valley, swollen to wild fury after a storm. The 'tors,' or shapeless masses of rock, which stand out from the peaty surface in all directions, are but, as it were, the jagged projections from the interior rock-skeleton. Some may be readily ascended; Yes Tor (probably East Tor, pronounced Devonshire fashion) being the highest, and on many accounts the best worth climbing. The prospect of the moor from this or any other commanding point can only be described as awful in its grim, monotonous, silent desolation; the only beauty being that of swelling distant outline, or frequently that of color, when the atmosphere is clear between the frequent showers and the rays of the sun light up the heather and the moss, diversifying the dark shadows of the tors with the various hues of green, with

the ruddy gleam of withered fern, and brown rushes in many a morass. But let not the traveler be too hopeful of sunshine and clear air! For, as the local rhyme says:

'The south wind blows, and brings wet weather;
The north gives wet and cold together;
The west wind comes brimful of rain,
The east wind drives it back again.
Then, if the sun in red should set,
We know the morrow must be wet;
And if the eve is clad in gray,
The next is sure a rainy day.'

Still, the slopes by which Dartmoor descends to the lowlands around are beautiful. In fact, the mighty granite mass is girdled by an investiture of fair glens and smiling villages, which yield a succession of some of the brightest pictures that England can anywhere present in the same compass. The drive from Okehampton to Chagford, or to Moreton Hampstead, for instance, is of wonderful charm. Near the



LITTLE MIS TOR.

former village, the river Teign descends over rocks and bowlders in a richly wooded glen, as beautiful in parts as Dovedale. The rivers, indeed, which come down on all sides from Dartmoor, are the glory of Devonshire. Besides the Teign, there is the Dart itself, one head-stream of which rises near the well-known prison at Prince Town; with the Taw, Tavy, Avon, Erme, Plym, and streamlets innumerable.

The traveler is only embarrassed by the choice of beautiful routes. If from Moreton Hampstead he elects to cross over to the valley of the Dart, making Totnes or Ashburton his headquarters, or if he proceed by the romantic, rock-strewn upland of Lustleigh to Teignmouth or

Torquay, he will find the journey full of charm. But perhaps, if the weather be bright, he may long for more bracing air than he will find amid the soft beauties of South Devon. If so, he will do well to cross Dartmoor by the coach-road, from Moreton Hampstead to Tavistock, past the big, gloomy prison, appropriately placed in the very wildest and most desolate part of the whole region. Or, as we did, proceeding to Okehampton, he may pass along the western side of Dartmoor by way of Lidford. The railway is carried, in places at a great height, on the open edge of the moor, which it curiously fringes: it seems essentially a holiday line; there is no hurry, and the traveler, as he passes along, may leisurely survey the frowning heights above, or the fair valley below, according to his choice.

Lidford station being reached, we left the train, and found ourselves in an unfinished-looking spot, with little outwardly to attract. Having, however, received directions how to proceed, we crossed a farmyard, where some cattle with stupendous horns looked and lowed at us in a manner trying to the nerves. Then, emerg-

ing near a river bank, we made our way for less than a mile up the stream, on a grassy path beneath overhanging woods, when, at a sudden turn up a glen that opened to the main stream, the gleam of waters caught the eye, at the first glance like some tall spirit of the dell, glimmering through the foliage that enshrouded it. A more beautiful cascade is hardly to be seen in England, when Dartmoor has had an abundance of rain. At other times, they say, a friendly miller can turn on a supply of water, else thriftily economized for his needs. Happily, no such artificial arrangement was needful on the occasion of our visit ; and we remained long admiring the lovely picture.

Retracing our steps, we climbed to the village, crossing on our way a commonplace-looking bridge, of a single arch, at a dip in the road, with the sound of a great rush of waters beneath. We looked over the parapet, but could discern nothing, owing to the mass of thick shrubs and foliage which overarched the stream, and made our way up-hill to the village. Here the traveler is directed to the churchyard, to see a curious epitaph on a watchmaker, in which some rather obvious allusions to human life are borrowed from his craft. Students of mortuary inscriptions are thankful often for small mercies in the way of wit, and are not always careful to note where the humor degenerates into irreverence or worse.

Meanwhile we had learned something about the bridge that we had crossed just before, and the rush of waters below. Returning, therefore, and making application at the house close by, we were conducted down into a rocky gorge, through which rushes the Lid, one of the Dartmoor streams, a tributary of the Tamar. The cliffs, irregular and castellated, are seventy feet high ; a narrow, dangerous path is carried along one side of the rock, and the wild foaming waters in the dark, narrow glen carry back the traveler's mind to Switzerland. Certainly there is nothing like 'Lidford Bridge' elsewhere in England : the Strid in Bolton Woods may equal it in its rush of waters ; but the rocks there lie in the open woodland, and the stream is but a few feet below their summit ; here the beetling precipices almost meet above, as at the 'Devil's Bridge' in Cardiganshire, and there are weird stories, at both places, of travelers on horseback who have leaped the bridge unconsciously, by night, when broken down, only discovering their peril and their escape on the following day.

From Lidford to Tavistock was an easy ride, and we found this pleasant town a place every way suitable for a Lord's Day rest. Outwardly, the great charm of the locality is the meeting-place between the wildness of Dartmoor and the rich cultivation of the valley ; while some walks by the river are of a tranquil and serene beauty, only, as it seems to us, to be found in England, and to be enjoyed on the Day of Rest. Perhaps our feeling is in a great measure due to association ; but if so we



HEY TOR ROCKS.

have to thank association for one of the happiest evenings we have known. Next morning we explored the remains of the Abbey,—now 'restored' and put to heterogeneous uses,—a public library, a Unitarian chapel, and a hotel, but hardly so picturesque as in its older, more neglected condition.

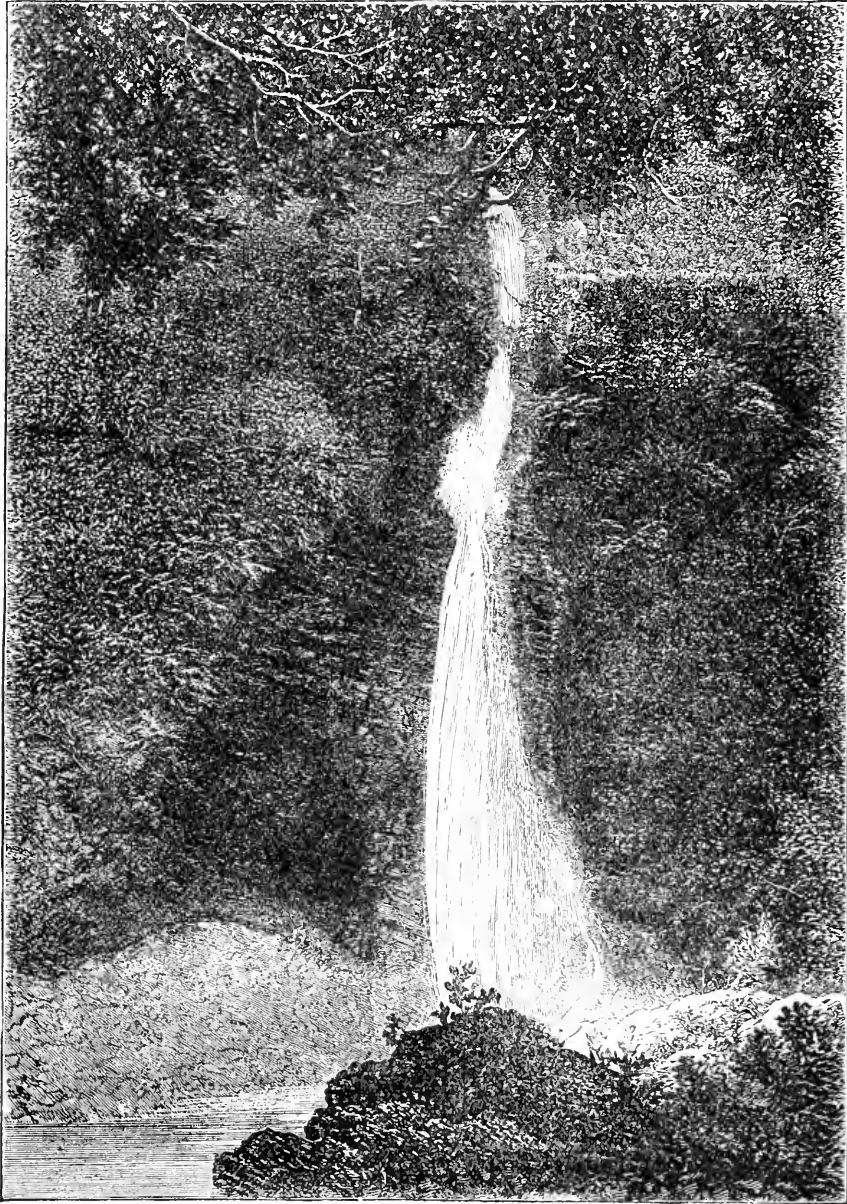
Our journey is continued by a short railway trip which carried us across the Cornish border to Launceston, where a climb through pretty pleasure grounds to the keep of the old castle, on the knoll that rises steeply from the town, gave us a fine view, from the bulky range of Dartmoor on the one side, to the craggy outline of the Cornish hills on the other.



ON THE SLOPES OF DARTMOOR.

Our object, however, was now to reach the coast; and as a good test of our pedestrian powers, already pretty well exercised in the course of this charming tour, we determined to walk over the hills in the direction of the sea, knowing that even if our powers failed some passing 'van' would take us up, and convey us in a primitive fashion to the nearest town. But we persevered, and having accomplished nine or ten miles of an undulating, monotonous road, were rewarded by the first glimpse of the Atlantic, with the cloud shadows lying afar upon the untroubled sapphire;

, though no breeze stirred, there was a sense of freshness in the air that encouraged us to press on to our journey's end. At length we reached it, in a village to name which is to raise in the minds of those who have visited it memories most delightful; while to the multitude it is and will probably remain unknown. We will not call it Trelyon, after the fashion of a popular novelist, who has given us some of



LIDFORD CASCADE.

the most brilliant word-pictures of this scenery which our literature contains. Nor is it unkindness to the happy few who already know Boscastle, and one delightful homelike retreat from the world which it contains, to raise the veil a little farther. That the village is several miles distant from a railway station, that there is no public

conveyance to it but the 'vans' already referred to, that gas is a luxury unknown, are points in its favor to those who think, like the Frenchman :

' How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude !
But give me just one friend in my retreat,
To whom to whisper, " Solitude is sweet." '

For society may be found at Boscastle—the society of the chosen few. The place itself is unique. Through tiny meadows a streamlet flows swiftly toward

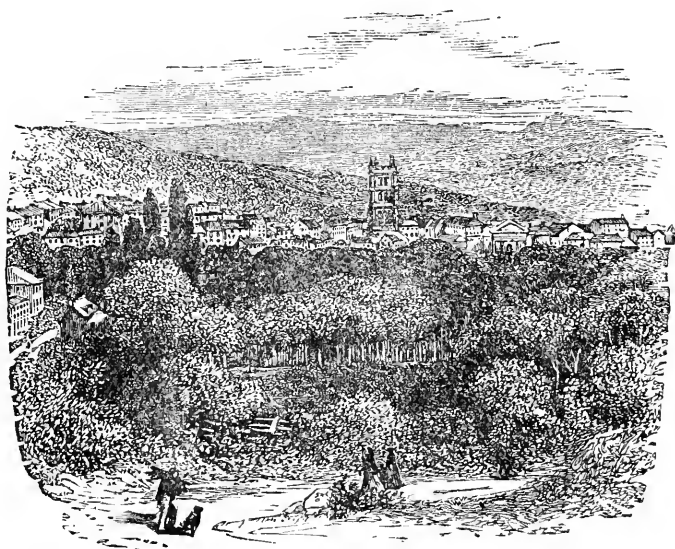


LIDFORD GORGE.

the sea, entering a fissure where the hills, swelling upward on either hand, rise to towering cliffs, inclosing a harbor, up which the tide surges restlessly to meet the stream, then as restlessly subsides. Behind the cliff, on the western side, up a broad cleft from the brink of the rivulet to the hill-summit, runs the village, inhabited by a hardy, independent, self-contained race of Cornish people, proud of their scenery, as they may well be. The slate cliffs, in endless diversity of craggy, pointed form,

skirt the sea, which ever chafes against their bases; here and there a little inlet far below shows a surface of smooth white sand, inaccessible from the land, or to be reached only by the surefooted climber, familiar with every step. Broad grassy slopes crown the cliffs, and every turn discloses magnificent views of sea and shore.

One walk, along the cliffs to Tintagel, starting from Willapark Point, the head land that rises so grandly to the west of the little bay, was of an interest which perhaps no other coast scene in England can fully match. First, Forrabury Church was passed, with its silent tower; the bells once destined for it lying, according to tradition, close by, at the bottom of the Atlantic. The ship that conveyed them was nearing the port. 'Thank God for a fair voyage,' said the pilot. 'Nay,' replied the captain, 'thank the ship, the canvas, and the fair wind.' It was in vain that the pilot remonstrated; but even while the ship was rounding the point a sudden storm gathered, the vessel was dashed upon the rocky coast, all perished save the pilot, and the bells, sinking to the deep, tolled solemnly, as if for the fate



TAVISTOCK.

of those who would not acknowledge God. Still, it is said, when the storm rises high—

‘Those bells, that sullen surges hide, peal their deep notes beneath the tide :

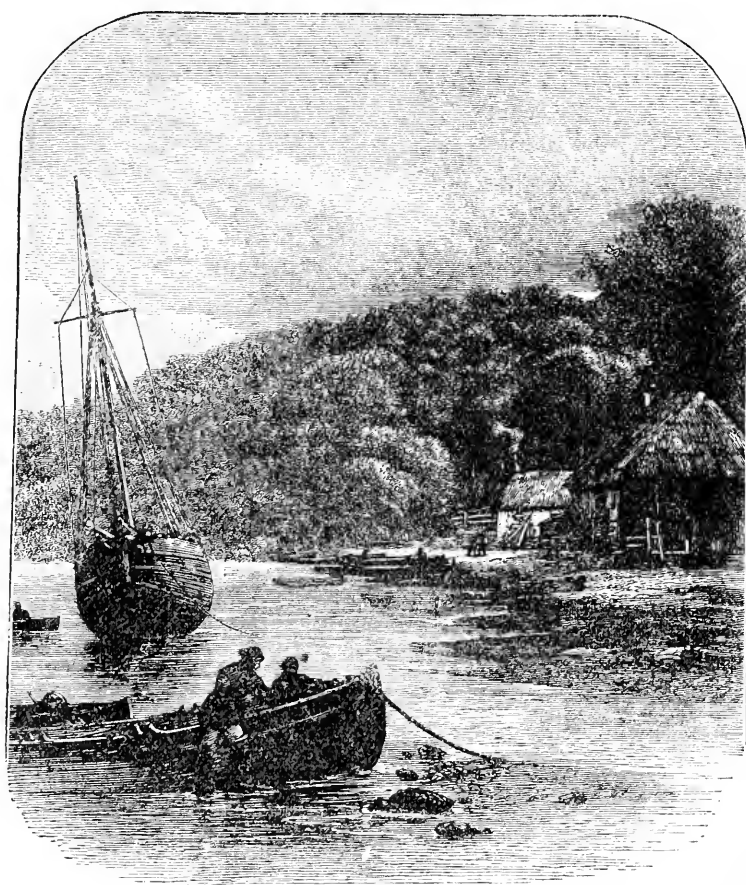
“Come to thy God in time !”—thus saith the ocean chime :

“Storm, billow, whirlwind past, come to thy God at last.”’

Such is a specimen of the tales told at many a Cornish fireside. As we pass on we feel more and more that we are in the country of legend and song. The rolling uplands that stretch inland, with the deep vales and furzy hollows that intersect them, are renowned as the realm of King Arthur, the hero of British history and fable. Here, on the shore of the Atlantic, he may have gathered his good knights around him, to stand with them against the heathen invader; or it may be that here he was born, according to the legend; while ‘the great battle of the west,’ in which the hero disappeared, is said to have been fought at Camelford, in the neighborhood. Local legends are full of this royal name; and if, as some will have it, King Arthur never existed, the universality of the tradition is all the more remarkable.

The impress of his memory and life is everywhere. Of a little cottage maiden who guided us, we asked her name. 'Jinnifer,' was the reply—an unconscious perpetuation of the name of Guinevere.

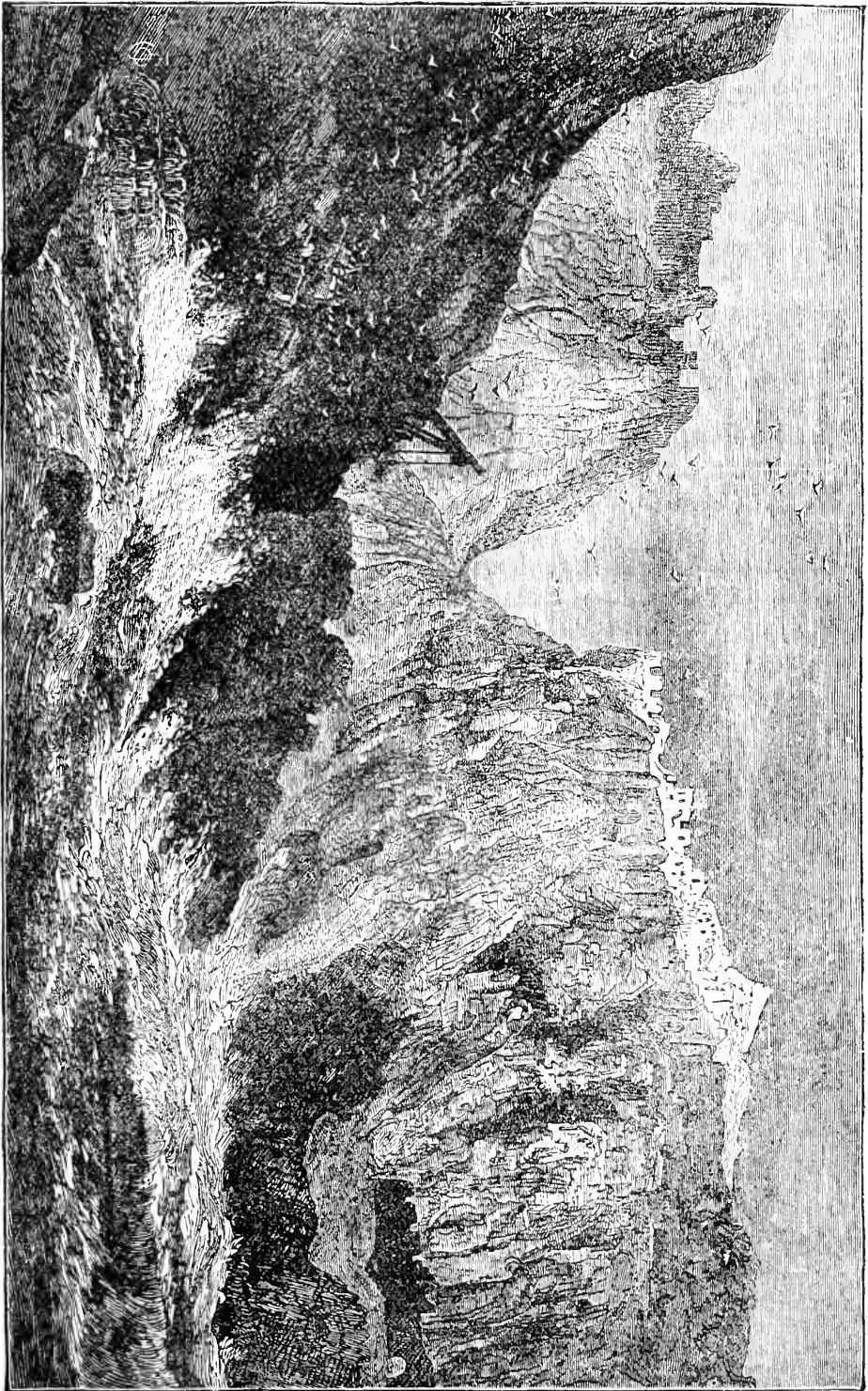
A lovely wooded glen breaks the cliff half-way to Tintagel, at the head of which the explorer will find a waterfall, in a wild forest ravine, both on a somewhat miniature scale; but in the accessories of rock-hewn walks, with clinging shrubs and mountain spring flowers, watered by the dashing spray, the dell was perfect. St. Nighton's (Nectan's) Kieve, or basin, as this romantic nook is called, is a sudden and welcome change from the wild sublimity of the rocks above, and the ceaseless thunder of the Atlantic. But we must reascend; and soon, from our turfy path



THE DART AT DITTERSHAM.

upon the height, we come into full view of a stupendous rock, standing a little way out to sea, the home of myriads of sea-birds that circle the rock with weird cries, or, descending in flocks, skim the surface of the waves. They have evidently learned to fear the gun and to distrust mankind.

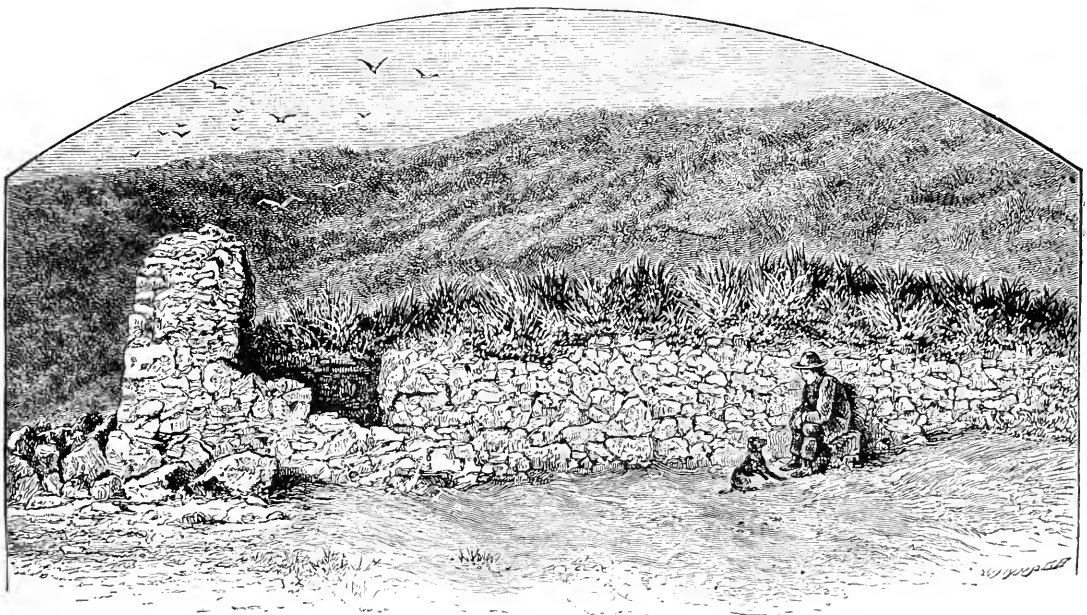
Trevena, now approached, is an irregular village, straggling toward the cliff in a single street of gray houses. The ancient church is on a wind-swept headland to the west; where, in the stormiest corner, we found the grave and monument of Mr. Douglas Cooke, the first editor of the *Saturday Review*. It was curious to be reminded of the conflicts of literature at this meeting-place of tempests. Even



TINTAGEL CASTLE AND ROCKS.

the tombstones require buttresses of masonry to support them against the fury of the ocean blast!

The ruins of Tintagel Castle, famed in song and story, stand partly upon a bold headland, partly upon the opposite hill. The two portions were once, it is said, connected by a massive bridge. Now a low isthmus of sharp, slaty rock divides them. By a steep path, almost like a natural staircase, we ascended from this ridge to the ruins on the promontory. These are jagged, time-worn; little plan or order can be traced; such fragments of building as still exist are no doubt of much more recent origin than Arthur's time; the outward glory of the scene is all in the majestic sweep and serried outline of the stupendous cliffs, with the long roll of the sea breaking ceaselessly into billows at their base. The stillness is unbroken, save for this ocean music, mingling with the hoarse cry of sea-birds, and the occasional bleating of the few sheep which pasture here. The sense of isolation becomes at last oppressive, and we gladly retrace our steps to the mainland.

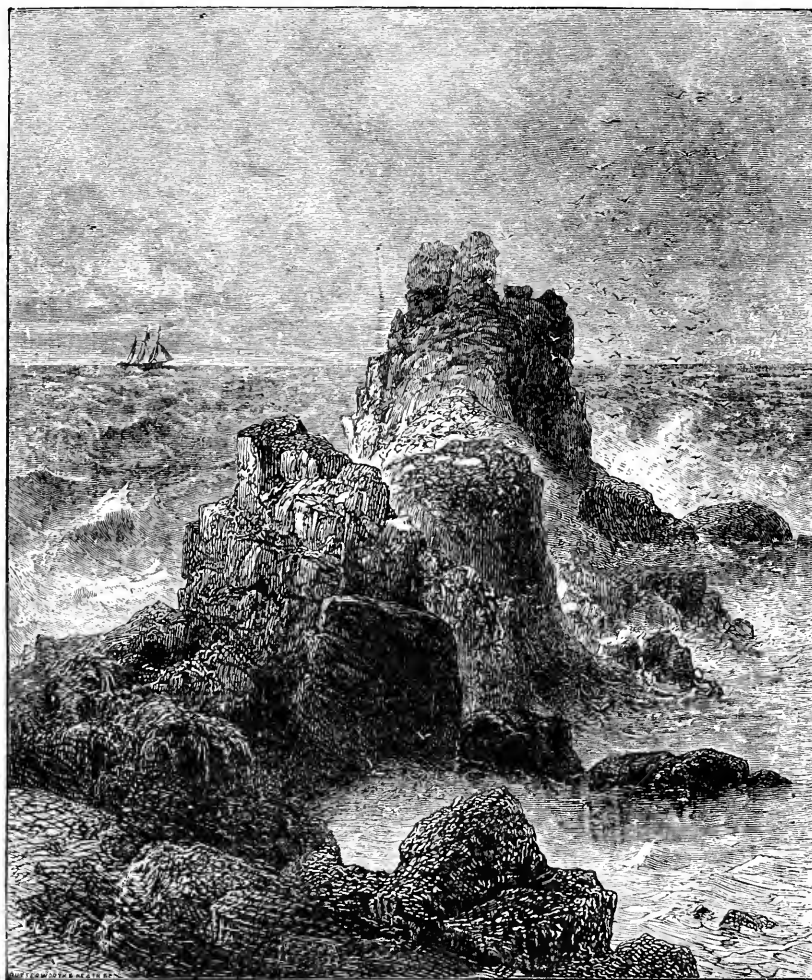


ST. PIRANS, PERRANZABULOE.

Boscastle remains for a time our home: it is a never-ceasing delight to climb to some nook of the cliffs, east and west, which inclose the little harbor, or to stroll down to the little pier—a trying walk at certain seasons, because of a chemical manure manufactory on the way—or to ramble over the grassy slopes, inhaling the pure breezes of the Atlantic. The Sunday spent in the neighborhood was one of peculiar delight. Wandering inland, we found a church in the depths of a wood; the congregation seemed to emerge, we knew not how, from deep bowery lanes and by-paths among the trees; the service was none the less impressive for the singing of birds without, and the fragrance of spring blossoms, stealing through the open windows. The sermon, too, was appropriate, a tender, practical exhortation to ‘delight ourselves in God.’ In the evening of the same day, in the hush of twilight, taking our accustomed path over the cliffs, we came upon a group of people, old

and young, who had evidently come thither after an early evening service at one of the chapels: they were holding a prayer-meeting in the rocky nook—singing a hymn as we approached, the burden of which was ‘Over there,’ while wistful eyes gazed across the now purple sea to the splendors which lingered in the west after sunset, as though reminded by those tints of heavenly glory of the land that is very far off. It was good for the stranger to pause by the way, to join in that touching strain, and add his Amen to that Sabbath evening prayer.

Boscastle was so attractive that the rest of a long journey had to be performed



LAND'S END.

in haste. Camelford, Wadebridge, St. Columb, were all rapidly passed, the lonely ruins of Perranzabuloe Church, amid great sandy dunes, and more than half-ingulfed, suggested curious antiquarian questions, which, it may be, none now can solve; we then went on to Truro and Redruth, and after climbing Carnbrea, near the latter town, and hearing some of the marvelous stories connected with that giant hill, we took rail for Penzance, anxious, at least, to visit St. Michael's Mount, the Logan Rock, and the Land's End. But what impressed us most, when we reached that last and prettiest of Cornish towns, was the climate. We had believed it

spring; but here it was already summer! The last struggle with wintry frosts was over, and the woods and fields were decked with all their wealth of verdure; the air had lost its sharpness, and the rich coloring of every part of the scene, from the golden furze upon the hills to the ruddy lichen on the rocks, seemed to reflect the genial glow. Mount's Bay, still and blue, was wonderful in its contrast with the Atlantic surges that we had just left on the opposite shore. We thought of the words with which Emerson begins one of his lectures: 'In this refulgent summer it has been a luxury to live.'

St. Michael's Mount, that extraordinary combination, geologically speaking, of granite and clay-slate, remarkable, too, in its correspondence with the much larger Mont St. Michel on the shore of Normandy, is as interesting a place to visit as it is beautiful to look upon. The views from its summit over the sea and land are of surpassing loveliness, and to enjoy them to the full it is not necessary to make the hazardous attempt to sit in 'St. Michael's Chair,'—the half, it is said, of an old stone lantern, overhanging the precipice in a very perilous way. The villagers round the bay will tell you that the archangel himself appears in this 'chair' when a storm is raging, and firmly believe that he is the guardian spirit of the seas.

The Logan Rock, to which we next directed our steps, was disappointing in more ways than one: the finest part of the cliff scenery being the great granite headland, which visitors are apt to pass unnoticed in searching for the natural curiosity, and in recalling the story of its fall and reinstatement. There are, in fact, many 'logan' or logging rocks in granite districts, locally called Tolmêns; one, formerly in the parish of Constantine, between Penrhyn and Helston, being larger than this on the coast, though without its magnificent accessories. Their peculiar position is caused by the influence of air and moisture wearing a fissure in the rock, until a detached upper portion rests only on a small central base. The wonder is in the bigness of the rock thus balanced, and in the evenness of the process of disintegration all round: the vast majority of bowlders worn away by such agencies being of course overbalanced, so as to fall on one side. The mechanical restoration of this Logan Rock to its position, and the appliances necessary to keep it in balance, give an artificial air to the whole, and we were glad to turn away to the stupendous cliff scenery, pursuing a path along the rocks to the Land's End.

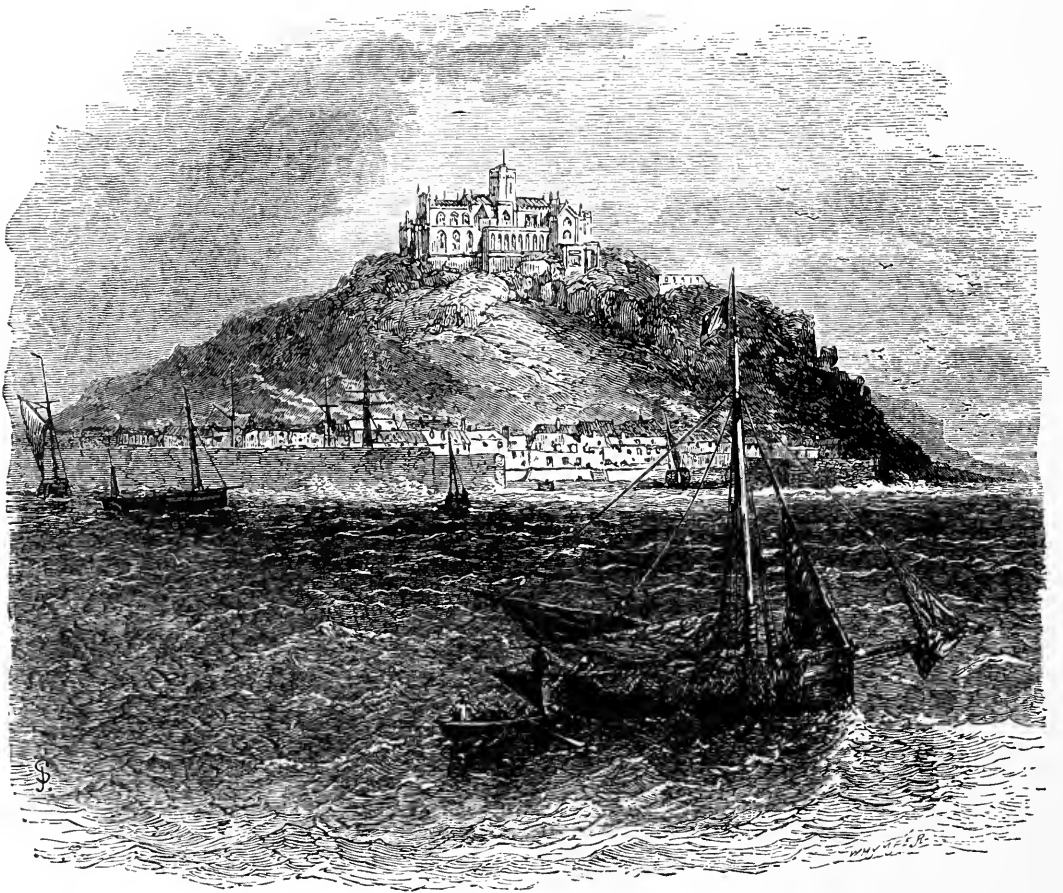
The great western promontory has been so often described that we need but refer to our artist's delineation. The low descending promontory from the great cliff rampart behind, the narrowness of the 'neck of land' between 'two unbounded seas,'—to adopt the phrase of Charles Wesley's well-known hymn, here composed,—the rocky islands near, on which the lighthouse stands, and the ever-chafing restless surge, make up a picture which fills the imagination in many after days.

It was now time to turn our thoughts and our course homeward. Very reluctantly we left the south of Cornwall unvisited—the Lizard Point, Kynance Cove, and the magnificent harbor of Falmouth, with its flanking castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes. Then there were the great southern towns of Devonshire, with their beauties manifold,—Plymouth and Torquay, with the lovely little watering-places of Teignmouth and Dawlish, and stately Exeter itself. On previous occasions we had visited them all, had spent long dreamy hours in Anstey's Cove, then comparatively unvisited by excursionists, had tenanted humble lodgings at Babbicombe Bay, before the villas were built, and had sailed down the lovely winding Dart to Dartmouth,

WESTWARD HO!

with its harbor among the hills. The natural beauties are still there, though art has done much of its best or its worst with them since those days.

But we must now pass them all by, only in imagination breathing their soft southern airs, or casting hasty glances at one or other of them from the carriage windows of the romantic South Devon Railway. For we have tarried amid the attractions of the far west until the latest possible moment. A little after six in the morning we leave Penzance ; at six in the evening we are in London.



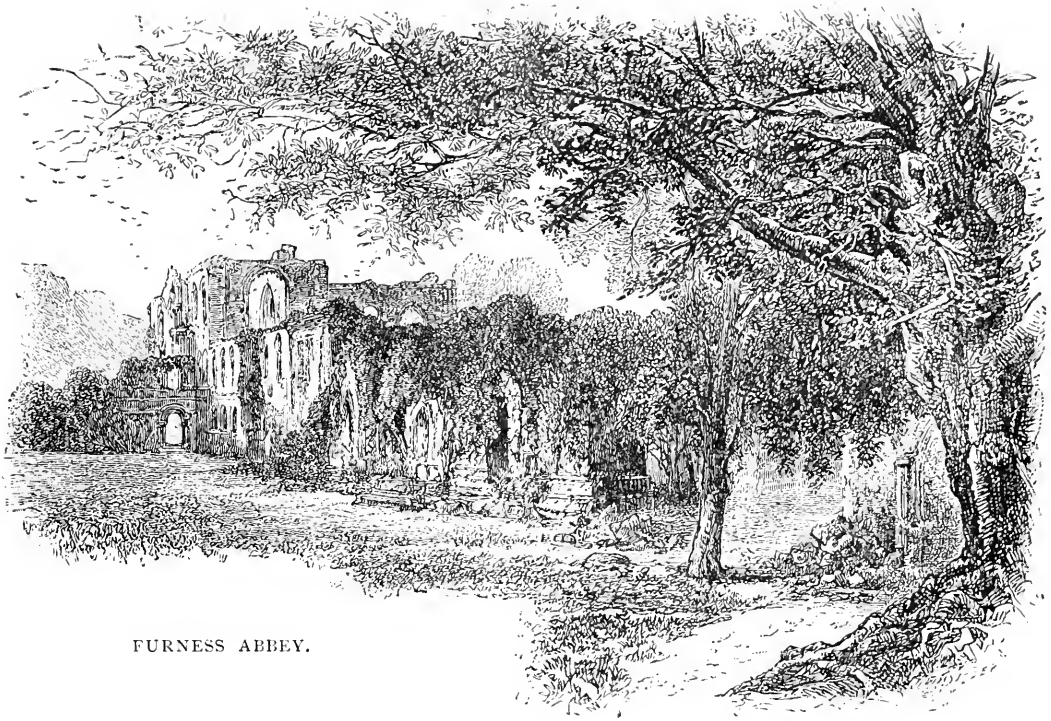
ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.



DERWENTWATER.

'DEEP stillness lies upon this lovely lake,
The air is calm, the forest trees are still;
The river windeth without noise, and here
The fall of fountains comes not, nor the sound
Of the white cataract Lodore : the voice—
The mighty mountain voice—itself is dumb.'

B. W. PROCTER.



FURNESS ABBEY.

THE ENGLISH LAKES.

ONE great attraction of the Lake district of Cumberland and Westmoreland lies in its singular compactness. Equal beauties, and greater sublimity, may be found elsewhere, but nowhere surely has such immense variety of natural charms been gathered within the same space. A good pedestrian might pass from the north of the district to the south—from Keswick to Windermere—in a single day; or in even less time might make his way from east to west—from Patterdale to the foot of Wastwater. True, in so hurried a journey he would lose much; for weeks may be spent delightfully among the mountains in exploring their hidden nooks and wonders. But all that is most beautiful is within the compass of a short tour; and an observation which Mr. Ruskin has somewhere made about Switzerland is as true of this enchanting country. He says that the loveliest and sublimest scenes are to be witnessed from beaten roads and spots easy of access; that things as wonderful are open to the view of the traveler who cannot leave his carriage as to the Alpine mountaineer. There is no doubt an exhilaration of mountain air only to be enjoyed on the heights; and for the prospect of billowy uplands all around the spectator, like a Titanic ocean stricken into stillness, the visitor to the Lakes ought to ascend Helvellyn; but the views from the valleys, or from the roads that encircle the lower slopes of the mountains, are incomparable. Familiar as is the road from Ambleside to Grasmere, or, in another style of beauty, the drive to Red Bank and High Close, or, in yet another, the ascent to the Castle Hill at Keswick, they never lose their charm, even to those who prefer to leave these easy ways for the toilsome walk over the Stake or Sty Head Pass, or up the shaly steeps of Scafell or the tremendous grassy slopes

of Skiddaw. The glories of this district are, in a word, for all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel.

First impressions have great effect, especially in the approach to beautiful scenery; and there are at least three ways to the Lake district from the south, which compete one with another in their interest. The first is by rail, northward from Lancaster to Penrith, passing by the outside or eastern edge of the fells which bound the mountain region. This journey throughout is of wonderful beauty, especially where the broad grassy fells rise steeply on one side of the line, and on the other the hill abruptly descends to the river Lune, here little more than a mountain streamlet, eddying and sparkling through wooded dells. From Penrith, a branch line to Keswick passes in the latter part of its course through an exquisite glen, watered by the streams that come down from the great Blencathara ridge, with many a glimpse of picturesque crags, clothed with fern, shrubs, and flowers jutting from the mountain's base. All this well prepares the traveler for the glorious view



AMONG THE FELS.

that greets him when he emerges from the station at Keswick, and looks forth upon the amphitheater of mountains.

Another method of approach is by leaving the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway at the junction for Kendal, so proceeding to the Windermere terminus, situated on a height commanding a magnificent view of the upper part of the lake. The suddenness with which this scene is disclosed, as well as the completeness of its beauty, makes it to many the favorite mode of access. It is also perhaps the most convenient, conveyances to every part of the district being ready as the trains come in. The traveler, however, should it be his first visit, will do well to go up to Orrest Head, behind the hotel, from which the whole of Windermere, with its islands and encircling mountains, forms a truly enchanting prospect, suggesting to the delighted spectator the wonders beyond.

But there is another way of entering this fairy region, by which its beauties are not suddenly disclosed, but grow one by one upon the sight. The unique and impressive character of the approach gives this method of access, perhaps, the advantage

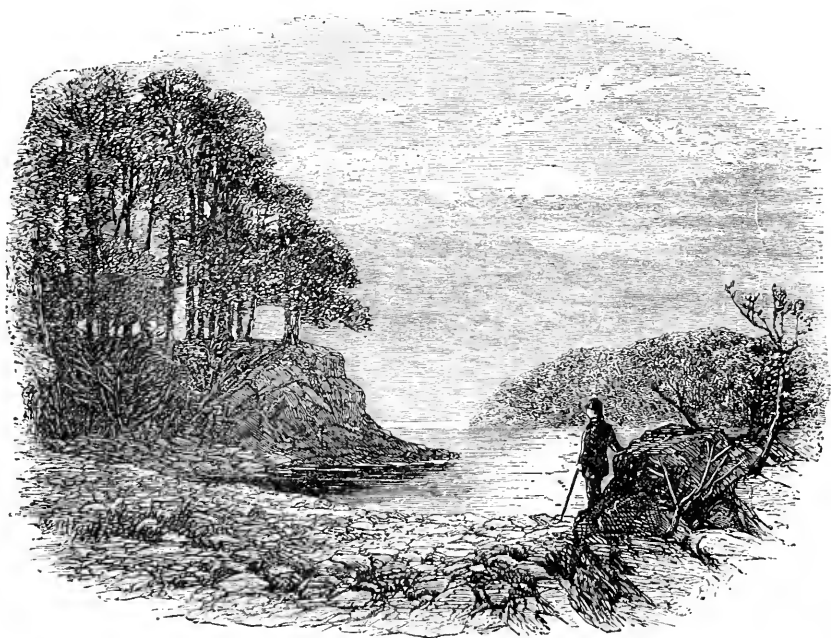
over every other. So we say to every reader who has not as yet visited the lakes, Go by the overland railway along the edge of Morecambe Bay : and to those who have visited it by other routes, Go again by this ! The line crosses two estuaries, of the Kent and of the Leven. When the tide is up, the effect of passing through a wide expanse of sea rising to within a few feet of the embankment on both sides is wonderfully striking ; and at low water, the great reaches of sand are scarcely less impressive. Morecambe Bay, with its curving shore and many inlets, is at all times beautiful, and the mountain ranges are seen dimly in outline across its waters. At several points the railway embankment seems to have effected a change in the sea-level ; fields now fertile being fringed on the side farthest from the bay by low cliffs, the bases of which were evidently at no remote period washed by the waters. A vast additional area might, one would think, be still reclaimed by engineering skill without any serious cost. But we pass on to Ulverston, where we change carriages, rather than proceed at present to Furness¹ and Coniston ; the direct entrance to the district being by a short railway along the shore of the Leven up to the foot of Windermere. We pass through a pretty wooded valley beside the bright, swiftly descending stream, and at the terminus, on the brink of the lake, find a little steamer ready to pass upward. At first the charms of Windermere resemble those of some fair, broad river, flowing between ranges of low wood-crowned hills ; but the lake soon opens, and after we have passed Belle Isle, opposite Bowness, any disappointment we may have felt at first yields to unbounded admiration. The mountains at the head of the lake disclose their grand outlines, appearing to change their relative positions at every turn of the steamer ; and some persons acquainted with mountain scenery in many lands pronounce the view of these heights a little before sunset in summer-time to be unsurpassed in beauty. Wansfell Pike on the right, Fairfield in front, and the Langdale Pikes in the distance on the left, with the broken lines and broad uplands of Loughrigg Fells between, all invested with the shadowy tints of evening, form a picture which in its tender aerial loveliness seems ready to vanish while we gaze.

If the ways of entering this fair district are manifold, so are the method and order in which its attractions may be viewed. These must be studied in the guide-books, and every traveler will shape his route for himself. In this, much will depend on the time at command. We have spent three days among the Lakes, and again a week, again a month ; and while the shorter period enabled us to see much, the longer did but prove to us that the beauties were inexhaustible. Some visitors take Ambleside as their headquarters, some Grasmere, some Keswick ; others, happier in their decision, have no headquarters at all, but range from place to place. As a center we prefer Grasmere ; but every one will have his own preference. It may almost be said that the Lake country has its controversies and sects, with as many divisions of opinion on the question which part is the fairest, as on more important matters. Some give the palm to Ullswater among the lakes, an equal number to Derwentwater, a minority to Windermere, while there are those who prefer the silent and gloomy Wastwater. Then who shall say whether the view from Helvellyn, Skiddaw, or Scafell is the most marvelous in its beauty ? Our advice is to join none of the sects, to

¹ There is another way of entering the district, by the Furness Railway, and along the west coast as far as the station at Seascales or Drigg : thence to Wastwater and Wastdale Head. The traveler will thus plunge at once into the wildest and most desolate part of the Lake country, emerging into fairer scenes.

take no part in the controversy, to climb all three of the mountains, and to visit, if possible, all the lakes!

After this, our advice may be thought to savor of partisanship, when we say that the visitor who wishes to know the full and perfect beauty of this region, whether he enter from the north, or west, or south, must on no account neglect to visit Keswick and Skiddaw. The lovely lake of Derwentwater is so near to the little town, there are so many points, as Friar's Crag, Castle Crag, and Latrigg, accessible by the most moderate walking, and the day's excursions from the place are so various and delightful, that none will feel our counsel to be out of place. Not to mention that, in the by no means rare or improbable event of a rainy day, there are the pencil factories and the models of the Lake district. The latter should be seen alike by those who have traversed the region, and by those who have not; the former will be interested in recognizing the places that they have visited, and the latter in making out their intended tours.



FRIAR'S CRAG, KESWICK.

The great excursion from Keswick is one which is made by multitudes on foot or in carriages; and for variety of charm within a comparatively short compass its equal is hardly to be found. First, the road leads between the lake and an almost perpendicular crag, wooded to the summit. Barrow Falls, in the pleasure-grounds of a mansion, may be visited on the way; and few will omit to see Lodore, at the other end of the lake. The charm here is that of a steep and rocky glen; rarely indeed does the 'water come down,' at least in the summer-time, after the fashion described in Southey's famous lines. Then the grandeurs of Borrowdale, unfold themselves, and Rossthwaite, in the heart of this valley, is the very ideal of sequestered loveliness. The road, turning to the right at Seatoller, climbs a long, steep hill beside a dashing torrent. A little way beyond the summit is Honister Crag, most magnificent of inland cliffs; and so, amid wild rock-scenery on either hand, we descend to Buttermere. The drive now discloses a grand amphitheater of moun-

tains, whose summits form a rugged, everchanging line against the sky. Soon the little inn is reached ; but we would advise no tourist so to occupy himself with the welcome refreshment, though flavored with that 'best sauce,' a sharp-set appetite, or even with the ever-amusing 'Visitors' Book,' as to neglect rowing across Crummock Water, when a walk of about a mile will take him to Scale Force, in its deep rocky glen, the loftiest and noblest, as well as the most secluded of the lake waterfalls. The drive back from Buttermere to Keswick, by the Newland Valley, or the Vale of Lorton, with its old yew-tree, is full of interest, from the bold mountain forms ever in view, but has not the wonderfully varied beauty of the Borrowdale and Seatoller route.

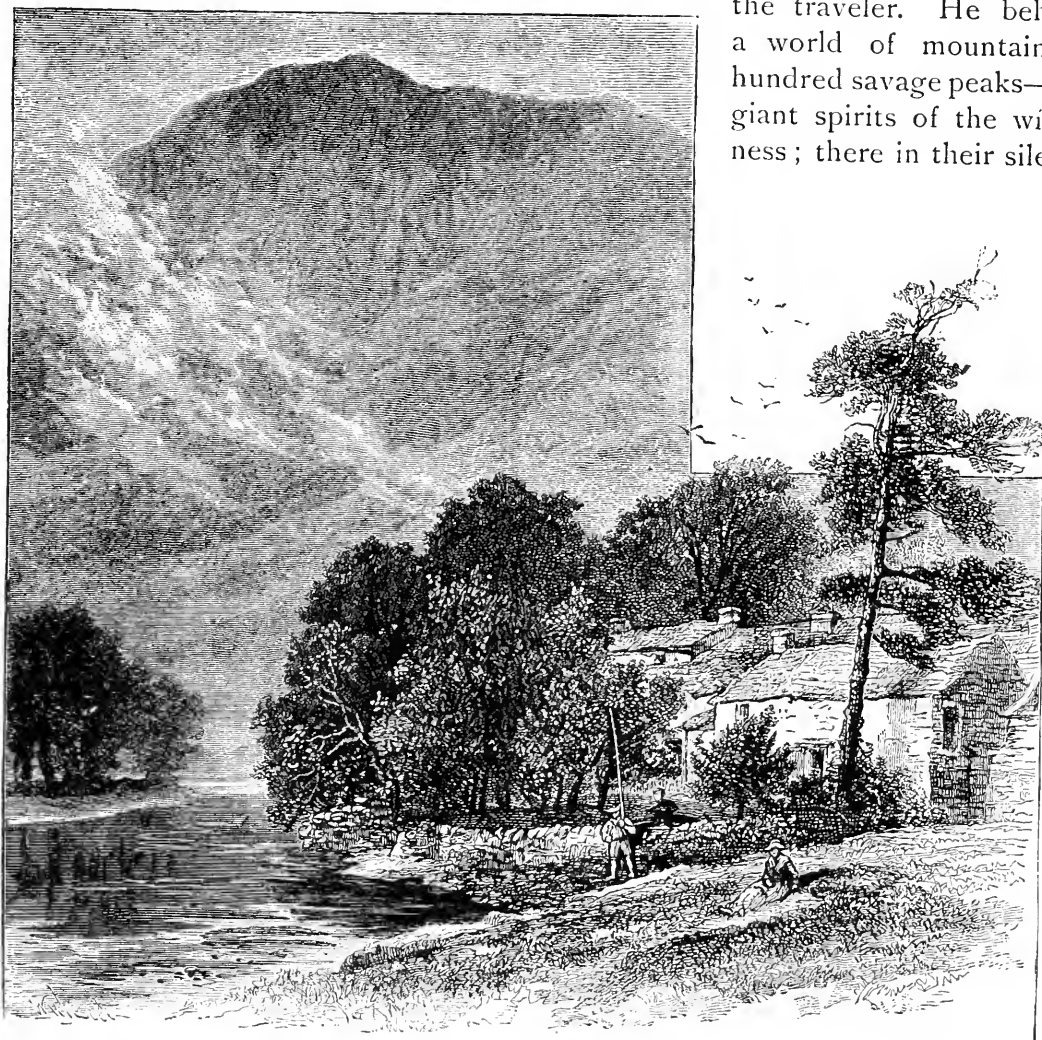
Everybody, as we have said, takes this drive : but there is an excursion known to comparatively few, not a very long one, but 'beautiful exceedingly.' Should a morning at Keswick be unemployed, or if the question should arise, in the interval of wider explorations : 'What shall I do to-day ?' our advice is to go up to Watendlath. This is a narrow upland valley, extending from the head of the stream that supplies Barrow Fall, to that which comes down at Lodore, then up by the latter to the tarn from which it flows. It may be reached by one of two or three routes from below, and after a short ascent the traveler finds himself, as it were, in the very heart of the hill ; a still and lovely world, above the beaten ways, with nature's fragrance and music all around. We have suggested 'a morning' for the excursion, but it is still better to proceed leisurely ; resting on some turfy bank beside the path in happy talk with congenial friends ; or, if alone, in quiet communion with our own souls and with Him who has made the world so beautiful. In the earlier parts of the walk, the occasional views over Derwentwater, and down to Bassenthwaite, with Skiddaw towering grandly in one direction and the Borrowdale Mountains in another, are magnificent ; but in the heart of the glen, leading up beside the Lodore torrent, these are gradually left behind. When the hamlet, and the tarn with its bright rippling waters, at length are reached, and the torrent has been crossed by a little rustic bridge, Rossthwaite is descried below, and may be reached by a steep descent ; or the stout pedestrian may strike boldly over Armboth Fell for Thirlmere, at the foot of Helvellyn, or, if he please, may climb still higher by the side of the Lodore stream until he reaches Blea Tarn, high among the fells.



LODORÉ.

Which of the three great mountains of the Lake district to choose in preference for an ascent, it would be hard to say. On the whole our own associations would lead us to select Skiddaw; but if Helvellyn and Scafell can also be ascended, so much the better. The distant views from Skiddaw of the Solway Firth and the Scottish hills are very fine in clear weather; but undoubtedly the wild magnificence of the mountain groups as seen from Helvellyn is incomparable. The majesty of Scafell is the majesty of desolation. Carlyle says:

‘From this center of the mountain region, beautiful and solemn is the aspect to the traveler. He beholds a world of mountains, a hundred savage peaks—like giant spirits of the wilderness; there in their silence,



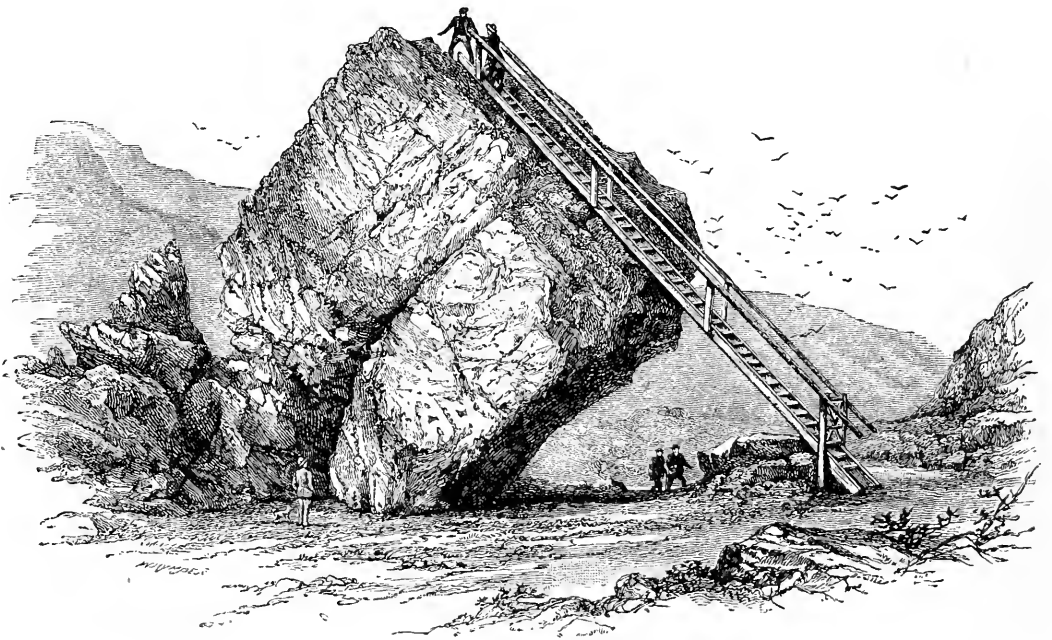
BORROWDALE.

in their solitude, even as on the night when Noah's deluge first dried.'¹

But of all mountain scenes, that which most abides in our memory is that which was suddenly outspread before us one summer evening, a little before sunset, in descending Skiddaw. The afternoon had brought swirling, blinding mists about our upward path; we had reached the summit with difficulty, only to find ourselves enveloped on all sides in a white, chilly sea of cloud. Passing breezes and sweeping sheets of vapor had created the hope that the mists would soon pass away: but it

¹ *Sartor Resartus*.

seemed in vain to wait, and we began descending. Then, as we reached a little knoll on the mountain's side, the mist parted before us, and in an instant had rolled far back on either side. Through its vast shadowy portal, it was as if Paradise were unveiled; the atmosphere below was perfectly transparent and still; the rays of the sun were reflected in crimson glory from the lake, so as in an instant to bring to the mind of every member of our party the Apocalyptic vision of the 'sea of glass, mingled with fire.' The splendor lighted up every mountain side where it fell; their crags were gold and purple, the verdure of the upland slopes and thick woods, with the living green of the woods and meadows, gleamed with a more than tropical brilliancy; and the long dark shadows, which everywhere lay athwart the scene, only set in brighter contrast the surrounding glory. The mists fled, vanishing as they ascended the mountain side; the magnificence of coloring soon subsided into quiet loveliness, then into a sober gray; the vision had faded, leaving deep suggestions of

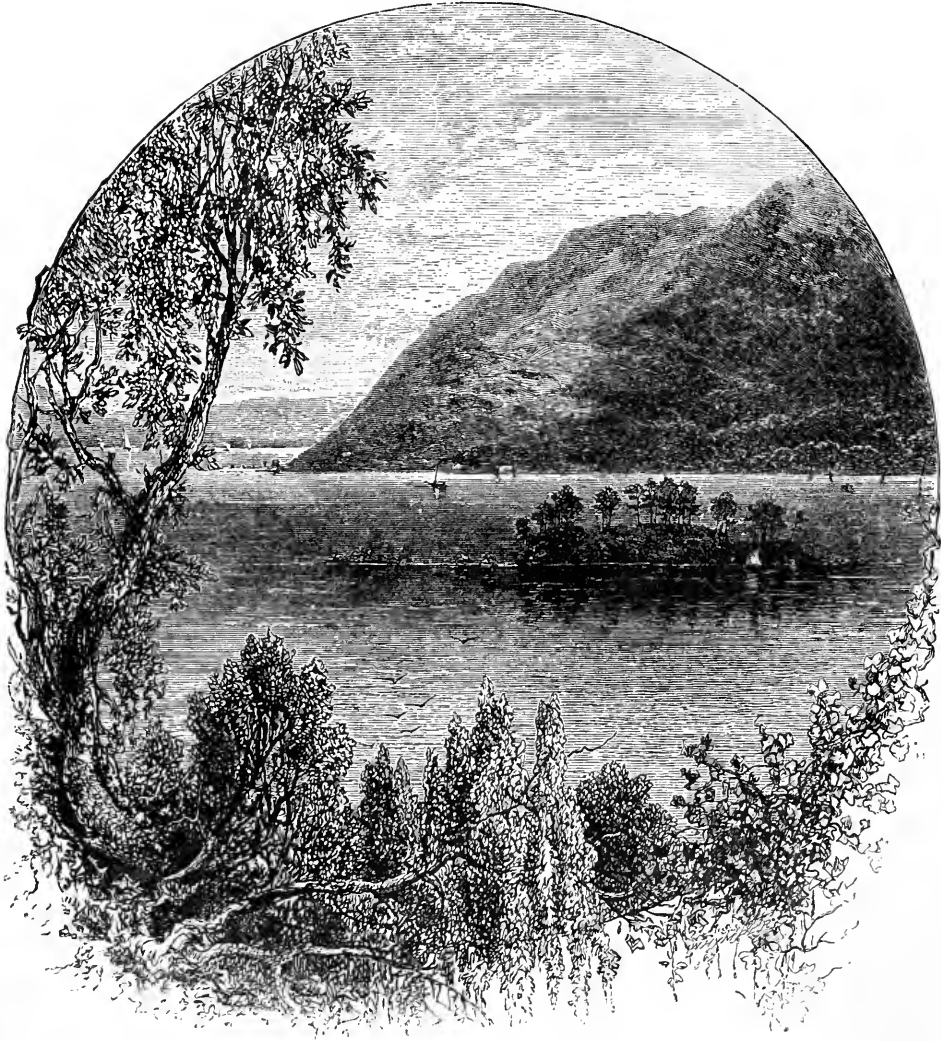


THE BOWDER STONE, BORROWDALE.

those possibilities of beauty everywhere latent in this fair creation, perhaps to be fully disclosed when the new heavens and new earth shall appear.

Space fails us now to speak of the rival beauties of Ullswater, where the surrounding mountains are closer and grander than in any other part of the district. Every competent pedestrian we would advise to walk to this lake from the border of Thirlmere, over the summit of Helvellyn. Should this be too great a tax on the tourist's powers, he will find the way by Griesdale, a pass between Fairfield and Helvellyn, a very practicable walk, amid grand scenery. And when Ullswater is reached, what more charming nook can there be than Patterdale, deep set among the hills? After a little time spent there, we pant perhaps for more open scenery and a more stimulating atmosphere; and there is the climb over Kirkstone Pass to meet our desire, and to carry us back to beautiful Windermere, our first love and our last, in all this haunted realm!

We have pursued for the most part a beaten track, verily believing, as we said at the outside, that here the choicest beauties are to be found. But there is many a hidden, little-visited nook where the superadded charm of solitude seems to enhance all the rest ; and we shall be indignantly told by many that we have left the loveliest spots without a mention. What can be more perfectly beautiful than the views from the hill-sides above the head of Coniston Water? What valley can vie, in its combination of lofty cliff, green slopes, richly varied woodland, and gleam of rushing



ULLSWATER.

waters, with the approach from Coniston to Little Langdale? The few who in another part of the district follow the Liza down to Ennerdale will have it that there is a wild beauty in this glen which gives it a charm beyond all others. And so it is, on the other side, with the scarcely larger band of visitors to secluded Mardale and wild and lonely Haweswater. Then, as to mountain passes, the climber sneers at Griesdale, calls Kirkstone a 'turnpike-road,' thinks there is nothing worth an effort but the Stake, between Langdale and Borrowdale, or Sty Head, between Langdale and Wastdale, or Black Sail and Scarf Gap, from Wastdale to Buttermere. And

even these passes are not Alpine. Go in a fault-finding mood, and you will discover that the torrents are without volume, that the mountains lack elevation, that the lakes are insignificant in size. But the man whose eye and heart are open to the impression of beauty will be indifferent to these comparisons, will rather rejoice in the limitations which permit every element of grandeur and loveliness to be gathered into so small a space; and for ourselves we may say that we never have appre-



THE UPPER FALLS, RYDAL.

ciated the charm of the English Lakes so truly as when we have visited them after a tour amid the mightier wonders of Switzerland.

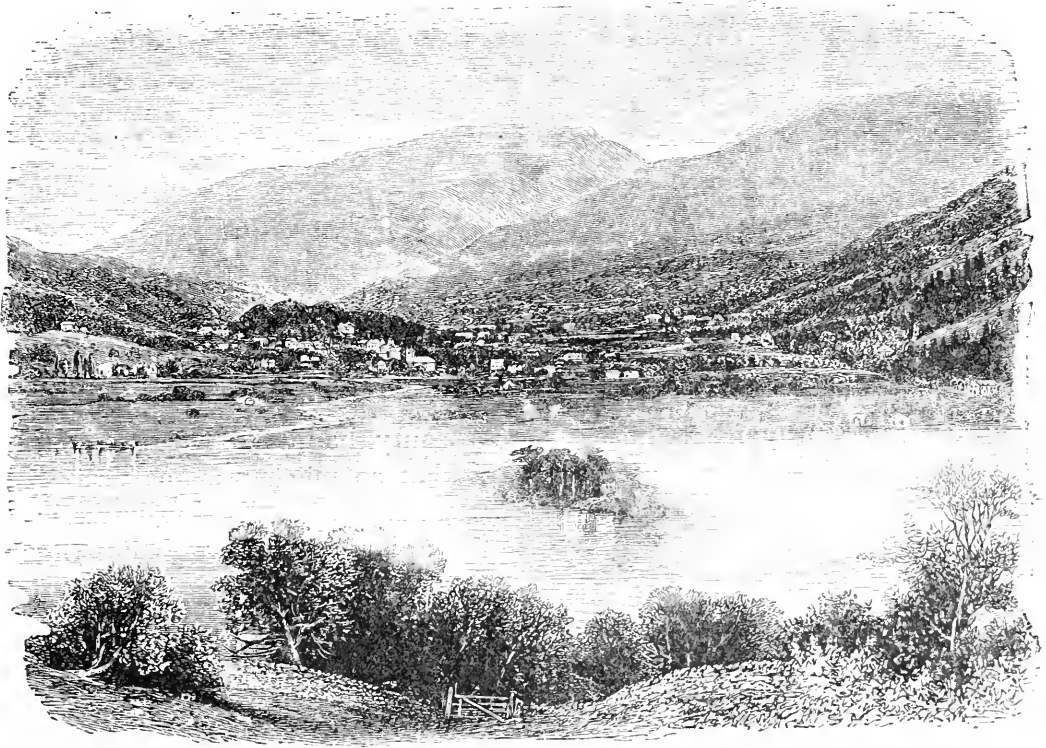
At Ambleside there is many a resting-place in which to recall the pleasures and sum up the impressions of the journey, and to dwell, as many love to do, upon the associations of one and another great name by turns with almost every part of the

district. First and foremost is Wordsworth, the poet of nature,—the great ‘Lake Poet,’ only because nature here is at her loveliest,—who, from his home at Grasmere, and afterwards at Rydal Mount, gave utterance, more richly, truly, deeply than any writer of his generation, of man’s delight in the Creator’s work. The association of his name with his beloved Lake country is imperishable. Many years ago De Quincey wrote, with reference to Wordsworth’s earlier poems: ‘The very names of the ancient hills—Fairfield, Seat Sandal, Helvellyn, Blencathara, Glaramara; the names of the sequestered glens—such as Borrowdale, Martindale, Mardale, Wastdale, and Ennerdale; but, above all, the shy, pastoral recesses, not garishly in the world’s eye, like Windermere or Derwentwater, but lurking half unknown to the traveler of that day—Grasmere, for instance, the lovely abode of the poet himself, solitary, and yet sowed as it were with a thin diffusion of humble dwellings—here a scattering, and there a clustering, as in the starry heavens—sufficient to afford, at every turn and angle, human remembrances and memorials of time-honored affections, or of passions (as the “Churchyard amongst the Mountains” will amply demonstrate), not wanting even in scenic and tragical interest—these were so many local spells upon me, equally poetic and elevating with the Miltonic names of Valdarno and Vallombrosa.’¹

The spell remains, though some of the aspects of the scenery have changed. Grasmere, for instance, is no longer a ‘shy, pastoral recess’ as when the poet, with his sister Dora, spent those happy days of ‘plain living and high thinking’ described in *The Recluse*, but the stream of life that daily pours through the valley cannot impair its beauty. This of all the lakes possesses, when the wind is still, the supreme charm of perfect stillness and transparency. We have seen it when it was absolutely impossible to distinguish its richly wooded banks, or the island near its center, from their reflection in its unrippled water. The unclouded blue of the heavens was mirrored as in fathomless depths. It was a ‘sea of glass, like unto crystal.’ It may be hoped that this loveliness will be uninvaded by anything which would mar its perfection. We know that Wordsworth pathetically protested against the invasion of the railway; but on the height which the Windermere station occupies, at the very portal of this beautiful land, it in no degree interferes with the enjoyment of the scenery, while facilitating the access of multitudes who could not otherwise share the delight. The railway station at the foot of the lake, that on the border of Coniston, and even that at Keswick, are, so to speak, outside the magic circle; but we can fully sympathize with Mr. Ruskin and others who have employed such strenuous efforts to resist every threatened or possible inroad. The very compactness of the region, and the ease with which, when once reached, it may be traversed throughout, might lead the most impatient traveler to be satisfied with the existing means of swift access. When the border is gained, let him proceed leisurely, and enjoy. If young, the stage-coach traveling, which is here so common, may yield him an unfamiliar, though old-fashioned, kind of delight. To judge from our own youthful recollections, as well as from the literature of a past generation, there was, in favorable circumstances of scenery and weather, an exhilaration in such journeys, even over wild passes like Kirkstone, which never is or can be known in the rapid rush through railway cuttings, and over high embankments, behind the ‘Erebus’ or ‘Phlegethon,’ at the rate of fifty miles an hour! And many an elderly or middle-aged man almost

¹ *Works*, vol. ii., p. 124.

unconsciously exults in the renewal of his youth in the grand coach-drive from Windermere over Dunmail Raise to Keswick. It is too early yet to judge whether the chief beauty of this drive will be destroyed by the embankments and other changes necessary to make the once wild and picturesque Thirlmere, at the foot of Helvellyn, into a reservoir for the city of Manchester. Perhaps it may be thought better, upon the whole, that half a million of people should have an abundant and unfailing supply of pure water than the delight of the comparatively few in a lovely and majestic scene should be preserved intact. Happily there is much in this district which cannot by any combination of engineering ingenuities be ever 'utilized,' except for ministering health to the body and mind, for the enkindling of the imagination, and the uplifting of the soul. This, if we understand it, is true usefulness also.



GRASMERE.

But the Manchester appropriators of this beautiful mere have promised that when the disfiguring scars of the excavators' work are again mantled in green, and the stone embankments have toned down into the hues of the surrounding rocks, the lake will be larger and lovelier than before. Our successors will see! Meantime, there is a rock inscribed with Wordsworth's name, and often a favorite resting-place of the poet. That this memorial should be submerged in the reservoir is a loss that we may be allowed to deplore.

We return for a moment to the personal associations of this region. Southey has often been classed with Wordsworth as belonging to a school of 'Lake Poets.' Nothing could be more erroneous, as De Quincey pointed out long ago. It is true that these poets both lived by the lakes; but there is no sense in which they can be described as of the same 'school.' In fact, they were curiously unlike in many of

their chief characteristics; although they esteemed each other truly; and very noble are the lines which Wordsworth has dedicated to the memory of his friend:

‘Wide were his aims; yet in no human breast
 Could private feelings find a holier nest.
 His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
 From Skiddaw’s top; but he to heaven was vowed,
 Through a life long and pure; and Christian faith
 Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.’¹

Other names arise to mind. Close under Orrest Head was Elleray, once the beautiful home of Professor Wilson, the ‘Christopher North’ whose ‘recreations’ were to describe, in language of a rich and gorgeous luxuriance which the present generation is scarcely able to enjoy, but which the readers of a past age dwelt upon with rapture, the glories of mountain, lake, and sky. Fox How and the Knoll, between Windermere and Rydal Water, bring to mind two very different names, each of great influence in their generation. At the former, Dr. Arnold of Rugby passed his happy vacations; in the latter, Miss Harriet Martineau endeavored—with what success we attempt not here to judge—to work out her theory of life. The name of Coleridge also connects itself with this region; not of the philosophic teacher and wonderful talker, though we have known the mistake to be made by people well informed. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as Carlyle says, ‘sat on Highgate Hill’; having left the lakes in 1810 for the great city, never to return. It was his son Hartley whose brilliant gifts, in their fitful and broken splendor, have caused the name of Coleridge to be remembered, and repeated with pitying affection, all through the Grasmere Vale.

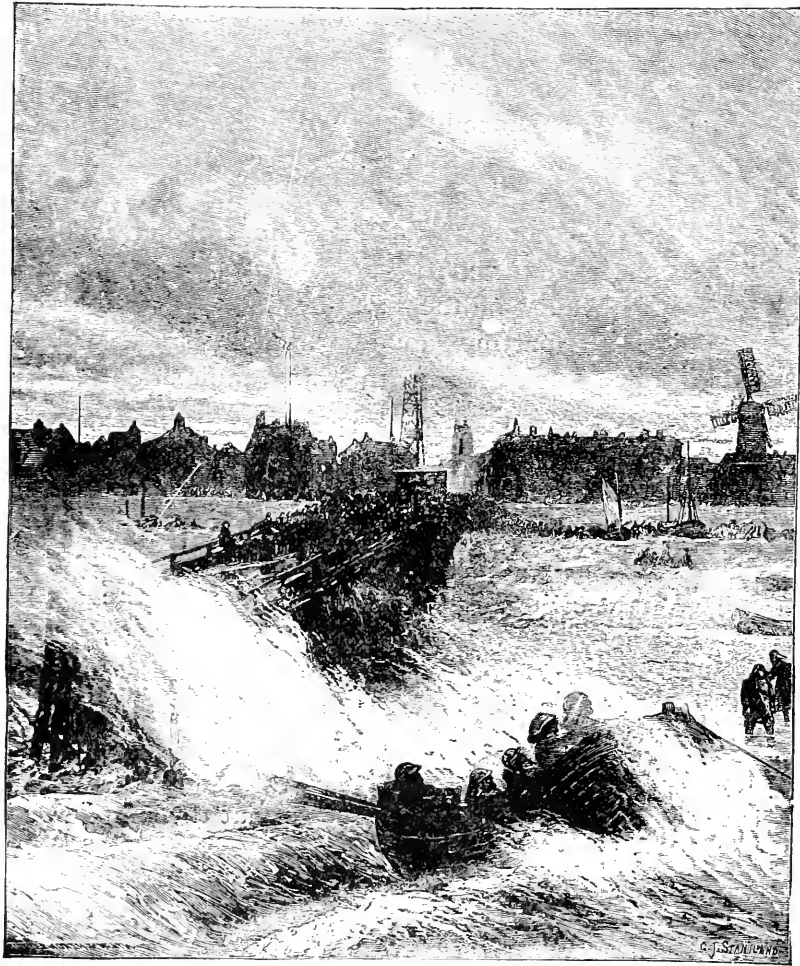
We turn reluctantly from this world of beauty, happy in the remembrance of what we have seen and felt, happier perhaps that so much remains unvisited in a region where every by-way and secluded dell has its own peculiar loveliness, and that we may hope to return again and yet again to explore its wonders. For the mountain climber, are there not Great Gable, Bowfell, Fairfield, Pillar Mountain in Ennerdale, steepest of all, Blencathara, otherwise Saddleback, with its unequalled view of Derwentwater, and Conistoun Old Man, with its grand prospects over land and sea? These six are scarcely inferior in height to the imperial three, whose names and forms are most familiar. Then the Langdales should be climbed; one or both, as a position below the loftiest in a mountain land affords the best point of view from which to apprehend the grandeur of the surrounding hills. And after the greater lakes have been duly visited, what wealth of hidden beauty is there in those retired valleys, where rivulets suddenly expand into fair, still sheets of water, reflecting the mountains at whose base they lie; and what lonely grandeur in the tarns high among the hills, rarely visited by human foot, and, like Scales Tarn on Blencathara, so surrounded by wild crags as hardly ever to admit the sunlight! Excursion after excursion may be made, not only by the angler, but by those who have no taste for such sport, to these lofty miniature lakes. Or, if the tourist delights in waterfalls, let him seek out Dungeon Ghyll in Langdale, or go up behind the inn at Ambleside to Stock Ghyll, or stop on his way through the valley to admire the two picturesque falls at Rydal, or ramble through Gowbarrow Park, near Ullswater, as far as Airey or Ara Force, which ‘by Lyulph’s tower speaks from the

¹ From the Epitaph on Southey, by Wordsworth, in Crosthwaite Church, Keswick.

woody glen'; or let him make a special excursion to Eskdale to see Stanley Ghyll, described by some tourists as the most beautiful of all. The beauty of these cascades, and of others less famed, arises not from the volume of water, but from the picturesqueness of the glens in which they lie; these being, in almost every case, deep and narrow fissures in the rock, covered with ferns, mosses, and shrubs in the utmost luxuriance. The varied tints of the rocks and of the foliage by which they are clothed give richness of coloring to the picture; and when the sunlight falls upon the dashing spray and the rainbow tints hang over the fall, the surpassing loveliness of the scene is even enhanced by the smallness of its scale.

It would hardly be possible to omit, in any notice of the Lake district, however incomplete, a reference to the great uncertainty of the weather. In the deeper valleys, especially, as Wastdale and Buttermere, the traveler is often sorely disappointed by incessant rain. Yet even this has its compensation in the increased translucency of the air, the beauty of the mountain streams and cascades, with the incomparable splendors of the parting clouds, when the sunlight has smitten them apart, and their white trains vanishing up the mountain side are as the robes of angels. When the summer airs elsewhere are stifling, and the ground is parched, the effect of the frequent mists and showers is fully seen. For then the whole Lake country is as green as an emerald; and, except in the deepest valleys, the wearied brain and limbs are refreshed by stimulating mountain airs. Such seasons perhaps are the best for a visit to the Lakes; but they are beautiful in winter too, when the snows linger on the heights, and in the early spring, when the greensward is carpeted with wild flowers, and in the autumn, when the purple, gold, and crimson clothe the woods in a royal array, while the withered leaves elsewhere strew all the ground. 'Those only know our country,' say the dwellers among the Lakes, 'who live here all the year round.' Be it so. It is good to carry in memory, into the busy, more prosaic walks of life, the glimpse, if it be no more, of all this beauty; and, after all, it is the 'still, sad music of humanity' that thrills the soul more deeply than the music of the whispering woods, or of the torrent down the mountain side. It was the Poet of the Lakes and Mountains who closed one of the noblest of his odes by the words:

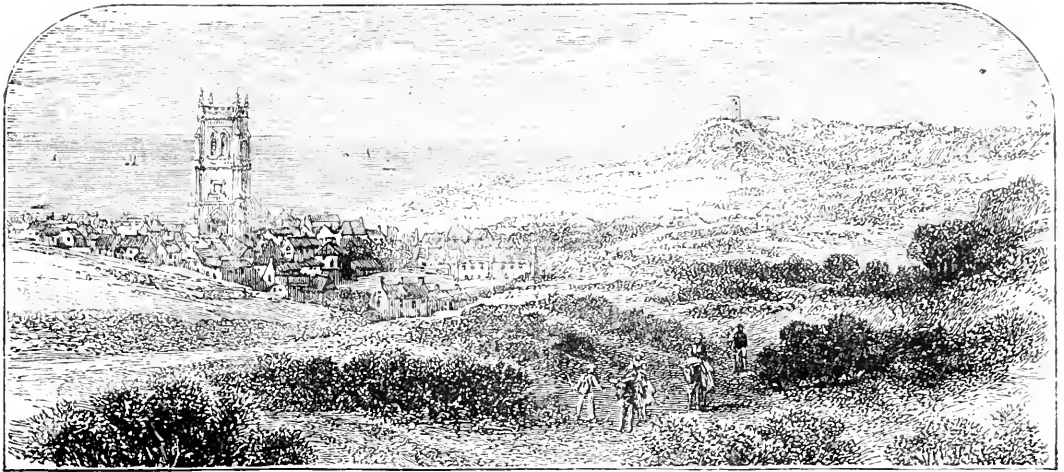
'Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, its fears—
To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'



YARMOUTH JETTY.

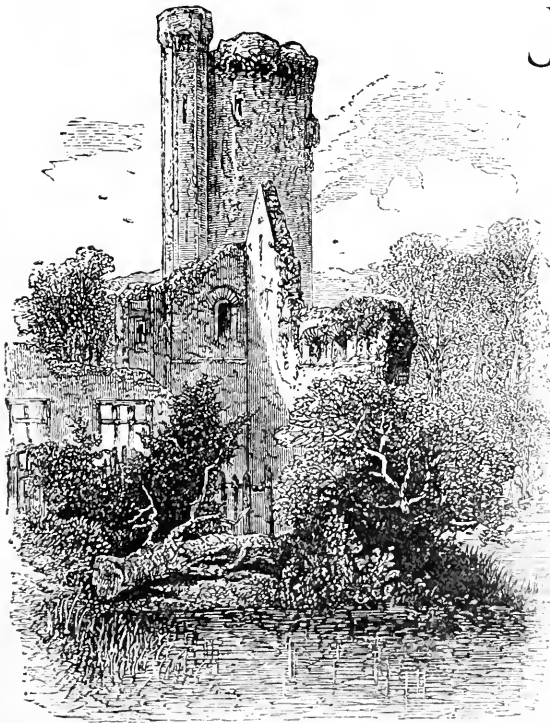
‘TURN to the watery world?—but who to thee
 (A wonder yet unviewed) shall paint the sea?
 Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
 When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms;
 Its colors changing, when from clouds and sun
 Shades after shades upon the surface run,
 Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene,
 In limpid blue, and evanescent green;
 And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
 Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye.’

CRABBE.



CROMER, BEFORE RECENT BUILDINGS.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES.



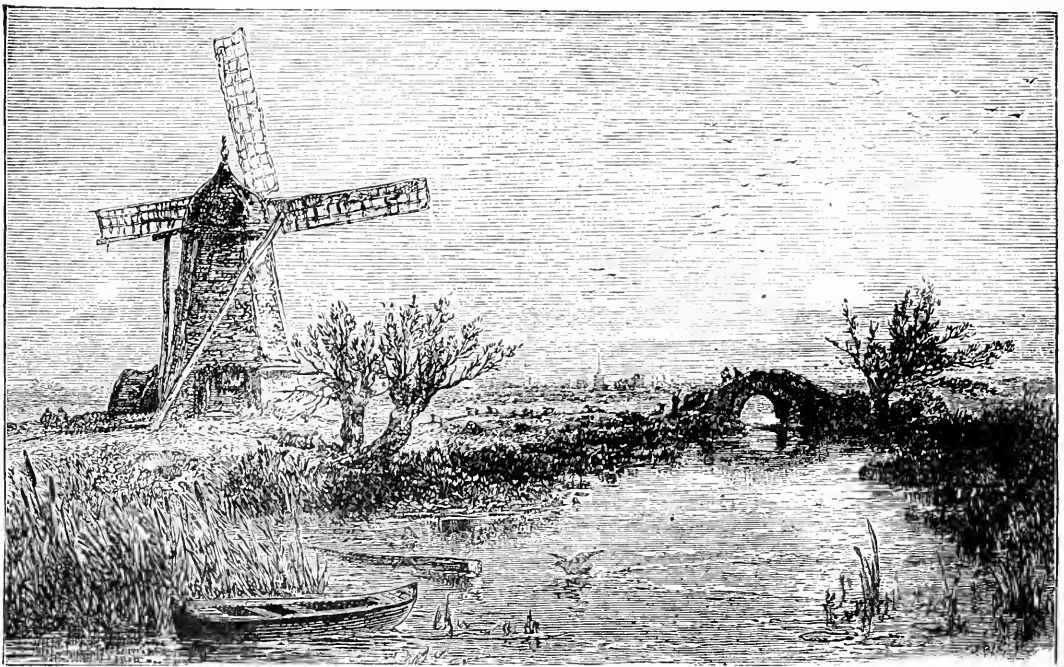
CAISTOR CASTLE.

JOHN FOSTER quaintly says that 'the characteristic of genius is, that it can light its own fire': he might have added that it can provide its own fuel. Mere talent is mainly dependent upon adventitious aids and favorable circumstances, whilst genius can work with the clumsiest tools and the most intractable materials. The magnificent scenery of Switzerland and of the Scotch Highlands has produced no artist or poet of the first rank. The featureless landscape of Holland or of East Anglia sufficed for Cuyp or Hobbema or Ruysdael, for Gainsborough or Constable or Old Crome. The quiet loveliness of Warwickshire was enough for Shakspeare's genius. Milton had seen the glories of the Alps and Apennines, but Buckinghamshire furnished the subject-matter of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. The dreary flats of Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire cease to be

dull and prosaic in Cowper's verse. The themes of Tennyson's earlier poems were drawn from the fens and meres and melancholy swamps of Lincolnshire.

The truth is that the eye makes its own pictures, and sees just what it has the power of seeing.

‘O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live :
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.’¹



From a sketch by J. M. Heathcote,]

SCENE ON THE FENS.

[Author of 'Fen and Mere.'

It must, however, be confessed that it would be difficult at the present day to find poetry or beauty in the Fen country. The meres have been drained, the swamps have been reclaimed. The profusion of aquatic plants and wild-fowl has disappeared. Whittlesea Mere and Ramsey Mere have been brought under the plow. Even the picturesque old windmills have given place to the hideous chimney-shafts of pumping stations worked by steam. We may almost parody the famous chapter of Olaus Magnus on 'Snakes in Iceland,' and say—there are no fens in the Fen country. If we would know what the fens were once like, we must read some of Tennyson's earlier poems, or, better still perhaps, one of Kingsley's Prose Idylls:

‘A certain sadness is pardonable to one who watches the destruction of a grand natural phenomenon, even though its destruction brings blessings to the human race. Reason and conscience tell us that it is right and good that the Great Fen should

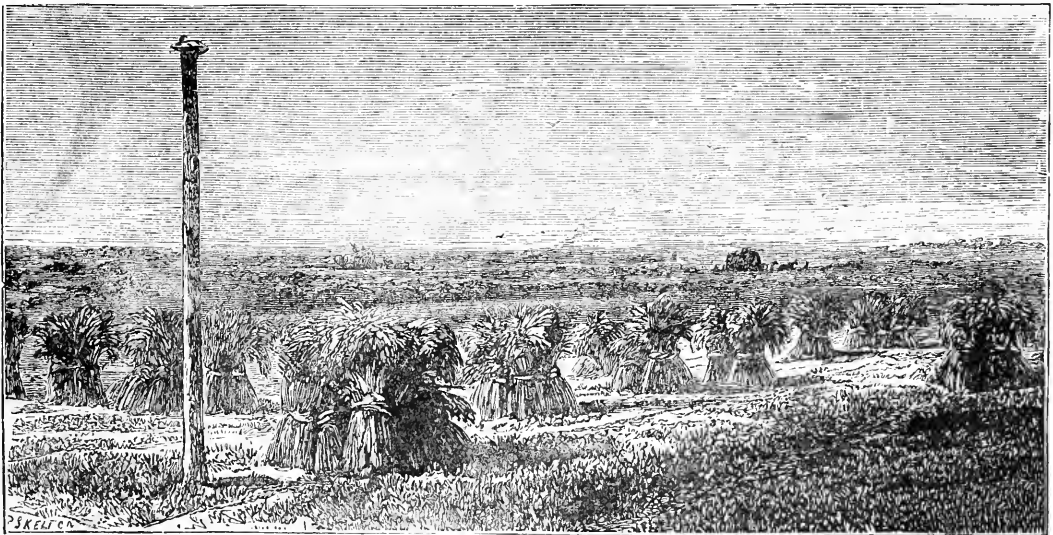
¹ Coleridge's *Sibylline Leaves*.

have become, instead of a waste and howling wilderness, a garden of the Lord, where

“All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smells of the coming summer.”

And yet the fancy may linger, without blame, over the shining meres, the golden reed-beds, the countless water-fowl, the strange and gaudy insects, the wild nature, the mystery, the majesty—for mystery and majesty there were—which haunted the deep fens for many a hundred years. Little thinks the Scotsman, whirled down by the Great Northern Railway from Peterborough to Huntingdon, what a grand place, even twenty years ago, was that Holme and Whittlesea which is now but a black, unsightly, steaming flat, from which the meres and reed-beds of the old world are gone, while the corn and roots of the new world have not as yet taken their place.

‘But grand enough it was, that black, ugly place, when backed by Caistor Hanglands and Holme Wood, and the patches of the primeval forest; while dark-



WHITTLESEA MERE AS IT IS.

The Iron Post marks the subsidence of the soil (8 ft. 2 in.) since drainage.

green alders and pale-green reeds stretched for miles round the broad lagoon, where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around; while high overhead hung motionless, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as the eye could see. Far off, upon the silver mere, would rise a puff of smoke from a punt, invisible from its flatness and its white paint. Then down the wind came the boom of the great stanchion-gun; and after that sound, another sound, louder as it neared; a cry as of all the bells of Cambridge, and all the hounds of Cottesmore; and overhead rushed and whirled the skein of terrified wild fowl, screaming, piping, clacking, croaking, filling the air with the hoarse rattle of their wings, while clear above all sounded the wild whistle of the curlew and the trumpet note of the great wild swan.

‘They are all gone now. No longer do the ruffs trample the sedge into a hard floor in their fighting-rings, while the sober reeves stand round admiring the tournament of their lovers, gay with ears and tippets, no two of them alike. Gone

are ruffs and reeves, spoonbills, bitterns, avosets; the very snipe, one hears, disdains to breed. Gone, too, not only from Whittlesea, but from the whole world, is that most exquisite of English butterflies, *Lycæna dispar*—the great copper; and many a curious insect more. Ah, well, at least we shall have wheat and mutton instead, and no more typhus and ague; and, it is to be hoped, no more brandy-drinking and opium-eating; and children will live and not die. For it was a hard place to live in, the old Fen; a place wherein one heard of "unexampled instances of longevity," for the same reason that one hears of them in savage tribes—that few lived to old age at all, save those iron constitutions which nothing could break down.¹

One of the most characteristic walks in the Fen country is that from Peakirk (St. Pega Kirk), a station on the Peterborough and Spalding line, to Crowland. The road runs along the top of a high bank, raised so as to be above the reach of the inundations. On either hand a flat and dreary plain stretches to the horizon. It is



CUTTING REEDS IN THE FENS.

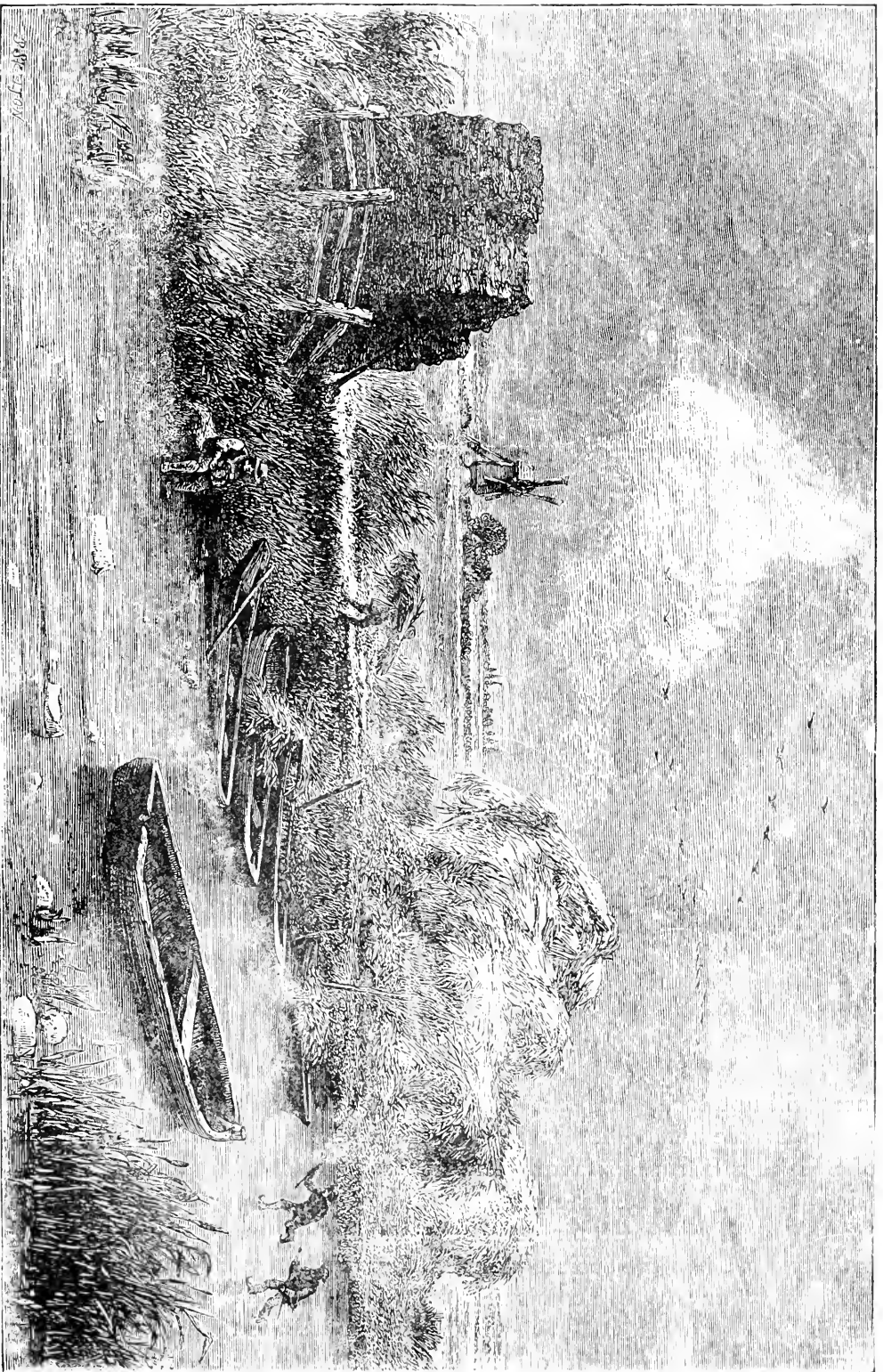


SOUTHEY'S GRAVE.

intersected by ditches filled with black, stagnant water, and fringed by aquatic plants, amongst which the yellow iris is prominent. Here and there a farm-house, approached by an avenue of pollard-willows, and surrounded by a few acres of well-cultivated land, breaks in upon the monotony of the scene. Elsewhere the vegetation is rank and coarse, but abundant, upon which droves of horses and cattle thrive. A perpetual chorus of croaking from innumerable frogs in the marshes accompanies the pedestrian on his way, to which the sweet notes of the sedge-warbler and other small birds form an exquisite accompaniment.

In the winter, when the fens are flooded and frozen over, the scene is one of rare interest and excitement. The clear, sharp ring of the skates on the ice, the

¹ *Prose Idylls, New and Old*, by Rev. Charles Kingsley.



From a sketch by

HOLM LODGE (IN THE FEN COUNTRY).

L. M. Hardwick, Esq.

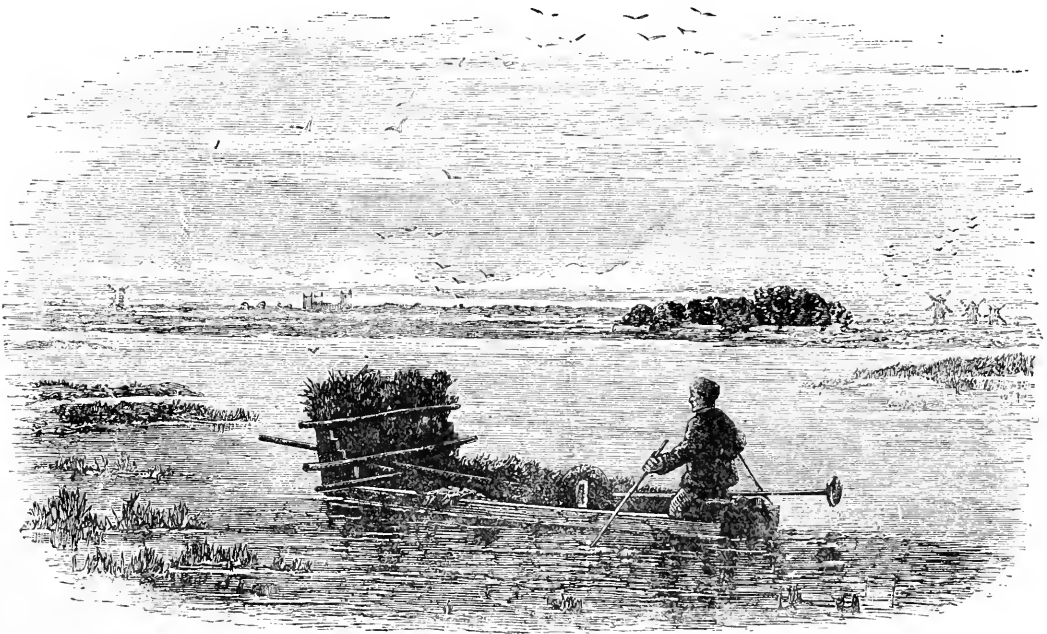
merry shouts of the skaters, the stir and bustle of a district usually so dull and stagnant, the feats of agility and skill displayed by a peasantry usually so slow and lethargic, make up a strange and novel spectacle. Mr. Heathcote, in his charming *Reminiscences of Fen and Mere*, tells that 'one of the fastest pieces of skating on record was performed by John Gittan, at Padnal, near Ely. The ice was good, and the wind in his favor : he got into full speed before reaching the starting-post, and performed the distance of a mile in two minutes and twenty-five seconds.' He adds that 'a famous performer on the pattens,' Turkey Smart, 'frequently tried to skate a mile in two minutes, but without success, though he is said to have only exceeded the two minutes by two seconds. The ordinary pace of a fast skater is one mile in three and a half or four minutes.' He who is so fortunate as to see one of the great skating-revels of these Eastern Counties under the glowing light of a sunrise



SKATING IN THE FENS.

or a sunset will not easily forget it—for the sunrises and sunsets of the Fen country are of incomparable splendor. It is an error to suppose that the dry, pure atmosphere of Southern Europe is favorable to these magnificent effects of color. Some of the finest sunsets we have ever seen have been when walking westward along Oxford Street on a frosty evening. The clouds of smoke and mist hanging over the great city have become suffused with a glory of crimson and purple and amber with which no Italian sky can compare. So in the Fen country, the clouds and fogs driven inland from the sea, and the humid vapors exhaled from the soil, glow with all imaginable hues in the light of the setting sun. The cold, colorless landscape reflects the radiance and is tinged with the colors of the sky ; the skaters as they glide swiftly past through the golden haze seem like actors in some fairy spectacle.

Before the reclamation of the fens, the swamps and meres which covered so large a portion of the soil were the haunts of innumerable wild fowl, which were the source of considerable profit to the fensmen. Of late years their numbers have greatly diminished, but the London market is still largely supplied from this district. Flat-bottomed boats screened by reeds so as to resemble floating islands are fitted with heavy duck-guns, from a single discharge of which dozens of birds sometimes fall. One of the best duck-decoys remaining in East Anglia lies at a short distance from the road midway between Peakirk and Crowland. A small mere, a few acres in extent, forms the scene of operations. From this run eight ditches, or 'pipes,' as they are locally called, ten or twelve feet wide at the entrance, and about a hundred feet long, diminishing to a narrow gutter at the end. They curve round so that only a small part of the whole is visible from any point. They are inclosed by walls of matted reeds and roofed over by nets. Tame ducks are trained to lead the



STALKING SLEDGE.

way into the mouths of the pipes, and are followed by the wild fowl. Little dogs, of a white or red color, enter the pipes through holes made in reed screens, gambol about inside for a minute or two, come out again, and again show themselves a little higher up the pipe. The wild fowl, though easily alarmed, are very curious and inquisitive. They swim or fly forward to investigate this strange phenomenon till they have gone too far to recede, when the net closes upon them, and the whole flock is taken.

In the days of yore, when this district resembled a great lake studded with numerous islands fringed with willow groves, it was the seat of numerous ecclesiastical establishments of great wealth and influence—Peterborough, Crowland, Ely, Thorney, Spalding, Ramsey, and others. The insulated sites were favorable to the seclusion of the cloister, the patches of land were exceedingly fertile, and the water abounded with fish and wild fowl. On one of these Fen islands rose the great

Abbey of Crowland, the ruins of which come into view some miles before we reach it. Its foundation goes back to Saxon times, and it was repeatedly sacked by the Danes. Turketul, grandson of King Alfred, who through four successive reigns had rendered important services to the nation by his valor in the field and his wisdom in counsel, returning from a journey to the North, found the abbey a ruin. Of the once flourishing community only three monks remained to tell the story of the massacre of their brethren and the destruction of their abbey by the invaders. They accommodated their illustrious visitor to the best of their ability amongst the fire-scathed walls of the church, and entreated his intercession with the king for assistance. The interview made a deep impression on his mind, and, reaching home, he astonished his royal master by avowing his intention to become a monk.



WALSINGHAM ABBEY.

Accordingly he caused proclamation to be made by public crier that he was anxious to discharge his debts, and if he had wronged any man would restore fourfold. Resigning all his offices, Turketul repaired to the Fens, devoted himself to the rebuilding of the Abbey and the restoration of its fallen fortunes, became abbot, and there spent the remainder of his days.

A curious structure, known as Crowland Bridge, which stands in the center of the town, has greatly perplexed archæologists, and given rise to various legends. It consists of three semi-arches whose bases stand equi-distant from each other in the circumference of a circle and unite in the center. At the foot of one of the arches is a mutilated statue, apparently holding an orb in the right hand. Local tradition declares that three rivers ran through the three arches into an immense pit dug to receive them, and that the statue represents Oliver Cromwell with a penny

roll in his hand! The most probable explanation of the remarkable structure is that it was a high cross built to form a trysting-place for the fensmen, who, when the fens were flooded, might bring hither their produce for sale in boats, and that the figure is St. Guthlac, the founder and patron of the Abbey.

If East Anglia possesses little natural beauty, it is rich in historical associations. Reference has already been made to the many noble ruins of ancient ecclesiastical buildings throughout the Fen country. Their traditional reputation has been handed down in an old rhyming legend :

‘ Ramsey, the rich of gold and of fee,
Thorney, the flower of many a fair tree,
Crowland, the courteous of their meat and drink,
Spalding, the gluttons, as all men do think,
Peterborough the proud, as all men do say :
Sawtre, by the way, that old abbey,
Gave more alms in one day than all they.’



CROWLAND IN WINTER.

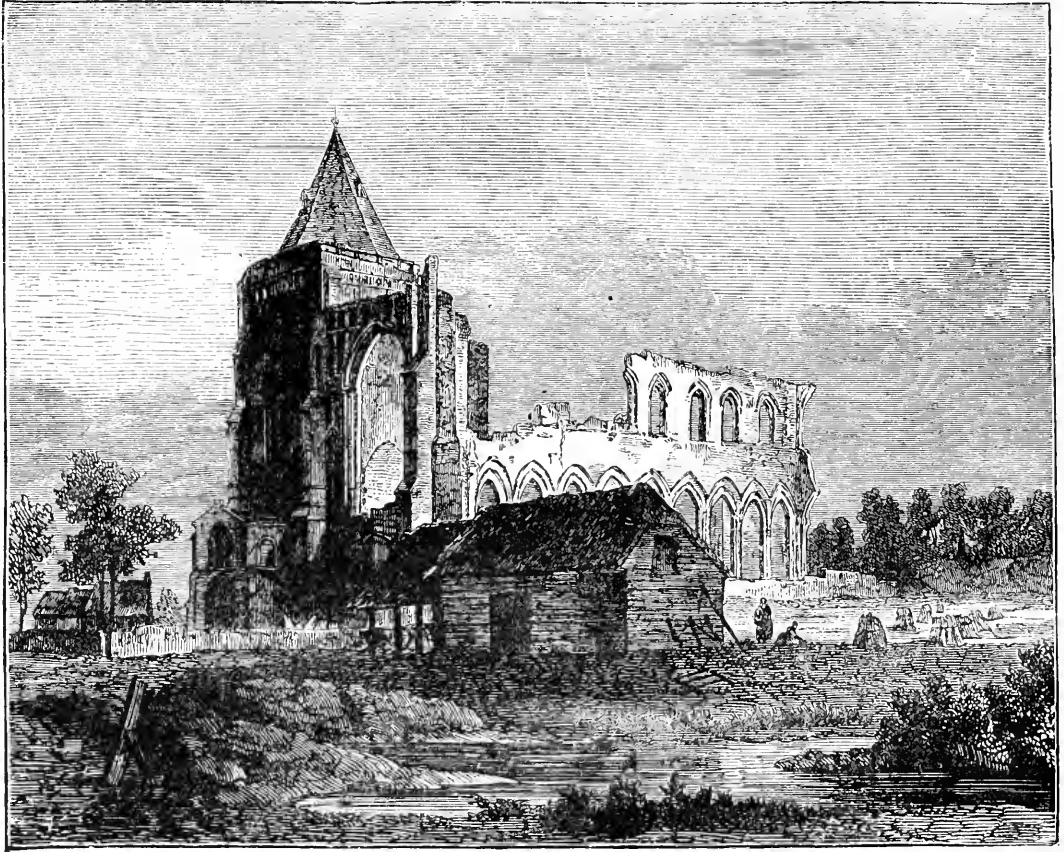
It may be doubted whether in any part of the world four such cathedrals can be found in the same compass as Lincoln, Peterborough, Ely, and Norwich ; and, among these cities of East Anglia, Norwich claims special mention. Though a local couplet declares that

‘ Caistor was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was builded with Caistor stone,’

yet the *parvenu* upstart goes back to the time of the Roman occupation of the island. It was the capital of the Saxon kingdom of East Anglia, and for many centuries afterwards it held a prominent place in our history. So early as the reign of Edward III. it was one of the great centers of our manufacturing industry ; the Flemish settlers having here introduced or developed the woollen trade. In pre-reformation days it was a stronghold of the Wycliffites or Lollards, many of whom here sealed their testimony with their blood. In 1531, Thomas Bilney was added to the list of worthies who make up the Norwich martyrology. Probably no other provincial town in England has given so many eminent names to the literature.

science, and art of our country, from Sir Thomas Browne, author of the *Religio Medici*, down to Harriet Martineau. Even apart from these interesting associations, Norwich itself deserves and will well repay a visit. Surrounded by wooded slopes and pleasant meadows and winding streams, its streets full of quaint picturesque architecture, and dominated by its noble castle and cathedral, few or none of our English cities offer a more pleasing combination of urban and rural beauty.

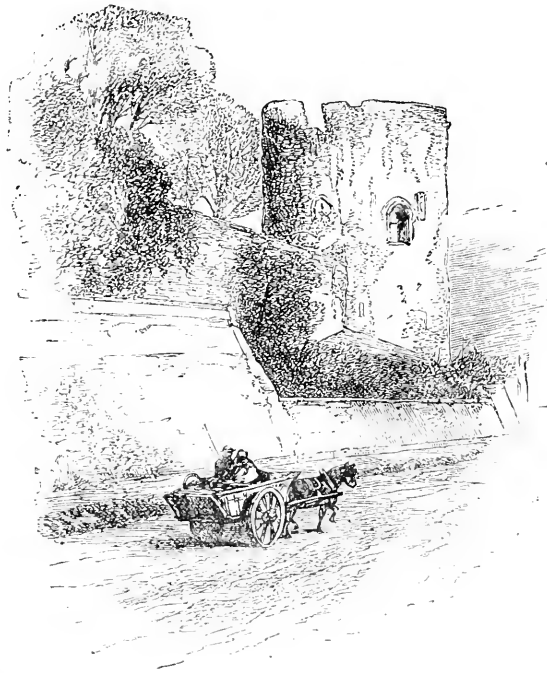
Norfolk has sometimes been called an uninteresting county; and the tourist who cares only for mountain scenery will find but little to his mind in the vast undulating East Anglian plain. But there are charms to many in the green pastures, and gently swelling, wooded hills, and fields golden with harvest. Fair, large parks also



CROWLAND ABBEY AND CHURCH.

clothe many a hillside, or stretch in their beauty along the plain, with mansions quaint and ancient, bearing historic names. Or, if these fail to attract the holiday visitor, there is the unequalled sea coast, where, at the foot of unshapely, crumbling cliffs, the reaches of smooth sand extend, in full face of the glorious German Ocean. There is surely no place in these islands where the atmosphere is more invigorating and the breezy upland more delightful than at Cromer. The same visitors come from year to year to this 'village on the cliff,' finding its air, its scenery, its fellowship, alike good for body, soul, and spirit. Modern buildings, extensions, and improvements have much impaired its fresh, unsophisticated charm; and yet it is a place that it will be difficult to spoil! The church tower of flint-work is one of the

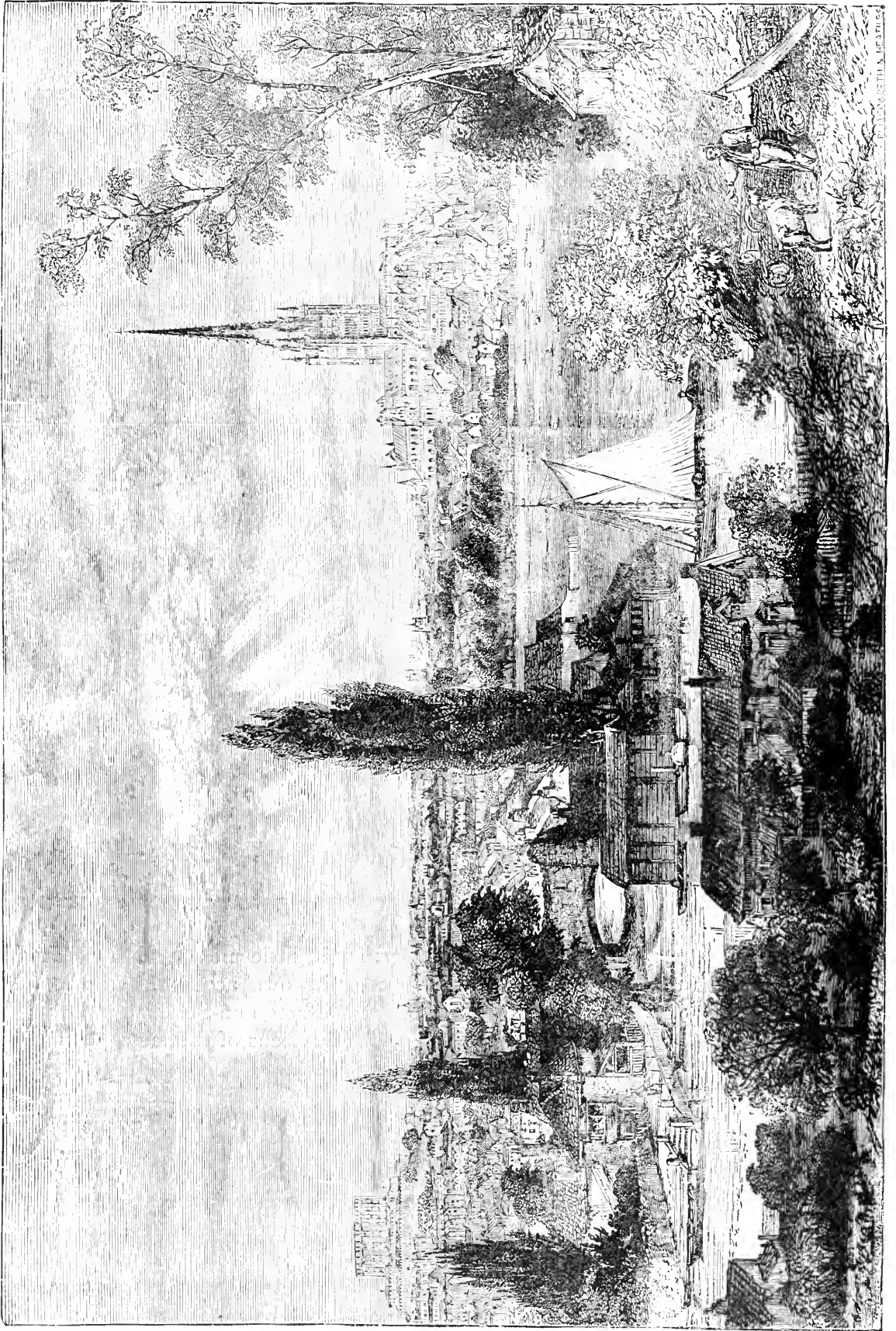
finest specimens of that style of architecture; and the recently restored chancel has completed the spacious and beautiful building, in which Christians of many denominations, with every recurring season, find it good to worship. Cromer has its enthusiasts; we are not ashamed to enrol ourselves among them. Yet other places on this singularly attractive coast have their equally ardent votaries. Some prefer Lowestoft; others flock to Hunstanton, at the extremity of the northwestern part of the plain, and not very far from the beautiful domain of Sandringham, where the Prince and Princess of Wales have fixed their happy rural home. But to enumerate places for a pleasant, healthful holiday would be to write down the names of towns and villages all along the coast, from King's Lynn to Southwold. Some indeed will tell us that the last-mentioned is the most charming of all; and every family or group of friends has its own favorite resort. Southward still, again, there is pretty Felixstowe, with its miniature cliffs and broad expanse of beach. Harwich, at the broad estuary



SNUFF TOWER.

of the Orwell and the Stour, is, to most who know it, little more than a place of arrival and departure, but it is worth a visit on its own account, and there is Dovercourt close by; while Walton-on-the-Naze and Clacton-on-Sea have the advantage of being the very nearest places where wearied denizens of the metropolis may inhale the inspiriting airs of the German Ocean.

But there is one way of spending a long month in the height of summer which those who have tried it declare to surpass all others in its pleasant emancipation from ordinary cares. We need hardly say to the initiated that we mean an excursion on 'The Norfolk Broads.' These are meres or pools, mostly shallow, and very various in size and shape, formed by the expansion of the little rivers which find their outlet to the sea at Yarmouth—chiefly the rivers Yare and Bure, with sundry smaller affluents. These Broads, lying as they do in the level country, are surrounded by sedges and bulrushes, which shelter innumerable wild fowl—some rarely



NORWICH, FROM THE MEADOWS.

known elsewhere in Britain, now that, as we have seen, they have disappeared from the Fens,—the heron, bittern, kingfisher, with snipe, mallard, and many more. All kinds of aquatic plants may also be found here, ready to the botanist's hand. By the expert fisherman 'pike of a score pounds' weight may be captured, and lordly perch that will give a good hour's play. Bream, roach, and eels literally swarm the waters, whilst for size they can hardly be equaled anywhere else in England. In this district it is rare indeed to hear anglers speak otherwise of their finny captures than by the stone.'¹

Villages and hamlets are dotted over this sequestered lake region; and the unsophisticated inhabitants have hardly yet become used to the incursion of strangers. But there are roomy, comfortable boats to be had, and navigation is easy over the surface of the meres, with many a connecting river channel. People whom we know of, have found in these boats a pleasant home-life for week after week of bright summer days, sleeping by night in the little cabins, and by day passing leisurely



ETHELBERT GATE, NORWICH.



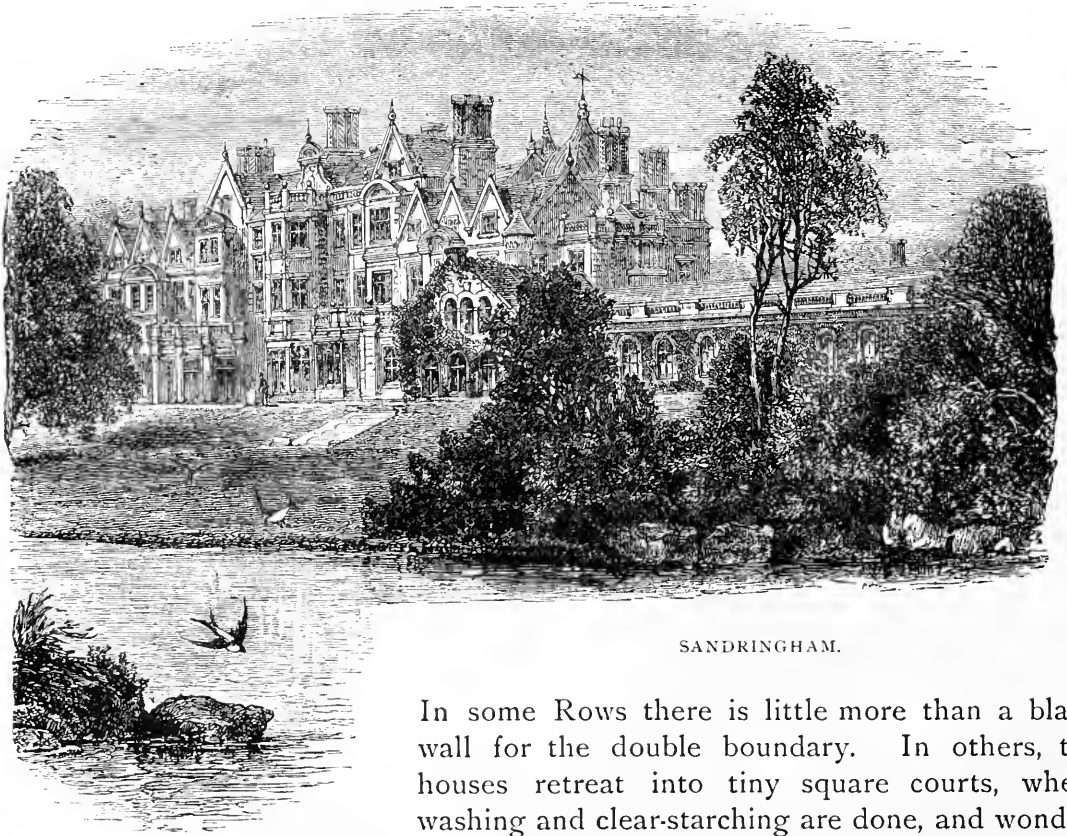
YARMOUTH TOLLHOUSE, AND ENTRANCE TO THE OLD GAOL.

from place to place, with excursions to neighboring hamlets or farm-houses for the necessary provisions, and now and then in stress of weather seeking shelter in some primitive rustic little inn. It is no wonder that a visit to the Norfolk Broads forms an episode to be remembered in many happy lives.

The readers of *David Copperfield* will remember Dickens's description of Yarmouth: 'As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying in a straight line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and that the town and the tide had not been quite so mixed up like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them; and that for her part she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater.' The town is a curious combination of English bustle

¹ *St. Paul's Magazine*, September, 1868.

and Dutch quaintness. Its quay reminds the traveler of the Boompjes of Rotterdam; its 'rows,' only a few feet wide, with a narrow riband of sky overhead, recall the narrow streets of Genoa. 'Great Yarmouth,' says Dickens again, 'is one vast gridiron, of which the bars are represented by "Rows," to the number of one hundred and forty-five. A Row is a long, narrow lane or alley, quite straight, or as nearly as may be, with houses on each side both of which you can sometimes touch at once with the finger-tips of each hand, by stretching out your arms to their full extent. Now and then the houses overhang, and even join above your head, converting the Row, so far, into a sort of tunnel or tubular passage. Many and many a picturesque old bit of domestic architecture is to be hunted up amongst the Rows.

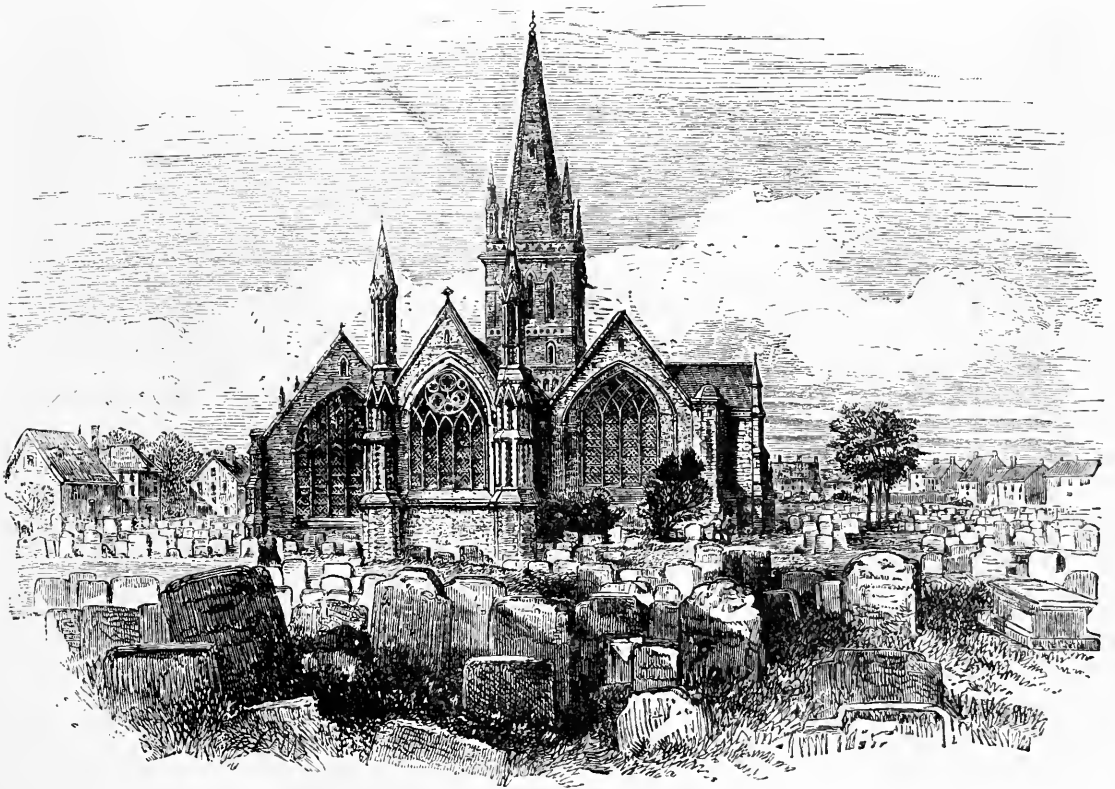


SANDRINGHAM.

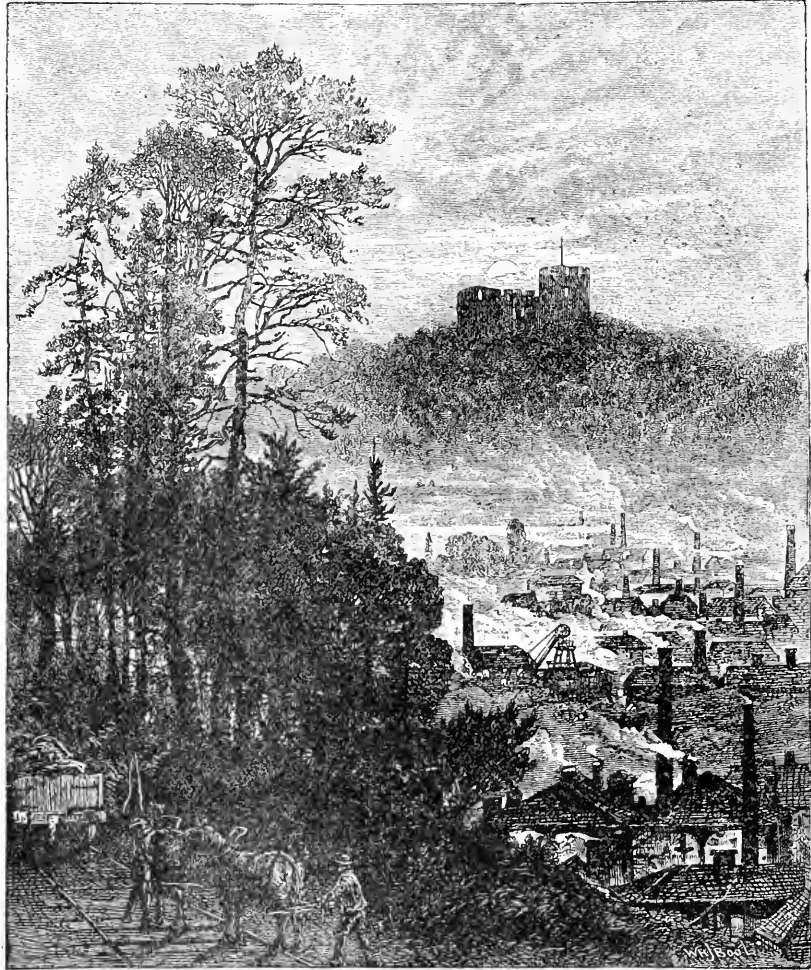
In some Rows there is little more than a blank wall for the double boundary. In others, the houses retreat into tiny square courts, where washing and clear-starching are done, and wonderful nasturtiums and scarlet-runners are reared from green boxes, filled with that scarce commodity vegetable mold.' At the wharves of Yarmouth, the vast fleet of herring-boats, discharging their silvery 'harvest of the sea' at the wharves, offer a spectacle almost unique in the world; while the broad sands, the three piers, and the fine aquarium render the seaside resort as attractive as it is practical and business-like. True, in certain directions the signs of the herring-curing processes are only too evident, but there are broad open spaces where the breath of the sea may be enjoyed in all its freshness and purity, and even where on the most crowded holiday the lover of the 'lonely shore' may expatiate to his heart's delight.

A stained glass window in the Yarmouth parish church perpetuates the earthly memory of Sarah Martin, the prison visitor. She was a poor dressmaker, without wealth or social position, earning with difficulty a scanty subsistence by her needle,

yet doing a work comparable to that of John Howard or of Elizabeth Fry. For four-and-twenty years this true servant of Christ, in patient, unthanked service, devoted herself to the care of the prisoners, winning many to penitence, and when worn out with her unremitting toils, passing away with words of joy and praise upon her lips. 'The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance,' and 'they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'



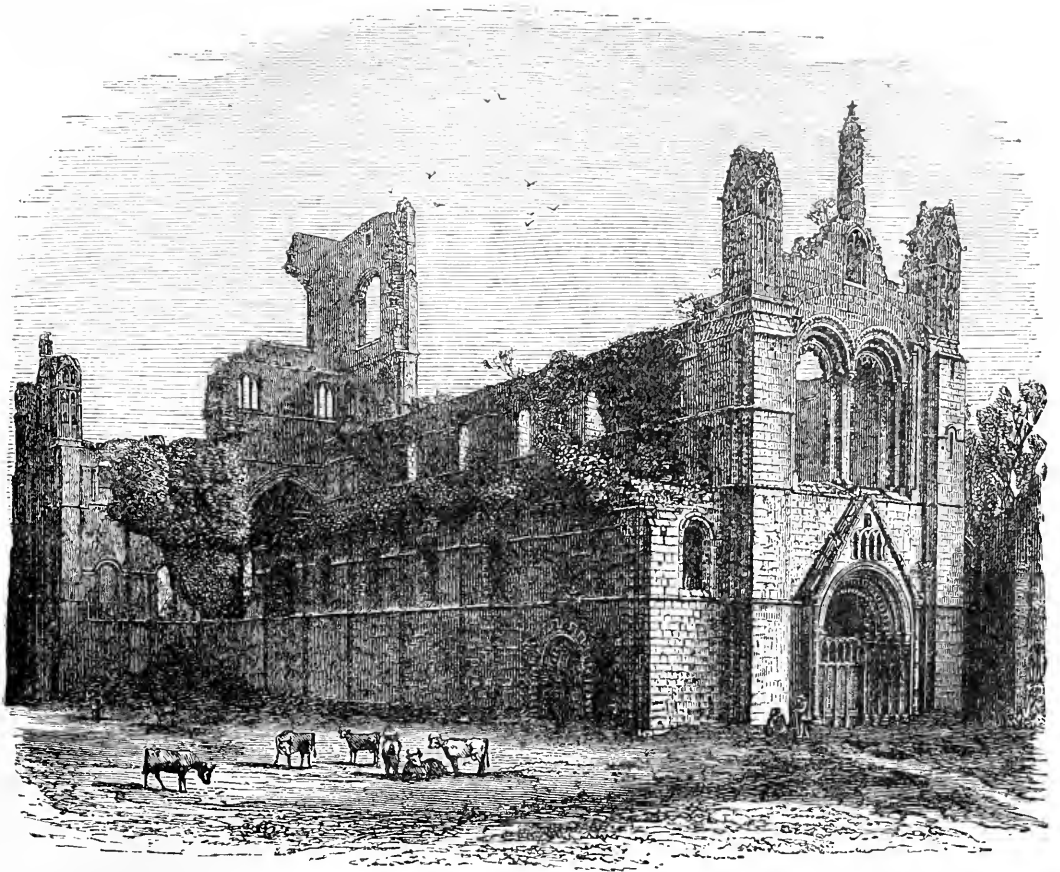
CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, YARMOUTH.



THE BLACK COUNTRY AND DUDLEY CASTLE.

'O'er the forge's heat and ashes, o'er the engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes, and the spindle whirls its thread—
'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor, of the loom-shed and the mill ;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer, great results are growing still.
There is labor, lowly tending each requirement of the hour ;
There is genius, still extending science and its world of power.'

CHARLES SWAIN.



KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

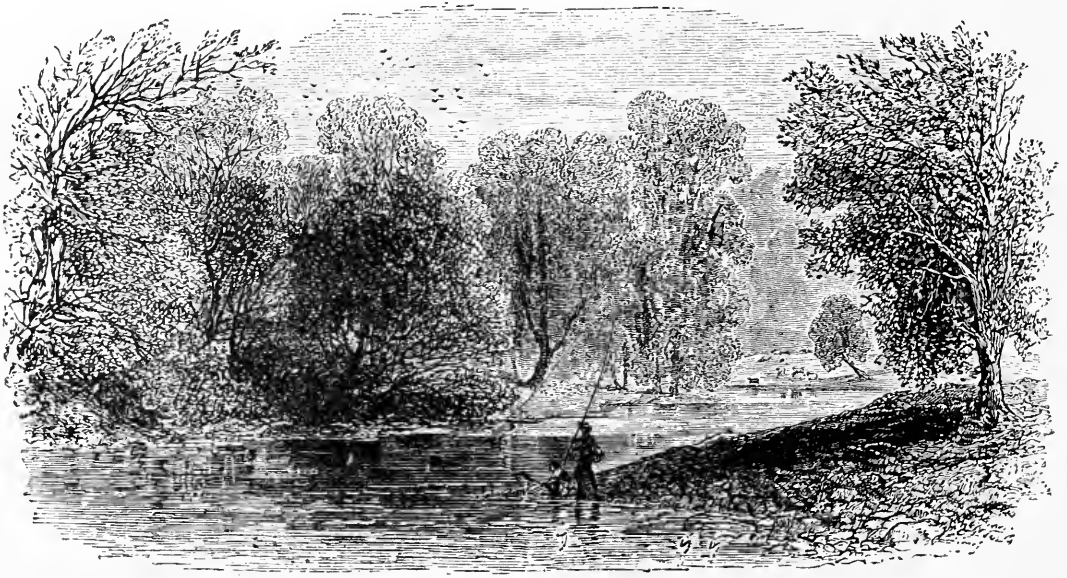
ROUND ABOUT SOME INDUSTRIAL CENTERS.

IT is not to the manufacturing districts of England that the traveler in search of the picturesque would most naturally repair. To him they are often a region of tall chimneys and squalid-looking habitations, with a canopy of smoke above and black refuse of coal and iron on the banks of polluted rivers below. Something of this impression is due to the economy of railway companies, which for the most part have chosen to enter great towns by their least attractive suburbs, where land is cheapest. Hence, it is not from the carriage-windows of the train that Leeds or Sheffield, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, or Manchester should be judged. The traveler who will alight and explore may find a wealth of natural beauty which would astonish him.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the contrast—due chiefly, no doubt, to geological structure—more apparent than on the edge of the 'Black Country' in Staffordshire. From Dudley Castle the views are more curiously contrasted than in almost any other part of England. By night the whole country is lighted up to the north, east, and south by the flames from the furnaces which cover the country for many miles. By day the din of hammers and the clank of wheels, the roar of traffic and the shriek of the steam-whistles surge up, through the pall of smoke, upon the ear. But

turn to the west, and, though the traces of unresting labor are still discernible, they soon give way to a country of richly diversified charm: glimpses are obtained of the beautiful valley of the Severn, the Wrekin grandly towers not many miles away, and the Malvern hills are dim and blue in the distance.

In other manufacturing centers, if the contrast is not so marked, yet there is a similar accessibility to many a sequestered and lovely scene. The nearness of the wildest and grandest Derbyshire scenery to busy, unromantic Manchester has been pointed out in a previous chapter; and the neighborhood of the great Yorkshire centers of industry is full of picturesque beauty. A little way out of Leeds, for instance, where the Liverpool Canal passes over an embankment near the river Aire, may be found the scene of one of Turner's most charming sketches; and, although the locality bears evident marks of the great industrial invasion, much of the beauty still remains. In the same valley, not far off, are the stately ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, long apparently left to slow decay, and much impaired in pictur-



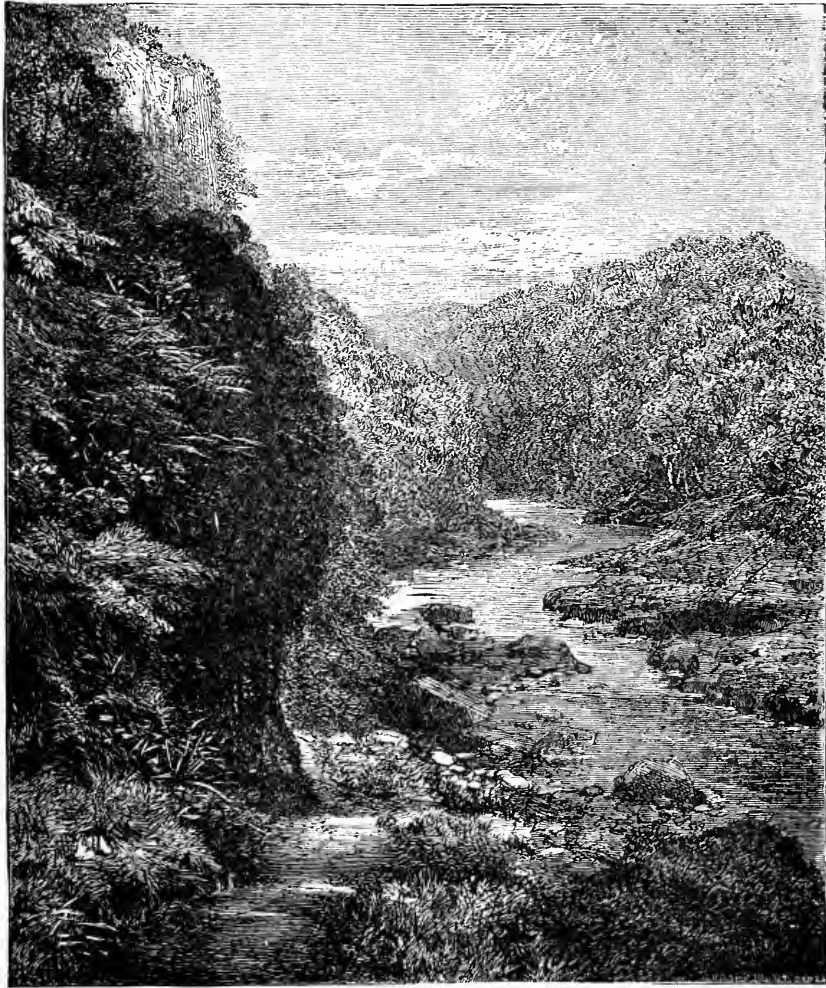
THE WHARFE.

esqueness during the last forty years, but now happily secured to Leeds by an act of individual munificence, with proper arrangements for preserving what remains of the structure. The broad reach of river that incloses it, and the green meadows on the bank, with the low wooded heights on either side of the valley, suggest the memories of a day when the surroundings of the old ecclesiastical building were such as the monks most dearly loved; while Esholt Hall, some few miles higher up the river, at the extremity of a noble avenue of elm-trees, was, in its time, a nunnery on low-lying ground, circled by an amphitheater of hills, in a vale even now rich and beautiful, and one which must have seemed in the olden time the abode of tranquillity and peace.

In another direction from Leeds, Ilkley may be visited, famed for its hydro-pathic establishments, but yet more for its fine open moorland, where the brain-wearyed worker may range at will. Then, a little way beyond Ilkley, lie the fair woods and noble heights encircling Bolton Abbey, where the Wharfe comes down,

as yet unpolluted, from the moorland beyond ; while the form of the White Doe of Rylstone, or the memory of the ill-fated heir of Egremont, seems yet to haunt the scene.

A little farther again, the astonished traveler comes upon a *Clapham Junction*, but it is amid the silence of the hills ! Ingleborough with its marvelous caves, too little known, and its companion heights, Pen-y-gant and Whernside, rise from the valley : while every path is full of beauty, especially that which leads into the heart of Craven, where bold limestone scars, wooded glens, and upland moors, with one

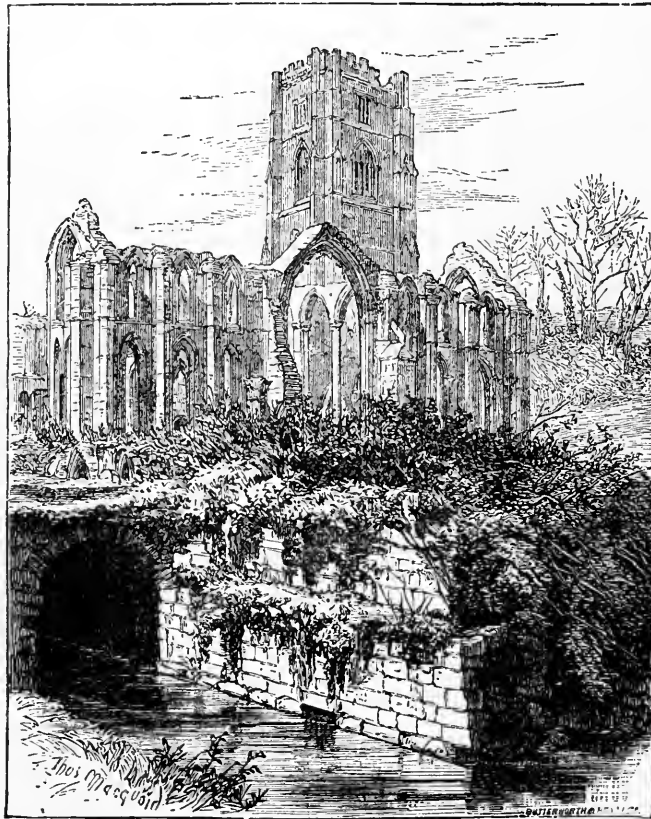


A YORKSHIRE DALE.

deep, lonely tarn, dear alike to dreamers and to anglers, yield a succession of pictures, of which not the least among their many charms is their easy accessibility from the neighborhood of clanking mills and inky streams. For Ilkley, Bolton, Harrogate, Craven, Clapham may all be reached by the busy worker of Leeds or Bradford, and much of their beauty enjoyed, in the leisure of a summer Saturday afternoon or on a ' Bank Holiday.'

The topic is almost inexhaustible ; and the selection of places to be visited in reasonable time, from these 'centers of industry,' would be invidious to make. A little way beyond Leeds, as every one knows, lies Harrogate, the high table-land

whose medicinal waters have for long generations attached to the place the fame of a true 'city of Hygeia,' while we ourselves would give the chief credit to the invigorating, stimulating air, and to the almost inexhaustible interest of the neighborhood, occupying the mind of the visitor with a round of healthful delights. The visit to Studley Park and Fountains Abbey will probably rank among the chief of these. Again, as in the cases of Kirkstall and Bolton, reverting to the past, we admire the taste and wisdom shown by the cowed brotherhoods in mediæval times, in their choice of dwelling-places. Something, indeed, of the beauty which we now see may have been the result of their assiduous culture. It was part of their work to 'make the wilderness to smile'; but they had a rare faculty for lighting upon

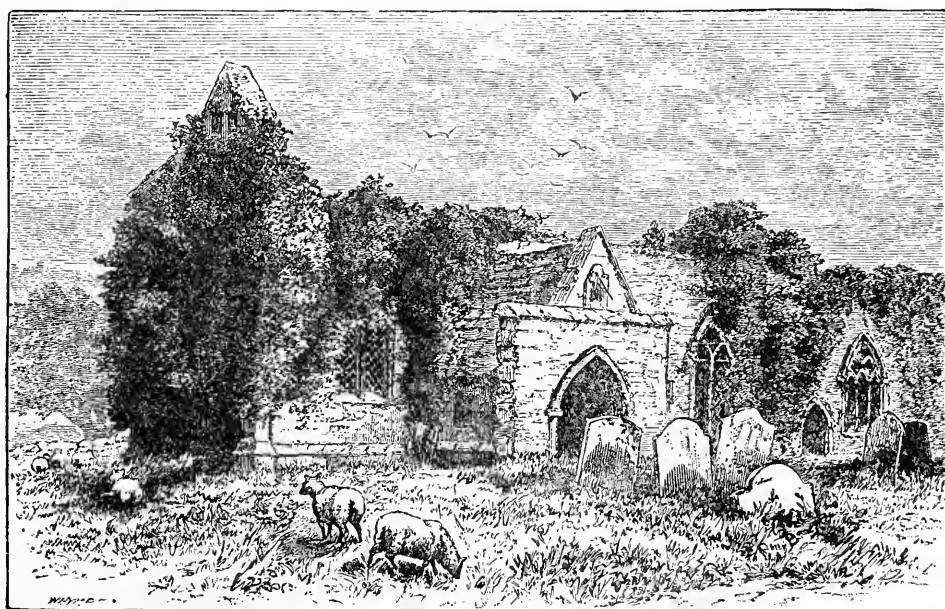


FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

scenes which, if not already beautiful, possessed an evident capability for becoming so. At Fountains both nature and art seem to vie with each other; and in the modern arrangement of the domain, the art may occasionally be the more apparent. The artistic yields to the artificial; the ruins have been maintained at the due stage of picturesqueness by careful oversight and repair; and the carefully prepared 'surprise,' which awaits the visitor at one stage of his progress through the grounds, is too theatrical to permit even one of the fairest of pictures to have its full effect. But, with every deduction, this old Cistercian abbey is one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most complete mediæval monastic buildings in England. The tower, unlike that of its sister abbey at Kirkstall, is little impaired by the ravages of time, the plan of the edifice is easy to be traced; and the light

pillars and lofty arches of the Ladye Chapel give to the whole a finishing touch of stateliness and grace. Then how pleasant to wander through the noble avenues of Studley, to gaze upwards to the gigantic spruce firs, or to climb the mound where linger the decaying forms of the rugged yew-trees—remnants, it is said, of the 'seven sisters' that spread their shade over the founders of the abbey, more than six hundred years ago.

Still pursuing our way northwards, we reach the country of the Yorkshire Dales, where the Swale, passing by Richmond, the Tees, on the edge of Durham, and many smaller streams, descend from the eastern slope of the Westmoreland moors. Both abound in wild and charming scenery: the Upper Teesdale especially is singularly impressive. The river runs in its deep rocky bed through Alpine-looking green meadows, with clean whitewashed cottages scattered here and there. Trees there are few or none, except a small kind of fir; and in place of hedges, low stone



WYCLIFFE CHURCH.

walls mark the boundaries of the fields. About five or six miles below its source, the Tees forms the striking waterfall 'High Force,' tumbling over a black basaltic precipice, fifty feet high; while yet higher up the stream, where it issues in 'Caldron Snout' from a gloomy tarn on the edge of the Westmoreland moors, descending for some two hundred feet over a steep, irregular staircase, so to speak, of basalt, the weird wildness of the scene in the midst of its hilly amphitheatre approaches sublimity. A little lower down, the traveler reaches the charming hamlet of Wycliffe (the *ŷ* locally pronounced long, as 'Wye'), the birthplace, probably, of the great reformer, a fine portrait of whom may be seen at the parsonage. A walk by Rokeby Woods, famous from the descriptions of Sir Walter Scott, then leads to Barnard Castle, whence the train may be taken to Darlington.

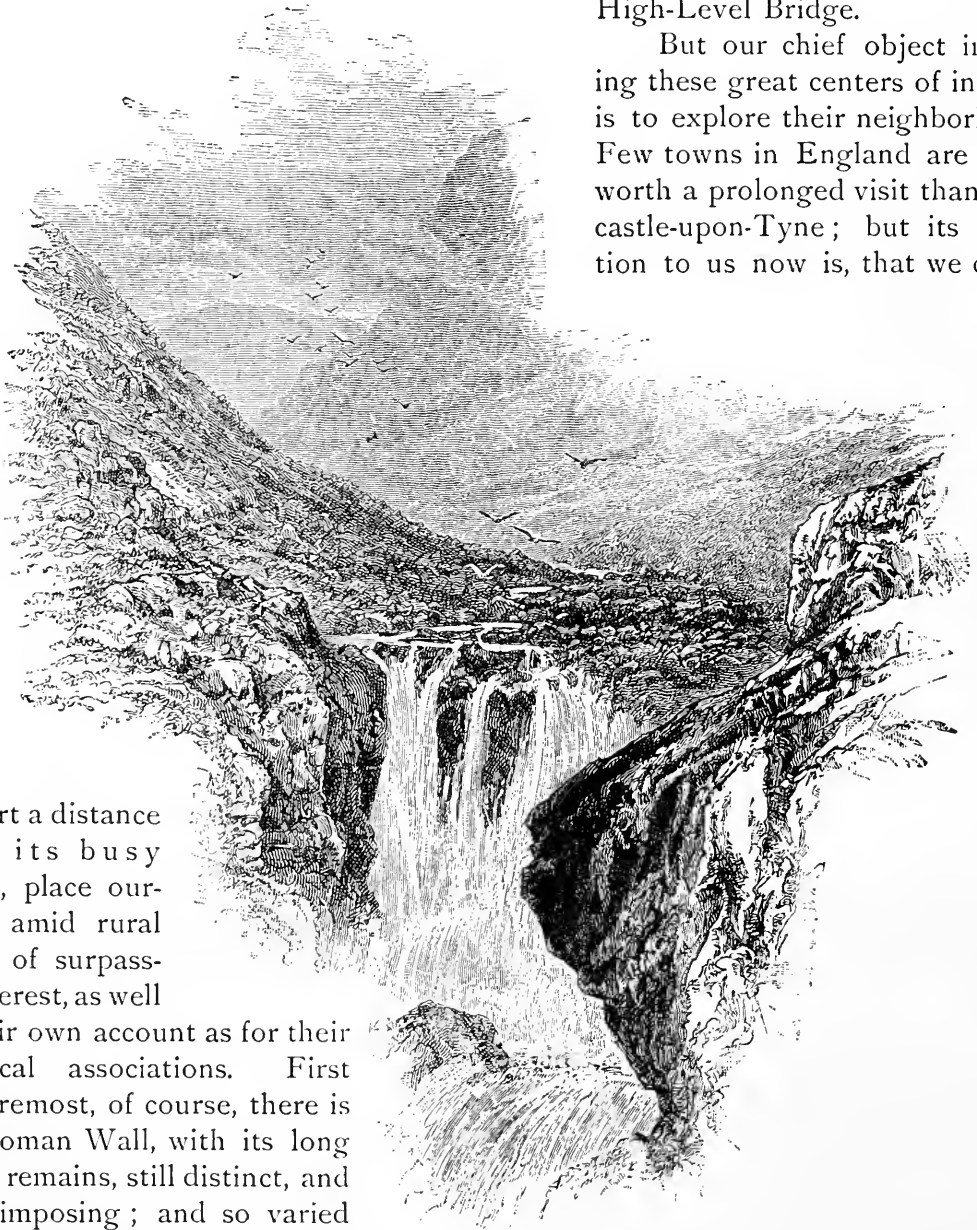
Teesdale has two sets of associations, and the same stream whose rocks and dales are so romantic in its earlier course, becomes below Darlington a broad and inky flood, and so passes by Stockton and Middlesbrough to the sea, where Redcar

and Saltburn attract us—but we must pass northward along the coast, from town to town, each busier, blacker than the last, with glimpses of rich beauty between. The city of Durham, as seen from the rail, presents one of the noblest views of rock and river, cathedral, castle, and city, on which the traveler's eye has ever rested. This river is the Wear; then the Tyne is reached, and Newcastle, the 'capital of the north,' is entered over its splendid High-Level Bridge.

But our chief object in visiting these great centers of industry is to explore their neighborhoods. Few towns in England are better worth a prolonged visit than Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but its attraction to us now is, that we can, at

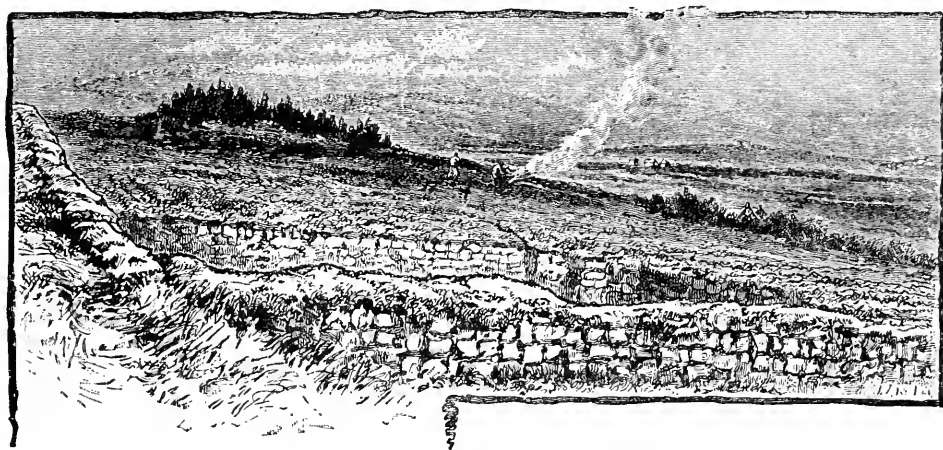
so short a distance from its busy streets, place ourselves amid rural scenes of surpassing interest, as well on their own account as for their historical associations. First and foremost, of course, there is the Roman Wall, with its long line of remains, still distinct, and often imposing; and so varied from place to place, while the scenery that surrounds them is

so striking, that we can imagine no better route for a pedestrian excursion than the way from Denton Hall to Thirlwall Castle—about thirty-four miles; or, if the tourist wishes to see the whole, let him put Dr. Bruce's *Condensed Guide* and an Ordnance map into his knapsack, devote a week to the exploration, and proceed by leisurely stages from Wallsend on the Tyne, to Bowness on the Solway,



IN THE CHELVIOT HILLS.

a distance of seventy-three miles and a half. We venture to say that the week will ever after stand out in memory, not only for its health-giving exercise in the atmosphere of the moorlands, but for the singularly interesting glimpses into the past opened up at every stage. Few persons, indeed, who have not visited the scene, have any notion of the variety and value of the remains which have withstood the wear and tear of sixteen centuries, during a great part of which period the wall was used as a quarry by the dwellers in the district. In many places the traveler, especially if aided by some competent guide, may discern the whole outline of the



ROMAN WALL.

structure. 'It consisted of seven parts, viz., the Roman Wall proper, comprising (1) a ditch on the extreme northern side ; (2) a stone wall ; (3) a space more or less wide (varying from thirty feet to half a mile), along the middle of which ran the military road ; then the vallum, or earthwork, consisting of (4) a mound, or rampart,



SECTION OF ROMAN WALL.

the largest of three ; (5) a second ditch ; (6) another mound, the smallest ; and (7) yet another mound. The preceding section exhibits all in one view. Nor is this all ; at every three or four miles we have fortified camps of several acres each, at every mile a castle, and between the castles watch-towers. Moreover, there are roads and bridges, traces of villas, gardens, and burial-places, making almost every inch from sea to sea classic ground. In many places all the lines sweep on together, parts in wondrous preservation ; while many of the recent excavations present structures several feet high, giving one the idea of works in progress, so fresh that we are tempted to think of the builders as away but for an hour, perhaps to the noon-day meal. To traverse the line of the wall is to pass along one continuous platform, whence the visitor revels in a succession of glorious panoramas.'

Returning to the busy east coast, very charming is the transition from the Tyne to the Coquet, loveliest of Northumbrian streams, as it flows down from Thirlmoor on the verge of the Cheviots, at the foot of heathery hills and through richly wooded vales, to Rothbury. Thence the Coquet descends in many a winding by scenes of the richest sylvan loveliness to Warkworth, renowned for its hermitage, which is still, as the old Percy ballad describes it, 'deep hewn within a craggy cliff, and overhung with wood.' And so we reach the sea, where Coquet Island, with its lighthouse, lies amid the gleaming waters, scarcely suggesting, as we gaze upon it in the fair

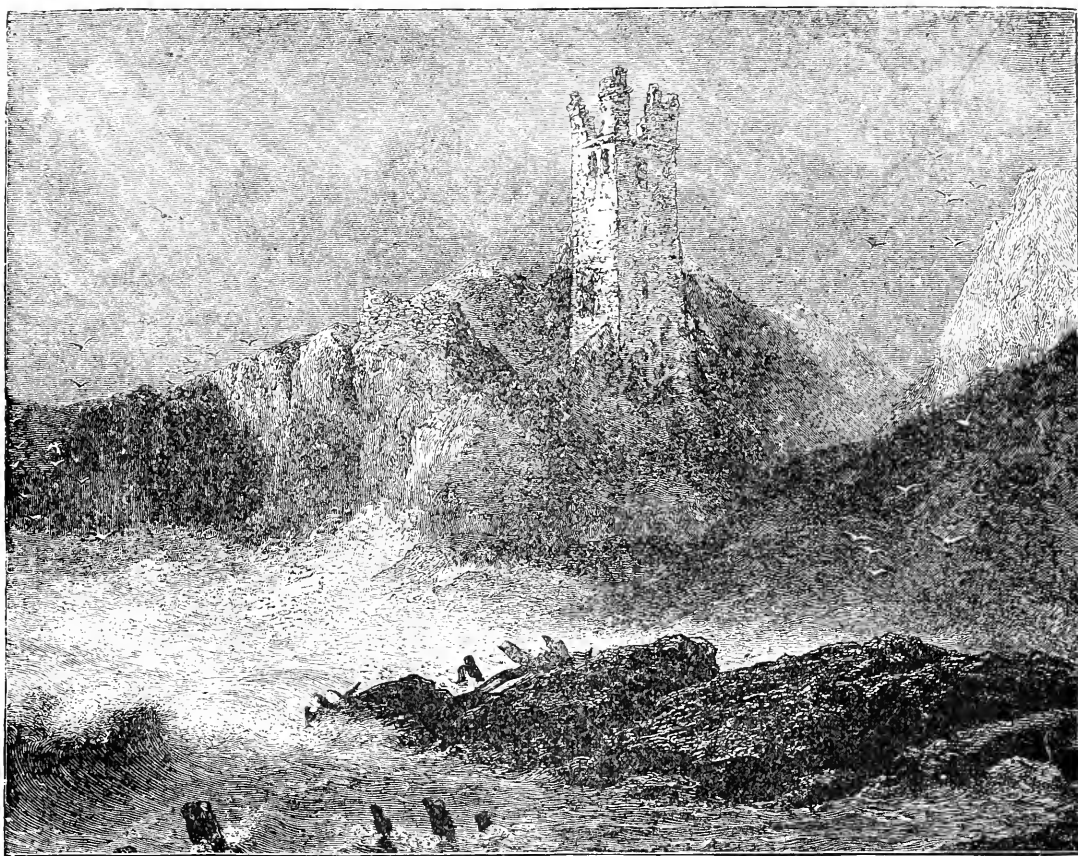


WARKWORTH CASTLE.

sunshine, how terribly the storm sometimes there rages, or how those dark rocks are chafed by the angry billows!

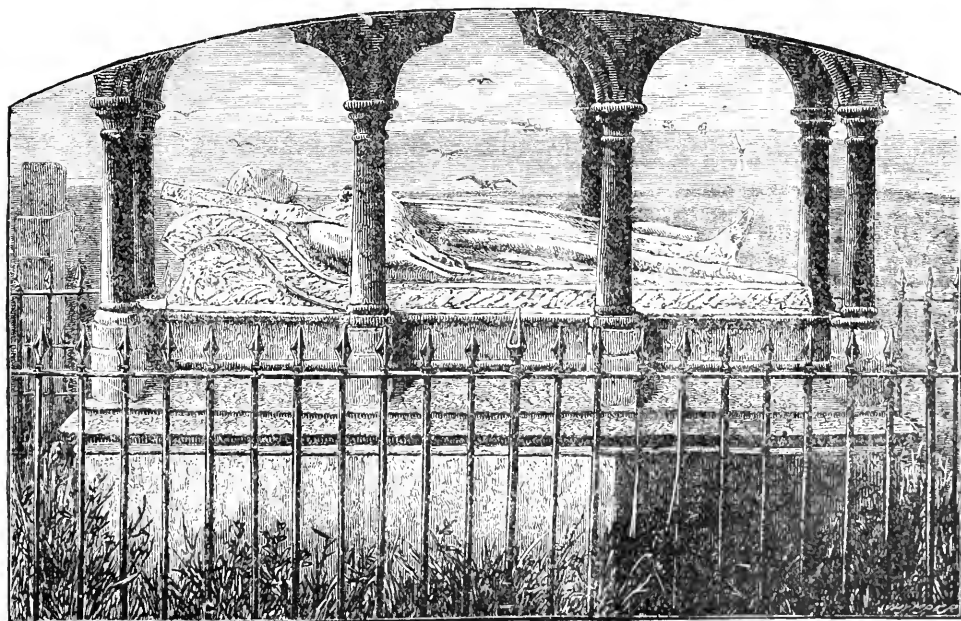
But for the full splendor of cliff and ocean scenery we journey still a little northward, and come to Dunstanborough Castle.

From Dunstanborough Castle we pursue our way northwards at least as far as Bamborough Castle, not so much for the sake of admiring its noble ramparts and towers—once a fortress, now a temple of charity—or of gazing again upon the glories of cliff and sea, as of looking out across the waters to those rocky isles which, almost in our own time, have witnessed one of those deeds of unconscious heroism which do honor to our nature. For it was from one of those sea-beaten crags that, on the 5th of September, 1838, Grace Darling set forth upon her errand of mercy amid the raging waters, to rescue the survivors of the shipwrecked *Forfarshire*. 'Her musical name,' it has been said, 'is the burden of a beautiful story of

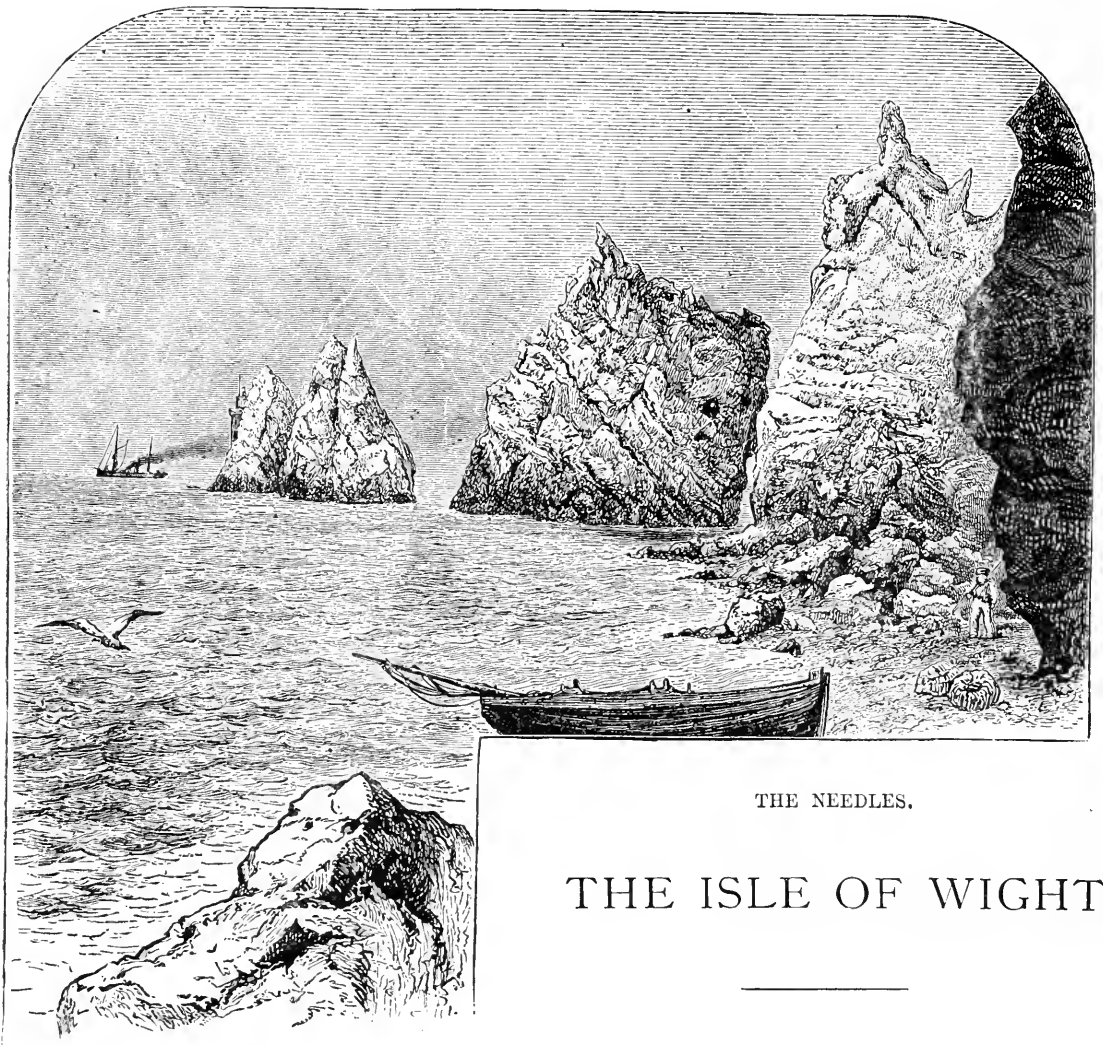


DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

that love of man which is the love of Christ translated into human language and deeds. Let us conclude these random roving by a visit to her monument in Bamborough churchyard. Her figure lies as it were in slumber, an oar upon her shoulder, beneath a Gothic canopy, within sight and hearing of the waves.



GRACE DARLING'S TOMB.



THE NEEDLES.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

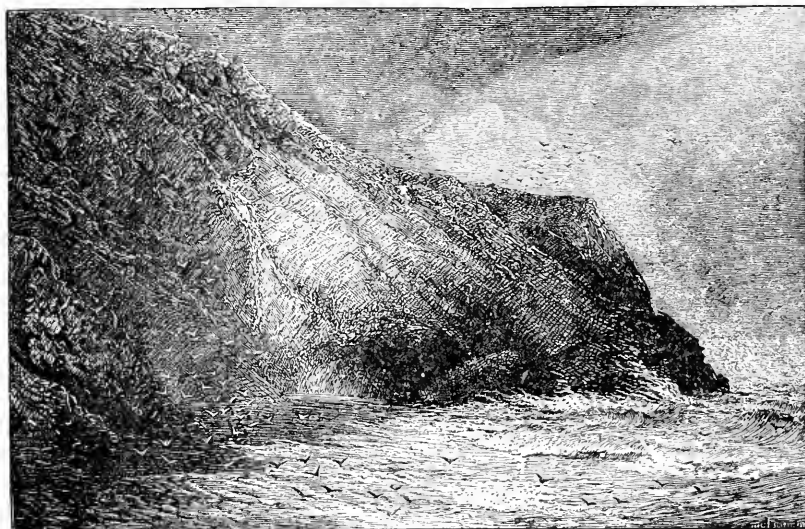


F those who have voiced the praises of the Isle of Wight none have spoken more forcibly than Sir Walter Scott, who somewhere speaks of it as a "beautiful island, which he who once sees never forgets, through whatever part of the wide world his future path may lead him." Whether this description be over-colored or no, it is certain that there is hardly any spot of English ground so well adapted for a ramble of three or four days.

There cannot be a more charming excursion than a cruise round "the Island," as inhabitants of the neighboring counties fondly call it, when the atmosphere is clear, and light breezes stir the water, without raising it to roughness. The chins, or ravines in the cliff, diversify the outline; and so we reach the Undercliff, that line of coast whose perfect protection from the winter's cold, with the fresh purity of the sea-breeze, renders it almost unique as a residence for the consumptive; Niton at one extremity, and Ventnor and Bonchurch at the other, with the five miles between, offering a succession of views unsurpassed in beauty. "The beautiful places," writes Lord Jeffrey, "are either where the cliffs sink deep into bays and valleys, opening like a theater to the sun and the sea, or where there has been a terrace of low land formed at their feet, which stretches under the shelter of that enormous wall like a rich garden plot, all roughened over with masses of rock fallen in distant ages, and overshadowed

with thickets of myrtle and rose and geranium, which all grow wild here in great luxuriance and profusion."

THE NEEDLE ROCKS are five in number, but only three are conspicuously visible. Originally, they formed a portion of the western point of the island, and their present isolated condition is owing to the decomposition and wearing away of the rock in the direction of the joints or fissures with which the strata are traversed. There was formerly another rock—*Lot's Wife*, the sailors called it—which stood out alone, rising from the waves, like a spire, to the height of 120 feet. It is said to have given its name to the group. It fell in 1764.



SCRATCHELL'S BAY.

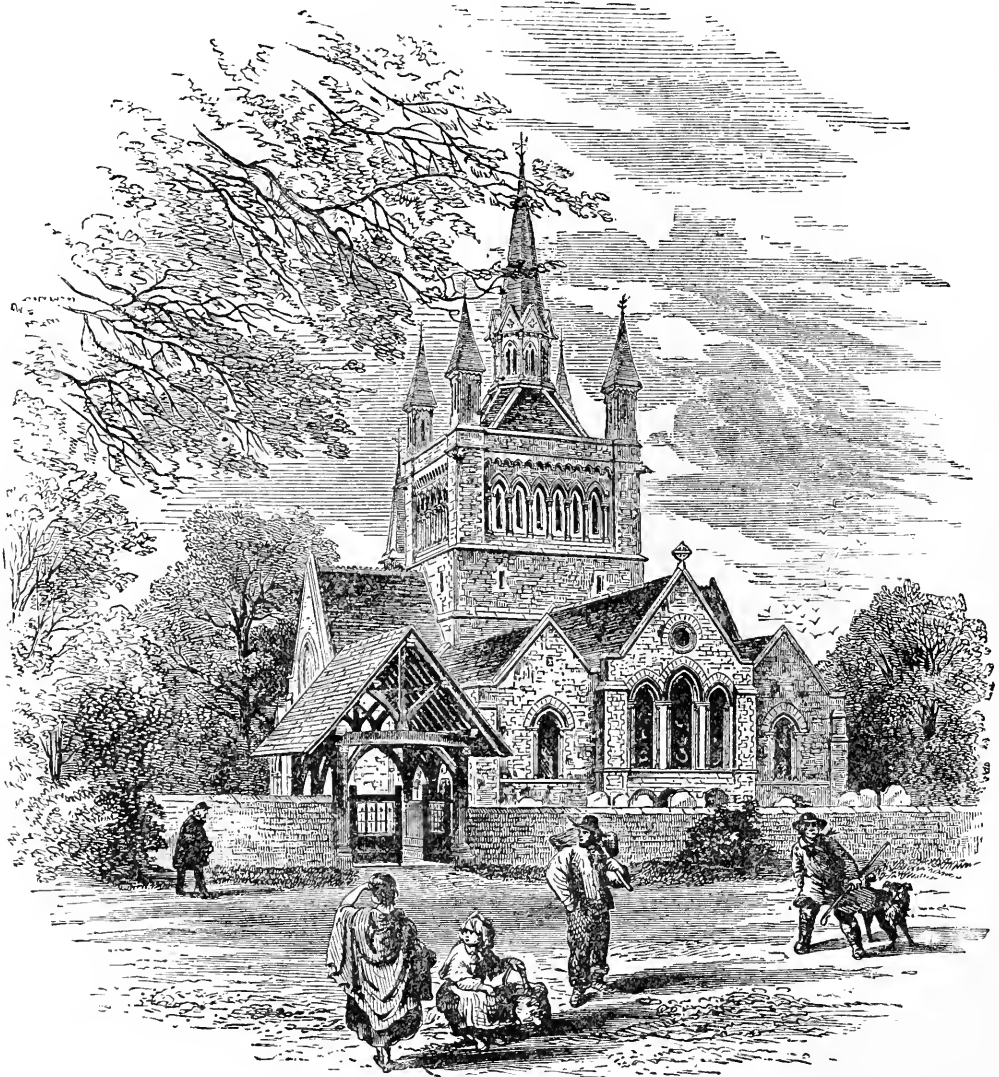
Nothing can be more interesting, particularly to those who take pleasure in aquatic excursions, than to sail between and around the Needles. The wonderfully-colored cliffs of Alum Bay; the lofty and towering chalk precipices of Scratchell's Bay, of the most dazzling whiteness and the most elegant forms; the magnitude and singularity of the spiry, insulated masses, which seem at every instant to be shifting their situations, and give a mazy perplexity to the place; the screaming noise of the aquatic birds, the agitation of the sea, and the rapidity of the tide, occasioning not unfrequently a slight degree of danger;—all these circumstances combine to raise in the mind unusual emotions, and to give to the scene a character highly singular, and even romantic.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE.



The glory and boast of Carisbrooke is the historic pile, so grand even in its very decay, which, with its crown of towers, circles the artificial mound rising with such abruptness out of the fertile valley, 239 feet above the sea. Between this mound, and the hill up whose ascent straggles the long street of Carisbrooke village, winds a branch of the Medina,—noted for the excellence of its shining waters,—and spreads a pleasant sweep of grassy

plain. Along the horizon—southward and westward—rolls a range of lofty downs. At the foot of the hill clusters the town of Newport, with its church spires and tiled roofs presenting a curious picture ; in the mid-distance rise the masts of Cowes harbor ; and still farther off, the blue hills of Hampshire seem to melt into azure vapor. The massive tower of Carisbrooke Church, and the green masses of Parkhurst Forest, relieve the view in another direction. And so—



WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

“The pastoral slopes in noonday quiet sleep,—
Green lanes run down into the valley green,
Or climb, 'mid gleamy brooks, a bosky steep,—
Towers over hill and dale the castle's haughty keep !”

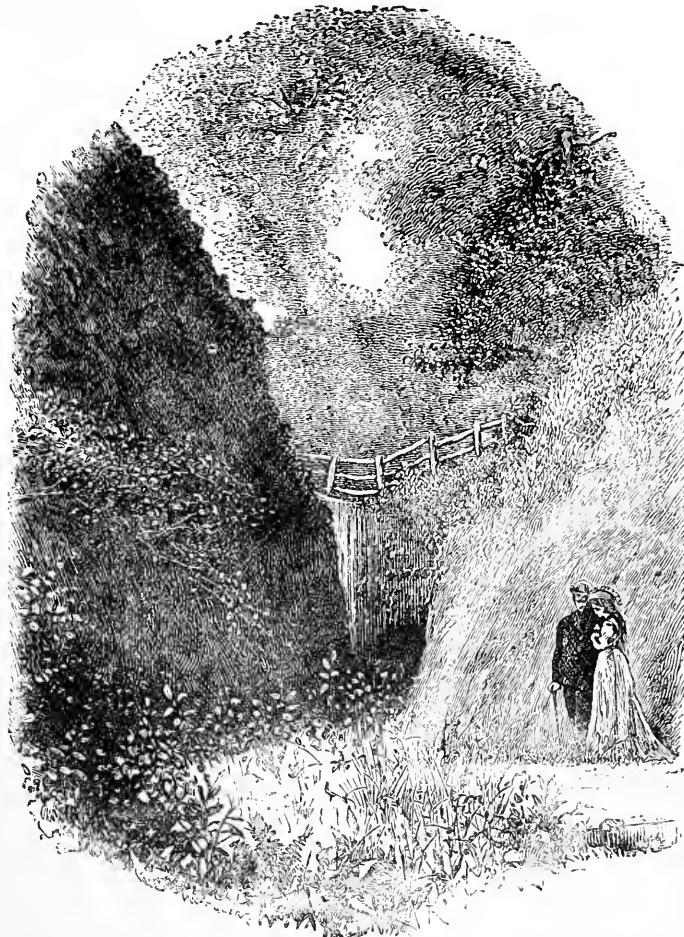
EDMUND PEEL.

In fact, Carisbrooke, from “the bravery” of its position, and the extent of its ruins, as well as its historical associations, cannot fail to impress the thoughtful observer with peculiar force.

WHIPPINGHAM is a parish and village in the East Medina liberty, evidently so named from its original Saxon holders, the Wepingas' *ham*, or *home*. Called *Wipingeham* in Domesday Book.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH stands on a gentle eminence just above the river, its tower forming a prominent landmark to all the country-side. Near it is the NEW CEMETERY, which has been arranged with much taste ; and the VICTORIA AND ALBERT ALMSHOUSES.

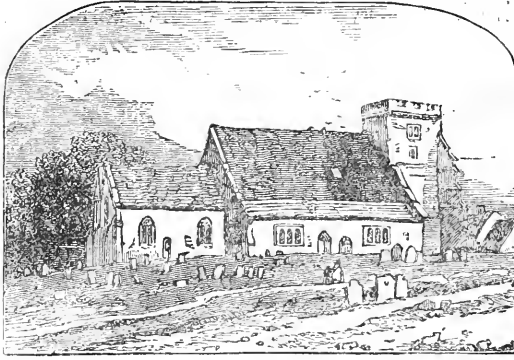


SHANKLIN CHINE.

SHANKLIN, one of the leafiest of leafy villages, if now, indeed, it may not aspire to the denomination and prerogatives of a *town*,—whose “romantic glades” attracted the attention of Tom Ingoldsby ; whose beautiful scenery has been the admiration of artist and poet ; whose dells are prodigal of blossoms ; whose hills look out upon “ the sounding sea,”—is about two miles from Sandown, four from Ventnor, eight and a half from Ryde, and occupies a table-land three hundred feet above the sea, at the base of the eastern extremity of the great chalk range of downs which forms “ the backbone ” of the island. The entrance into Shanklin from Ventnor is one of the fairest scenes in this fair country-side. The beach is very fine, and the views seaward are endless in variety and interest, so that the tourist, however hurried, will do well to spend at least a day or two in the neighborhood, and examine its chief attractions.

The village of Arreton lies in a rich and fruitful valley, adorned with corn-fields and pastures, through which a small river winds in a variety of directions, at the foot of a lofty down ; while a fine range of opposite hills, covered with grazing flocks, terminates with a bold sweep into the ocean, whose blue waves appear at a distance beyond. It consists of a long straggling street of scattered farms and cottages, with a small, neat

public-house ; the church and parsonage house are very pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, at a slight distance from the main road.



ARRETON CHURCH.

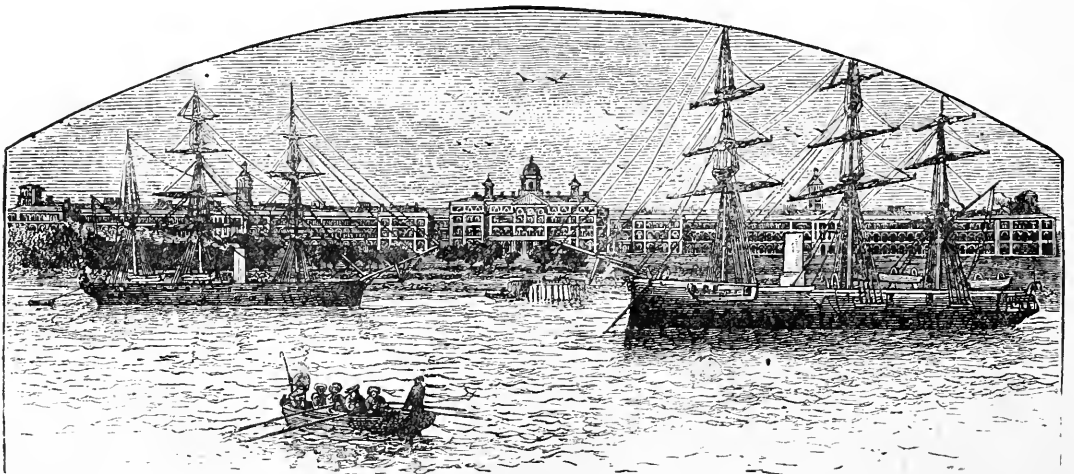
Brading is an old corporate town, and still retains its municipal government by a senior and junior bailiff, a recorder, and thirteen jurists. Near the church is the Town Hall, recently rebuilt; inside it are preserved the ancient stocks and whipping-post. Some of the old houses—and they are very old, with timber joists and quaint diamonded casements—still show the iron rings used on festival days to support the tapestry decorations. In a lane, to the right, at the bottom of the hill, stands the rustic dwelling of Legh Richmond's

“Young Cottager,” whose modest grave is at the south-east angle of the old church-yard.

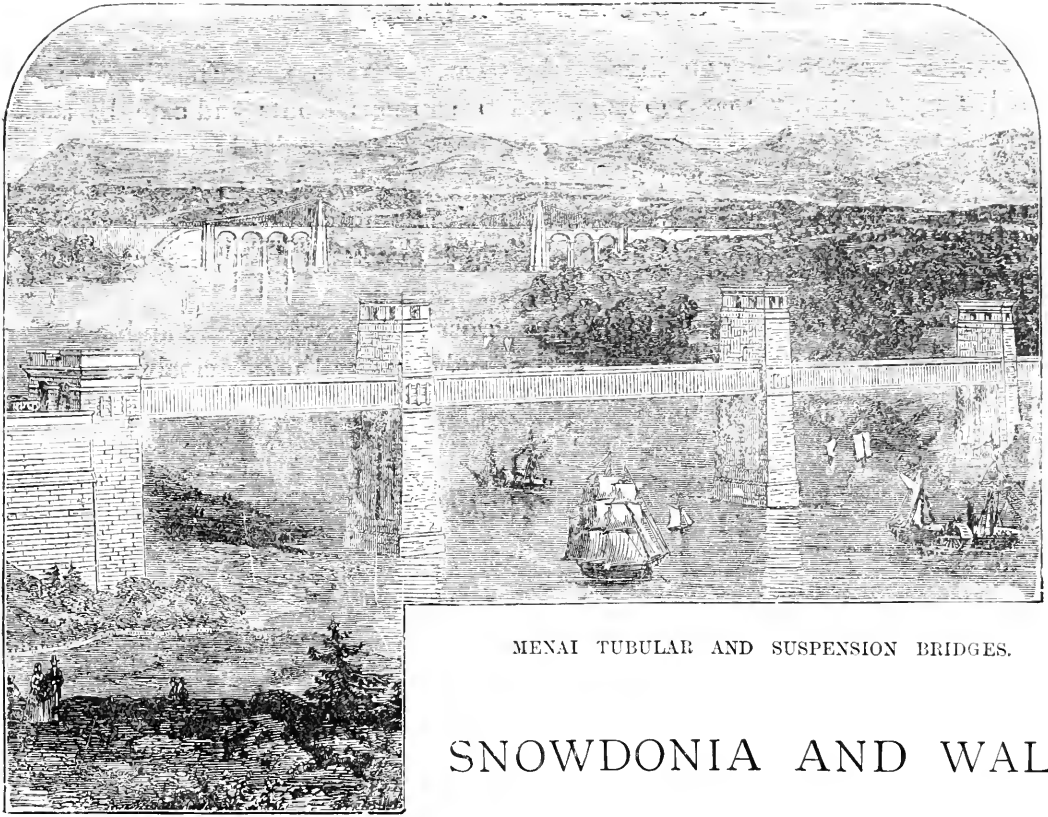


BRADING CHURCH.

The church is a famous structure, ancient, spacious, and stately, principally of Transition-Norman date. Its interior has recently been restored with great care.



THE SOLENT, WITH NETLEY HOSPITAL.



MENAI TUBULAR AND SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

SNOWDONIA AND WALES.

THE MENAI SUSPENSION BRIDGE is approached from Bangor by an excellent road, affording fine views of the surrounding scenery. The distance from the city to the bridge is two and a half miles. The Menai Strait, which the bridge crosses, is a channel separating the island of Anglesey from the county of Carnarvon.

The principles of its construction, and even the details of its execution, are so generally known, that there is no occasion for more lengthened description.

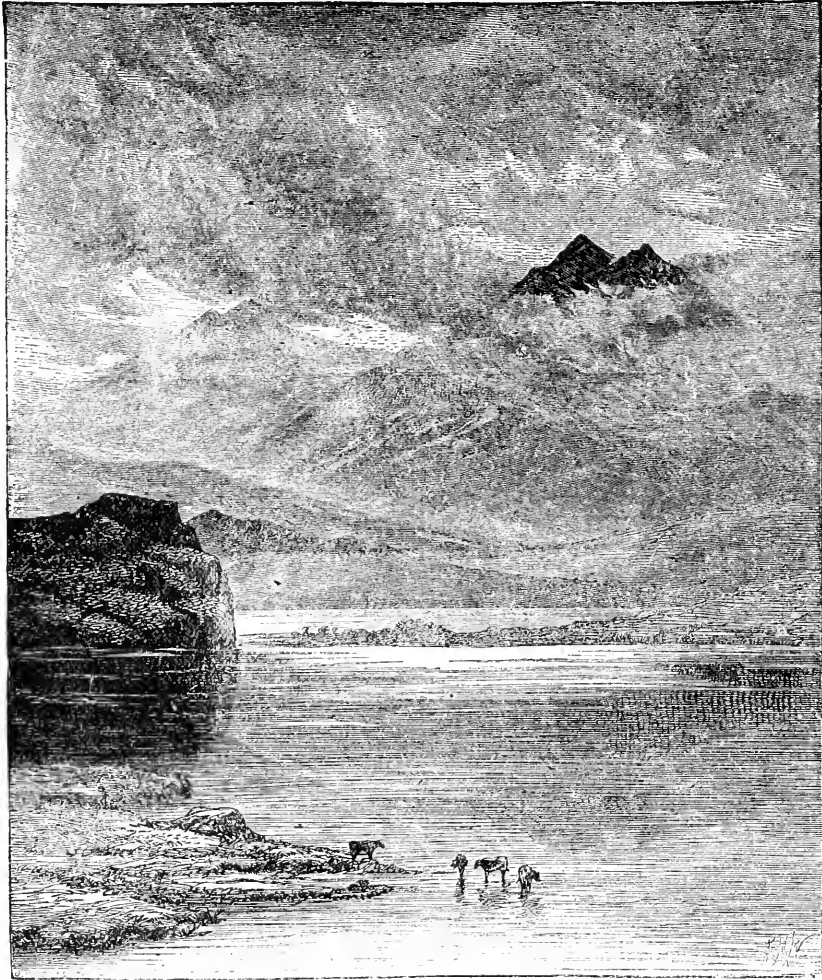
The BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE and its neighbor at Conway are stupendous works, by means of which the Chester and Holyhead Railway becomes an unbroken line to its terminus at the harbor of Holyhead.

The four mountains of Great Britain which are most awe-inspiring to the American traveler are Snowdon, Cader-Idris, Helvellyn, and Ben Nevis. Each has its own attributes, and though in each the most striking feature is that of dark precipice, this is so differently exhibited in each, that if any one familiar with them all could see a single precipice apart from its accessories, he might tell to which mountain it belonged. Of these mountains Snowdon forms beyond comparison the noblest aggregate, because, except on the side opposite Carnarvon, its upper portion is all mighty frame-work, a top uplifted on vast buttresses, disdaining the round lumpish earth, spreading out skeleton arms towards heaven, and embracing on each side huge hollows, made more awful by the red tints of the copper-ore which deepens among its shadows, and gleams through the scanty herbage of its loveliest pathways.

THE PASS OF ABERGLASLYN extends from a little below Beddgelert to the bridge called Pont Aberglaslyn, a mile and a half from the village, and is certainly one of the most remarkable and romantic scenes in North Wales. The stream, which here forms the boundary between the counties of Carnarvon and Merioneth, rapidly descends over a rocky channel, the mountains rising abruptly from its banks, and forming nearly perpendicular walls to the height of 700 feet. The road, just wide enough for

two carriages, pursues the windings of the river, upon its western side, overhung by dark and craggy rocks, whose opposing and precipitous fronts indicate, by the exact correspondence of their strata, that they have been rent asunder by sudden and violent convulsion. The terrific grandeur of the scene powerfully arrests and excites the imagination. In the midst of this sublime pass a rock is pointed out which bears the name of the *Chair of Rhys Goch O'ryri*, the celebrated mountain bard, contemporary with Owen Glyndwr.

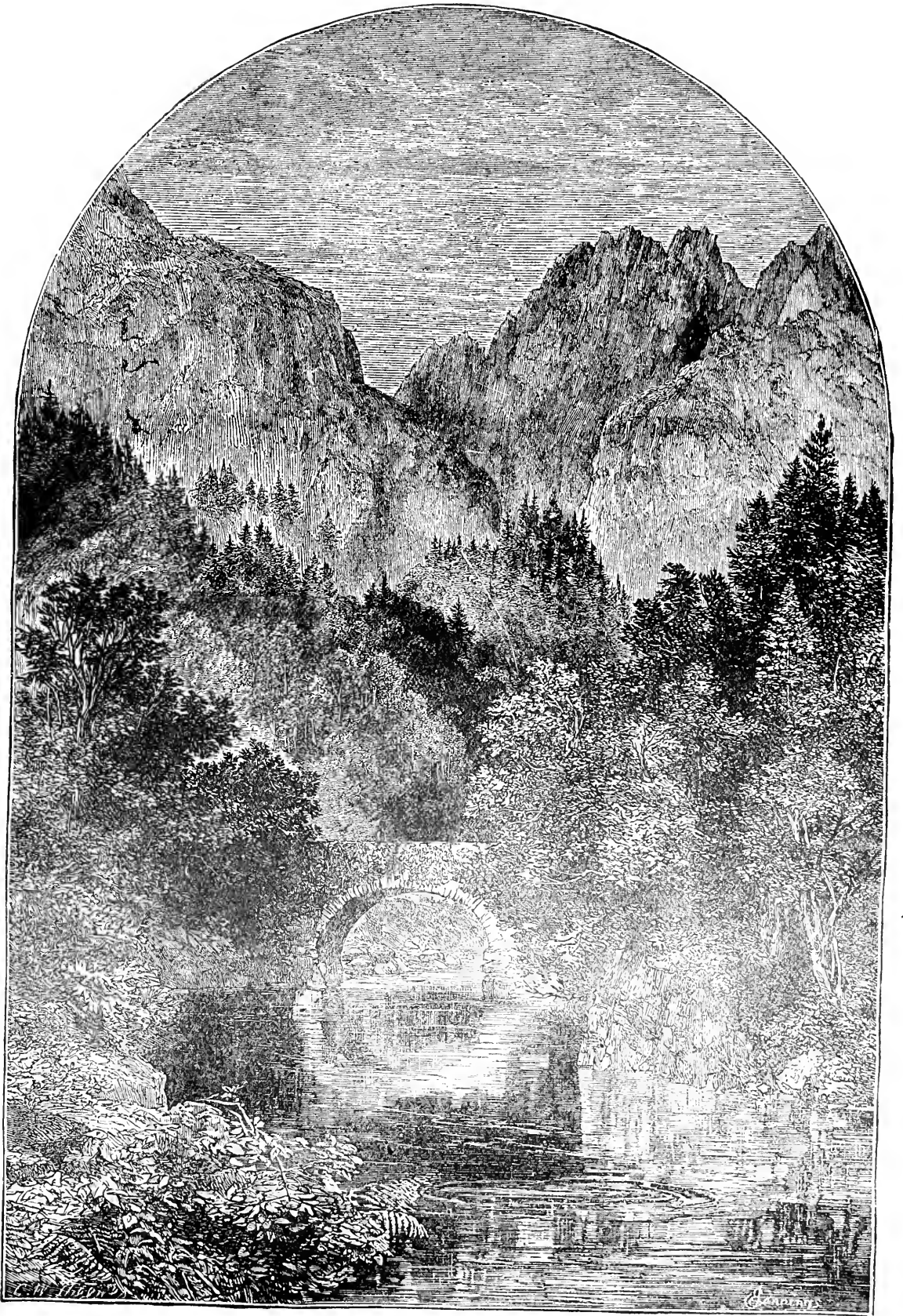
PONT ABERGLASLYN is the bridge which crosses the stream, one and a half miles from Beddgelert, connecting the two counties, and forming the principal communication



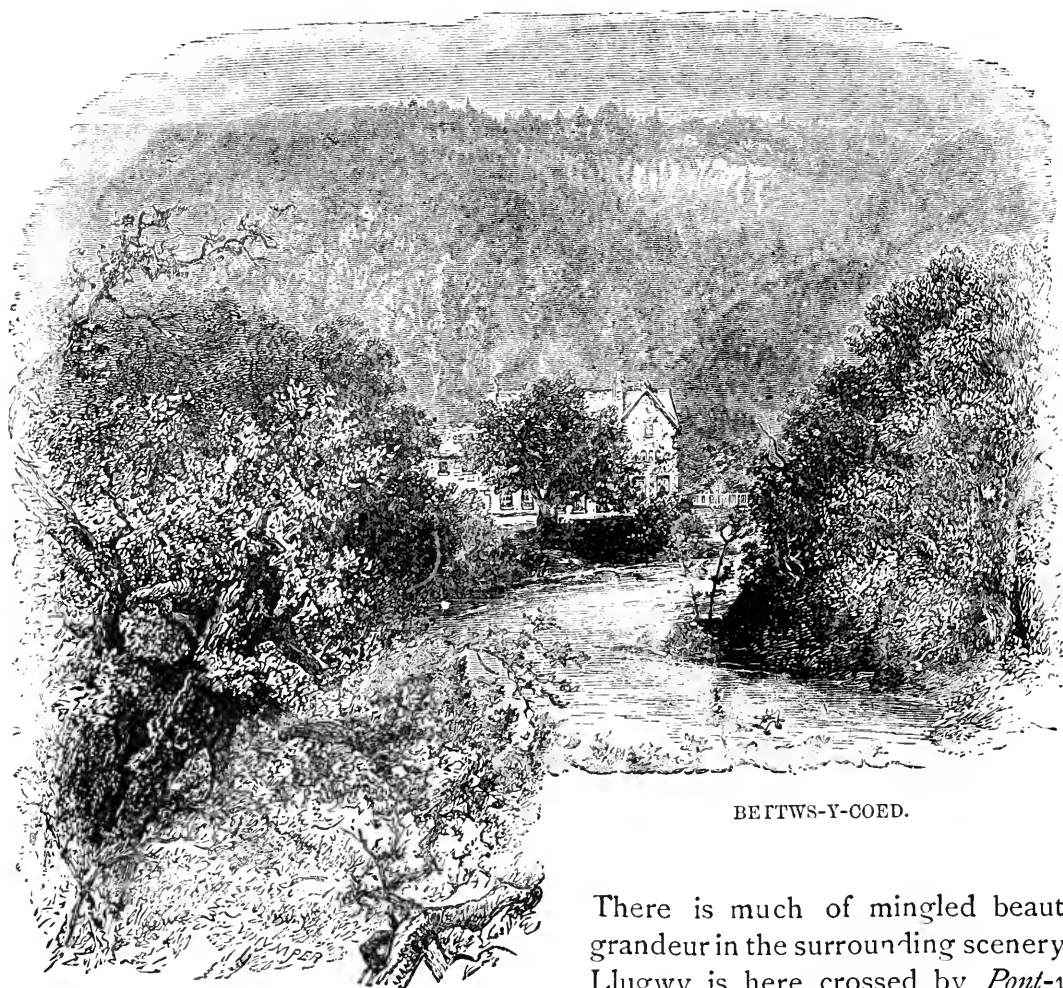
SNOWDON.

between them. It is a single arch, stretching from rock to rock, at no very great elevation above the river ; whose waters, confined within a narrow channel, here make a boisterous descent, and dash impetuously against the unyielding masses that lie in wild confusion in their course. In the structure itself there is nothing extraordinary but its position is peculiarly striking, and every part of the surrounding scenery is of surpassing grandeur.

BETTWS-Y-COED, *i.e.* the Chapel or the Station in the Wood, is a hamlet, delightfully situated, and forming a romantic sylvan retreat at the junction of the counties of Denbigh and Carnarvon, and near to the confluence of the rivers Llugwy and Conway.



PONT ABERGLASLYN.



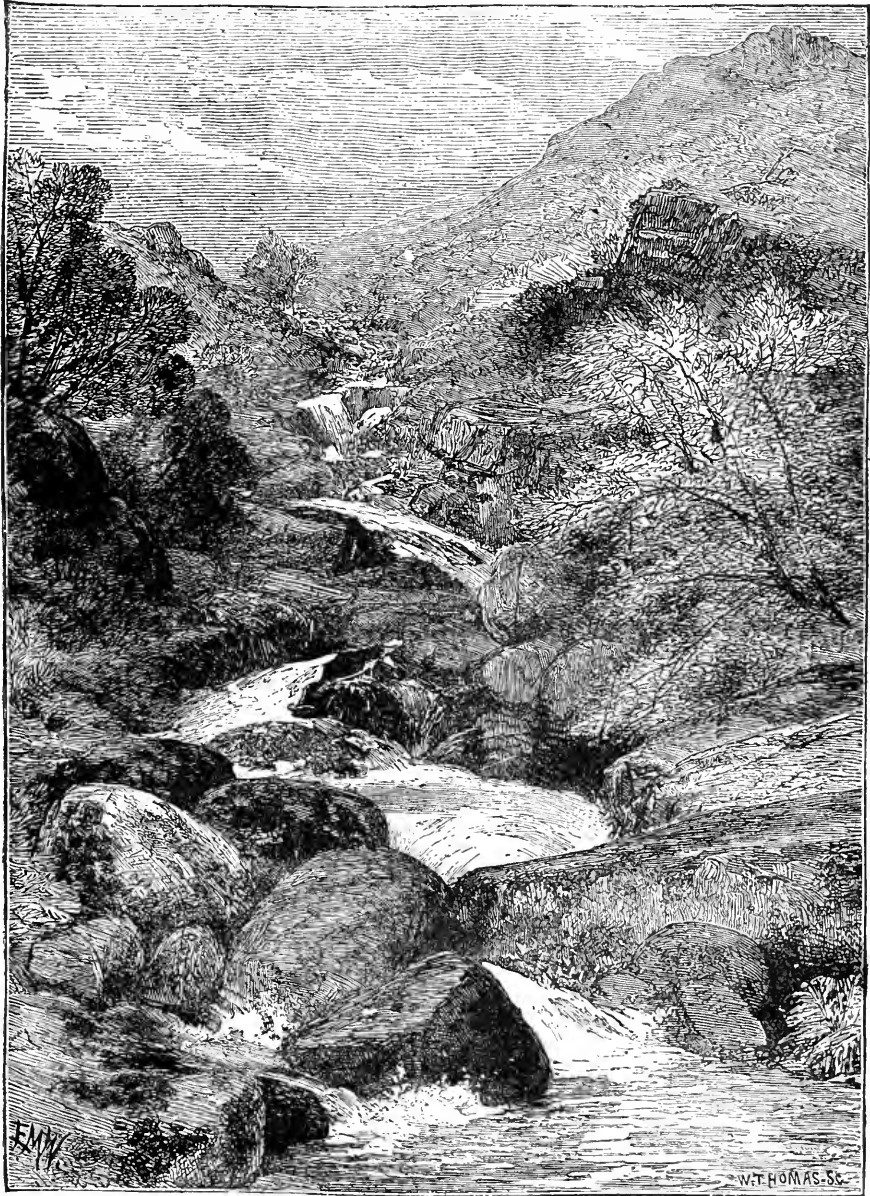
BETTWS-Y-COED.

There is much of mingled beauty and grandeur in the surrounding scenery. The Llugwy is here crossed by *Pont-y-Pair*, an old stone bridge, erected in the 15th century. It has four arches of different sizes, covered with ivy, beneath which the foaming current rushes with the fury of a cataract, and then, making a sudden bend, quietly resigns its waters into the channel of the Conway. The old church contains an effigy of *Gryffydd*, son of David Goch, of the royal lineage of Wales. It is a recumbent figure in armor, *circa* 1380 A.D., an interesting example of military costume.

Bettws-y-Coed has long been a favorite haunt of the angler and artist. The views present features of quiet loveliness and grandeur, in which river, cataract, woodland, and mountain are commingled alternately. Rhayadr-y-Wennol, the Falls of the Conway and of the Machno may be seen in the course of a single morning's excursion. The road leads across the Waterloo Bridge, a handsome iron structure which spans the river Conway with a single arch, and then, turning to the right, ascends the side of the mountain-range, which, for a considerable part of the way, commands a view of the tributary Lledr. The view up this valley is one of the sweetest pictures on which the eye can rest, and no tourist should leave this locality without seeing Ffos Noddyn (the Fairy Glen) and Pandy Mill. A walk up the vale of the Lledr to Dolwyddelan Castle, a distance of five miles, will amply repay the tourist, who will hardly have seen in the course of his rambles a more beautiful little mountain-river, a wilder-looking fortress than that of Dolwyddelan, or a more glorious termination to his prospect than Moel Siabod.

The road from Bettws-y-Coed to Capel Curig is carried through the *Vale of the Llugwy*, and is about six miles in length. The road follows the course of the river, whose banks are richly wooded; the magnificent mountains of the Snowdon range, now full in view, imparting grandeur and sublimity to the scene.

When approaching the ancient fortified town of Conway or Aberconway, its aspect is so singularly grand and impressive, that strangers are apt to indulge expectations



WATER-FALL NEAR CAPEL CURIG.

which the first near view of its poor, ill-built, neglected streets will be likely to disappoint; and the remark of Pennant may seem to be verified—"A more ragged town within is scarcely to be seen, nor a more beautiful one without." However, more deliberate inspection and more intimate knowledge may justify the opinion of Sir R. C. Hoare, who says of this place—"I have seen no town where the military works of art are so happily blended with the picturesque features of nature; and no spot which the

artist will at first sight view with greater rapture, or quit with greater reluctance." In like manner, another competent judge, Miss Costello, writes—"We had heard much of this boast of North Wales, and on our arrival, far from considering that too much had been said, I think that no description, however enthusiastic, can do justice to one of the most romantic and interesting spots in Europe."

The town is beautifully situated, on a steep slope, on the left bank of the river Conway, where it falls into the ocean, and hence the name by which the Welsh generally designate it, Aberconway. It is of a triangular form, somewhat resembling the shape of a Welsh harp, to which it is commonly likened. It is surrounded by a wall, one mile



THE FAIRIES' GLEN, BETTWS-Y-COED.

and a quarter in length, and twelve feet thick, fortified with towers and battlements. These, together with four gateways, are in a good state of preservation. It presents a rare example of the Saracenic or Moorish style of building, which was introduced by the Crusaders on returning from the east.

CONWAY CASTLE was erected in 1284 by Edward I. against Welsh insurrection, commanding the pass of Penmaen-mawr, which then formed, as it now does, the road to Snowdon and Anglesey. When in its perfect state, this castle must have been one of the most magnificent fortresses of Britain. Pennant says, "one more beautiful never

arose." The form was oblong, and it was placed on the verge of a precipitous rock, one side bounded by the river, a second by a creek filled at every tide, and the remaining two facing the town. On the land side was a moat, crossed by a drawbridge.

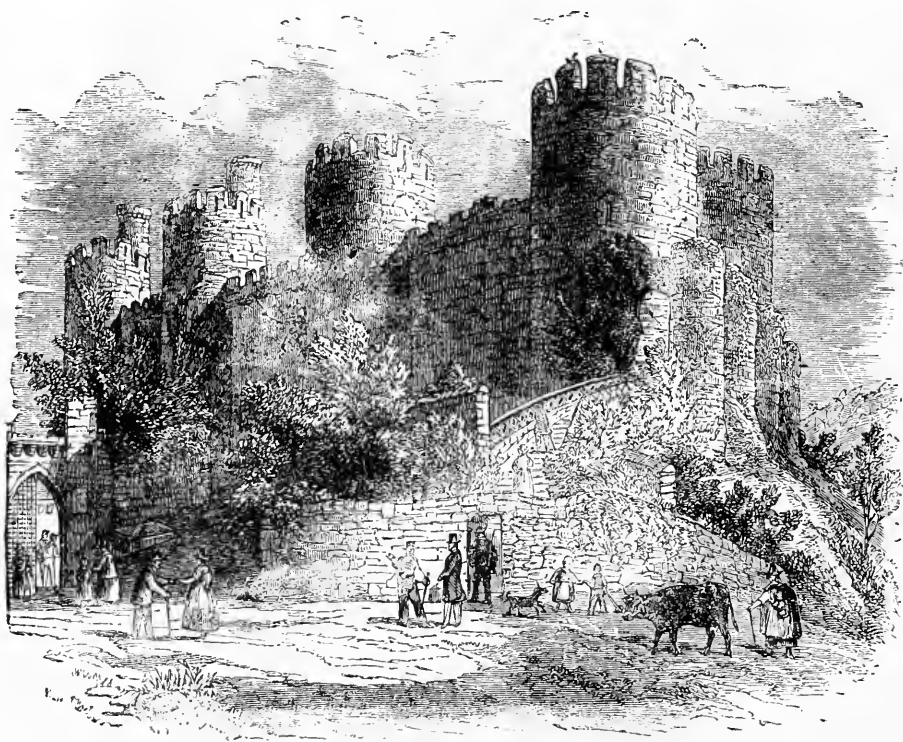
The river Neath, in its passage from the romantic region amidst the Brecknock hills in which it has its rise, flows through one of the most picturesque valleys in South Wales. Of this valley, to which the river gives name, the lower part is in Glamorganshire, but the higher part, with much of its most beautiful scenery, is in Brecknockshire. During its short course, the river receives a number of mountain tributaries, all of which, descending rapidly through deep ravines, make falls of considerable elevation, and great beauty. From the town of Neath there are two roads up the valley, either of which may be taken by persons on foot or on horseback; but carriages must take that of the north bank of the river, through the village of Cadoxton. Between Cadoxton and



THE MOORS ABOVE BETTWS-Y-COED.

Aberdulâs the scenery is diversified, and in some parts strikingly beautiful. At the latter place, near to a mill, there is a small cascade on the river Dulâs, worthy of observation. The access to it is not easy, but assistance may be obtained. The road crossing the Dulâs, continues near to the river Neath, and passes the mansion and tin works of Ynys-y-geryn, belonging to the family of Llewelyn. At the distance of six miles from Neath is the hamlet of Abergarwedd, near to which is the picturesque fall of *Melincourt*. It is a cascade formed by the river Clydach, which is precipitated about eighty feet; and from its elevation, and the peculiar forms of the rocks, it has a considerable degree of grandeur. About two miles farther is *Rheola*, the seat of Admiral Oliver Jones. Here there is much beautiful scenery, and a glen behind the house is especially lovely. Near the hamlet of Pentreclwyday are some cascades which are pretty, but not of much importance.

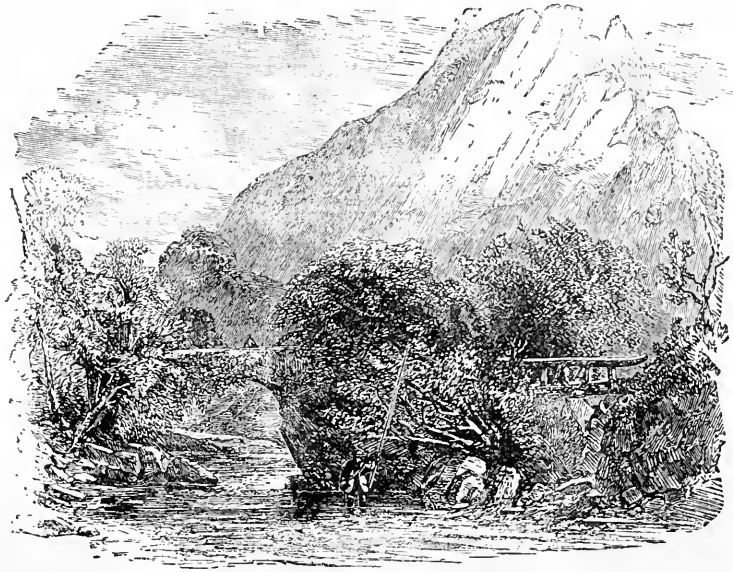
Two miles further is *Pontneddfechan*, i.e. the Bridge on the Lesser Neath, pronounced and commonly spelt *Pontneathvaughan*, a small hamlet with a tolerable inn, the best in the neighborhood. Beyond, *Craig-y-Dinas*, a lofty rock of singular form, rising abruptly among the surrounding mountains, presents a grand and pleasing object. Ascend the rock by a narrow and steep road, and from the summit look down upon the Marquis of Bute's beautiful nursery plantations, from which have sprung the countless larch and other trees which clothe the adjacent hills and slopes. Proceed by a rough track, nearly two miles, to the *Upper Cilhepste* cataract; but before descending to the fall, pause to observe the extensive prospect here disclosed—the vale of Neath, the country around Swansea, the Mumbles point and lighthouse, the roadstead and vessels at anchor, the wide expanse of the Bristol Channel, and the distant coast of Somerset and Devon. The *Upper Cilhepste* is a grand sheet of water, and owing to the abrupt



CONWAY CASTLE.

form of the ledge of rock over which it flows, it is projected to such a distance from the cliff as to leave a passage behind, wide enough to allow of persons walking, and even riding, beneath the watery arch. A descent extremely steep, and somewhat hazardous, leads to the fall named the *Lower Cilhepste*. It is, more accurately, a series of falls, and the total height is not less than 300 feet. This is, perhaps, the finest portion in the whole range, but on account of the difficulty of access it is less visited than other parts. Next proceed to the falls on the Mellte river, called the *Clungwyns*. They are three in number, and truly beautiful—the middle one particularly grand—all of different character from those previously visited; and the surrounding scenery, with less of picturesque beauty, has far more of sublimity and grandeur. The path is intricate and not easily found without a guide. In passing from the middle to the highest of these three falls, it is necessary either to cross the river by stepping or leaping from

rock to rock, or, if the water be too deep to allow of this, to return to the top of the bank, and make a circuit of nearly a mile, in order to pass an obstructing cliff. Above the



CRAIG-Y-DINAS.

highest Clungwyn, the character of the scenery is entirely changed ; and the river has a tranquil course, over a pebbly bed, and through verdant meadows. At about a mile

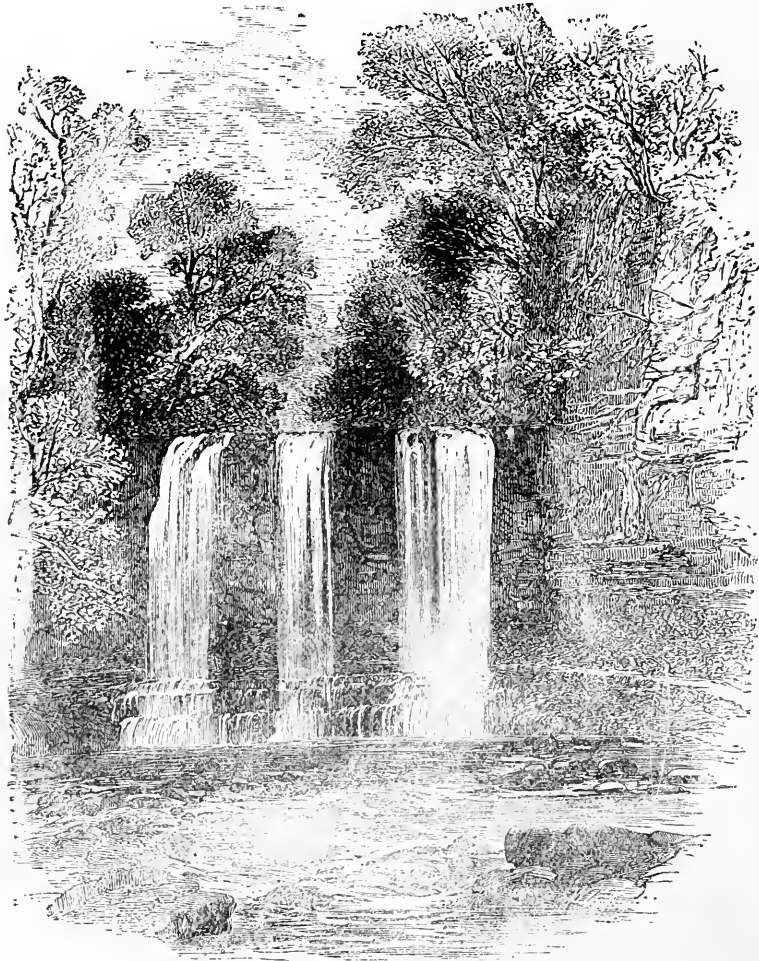


LADY'S FALL.

from this point a view is obtained of the village and church of Ystradfellte, where there are some particularly large yew trees, and here a short and steep descent conducts to

the entrance of *Porth-yr-Oogf*, or the cavern of *Cwm Porth*. This is a stupendous natural cavern or tunnel, 43 feet wide, 20 feet high, and extending in length more than half a mile, through which the Mellt rolls its darkened waters. There is light enough to allow of entering a short distance, and with the aid of torches it is possible (except after heavy rains) to penetrate three or four hundred yards.

The next object is the falls of the *Perddyn*. The first of these, about a mile and a half from the village, is called *Ysgwd Einon Gam*, and if seen under favorable circumstances cannot fail to excite the highest admiration. The solemn grandeur of the surrounding cliffs, the beautiful tints of the waving foliage above, and the furious waters tearing and dashing over the ledge of dark rock, and then precipitously falling in an



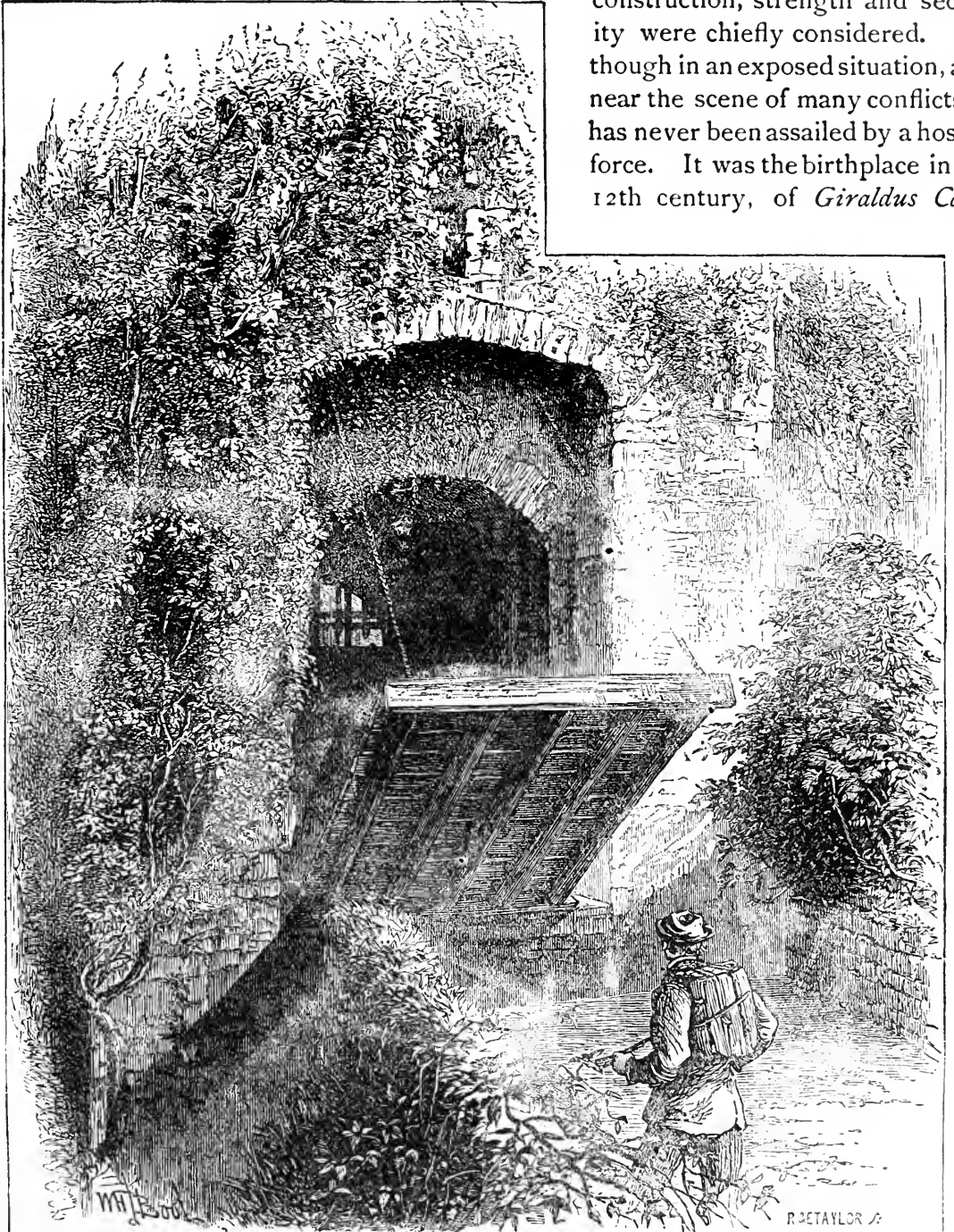
THE CILHEPSTE FALL.

unbroken sheet, from an elevation of more than 80 feet, into the apparently unfathomable abyss below, all combine to produce a scene most exciting and impressive. The river above this fall is well worth visiting, there being some very bold rapids; but to avoid excessive fatigue, it may be advisable to take the course usually chosen by the guides, who, after conducting to the *Einon Gam*, return down the river to *Ysgwd Gwladys*, or the Lady's Fall. The height of this cascade is not more than 30 feet, but it is distinguished by singular elegance and surpassing beauty.

Four miles from Tenby is *Manorbeer Station*, nearly two miles south of which, upon the coast, is the small village of that name, with the ruins of a Norman castle built in

the reign of Henry I. The walls are lofty and embattled, with circular towers at the angles, and a larger tower and watch-turret at the entrance. All the windows open into an inner court. The whole is destitute of ornament, and it is evident that, in its

construction, strength and security were chiefly considered. Although in an exposed situation, and near the scene of many conflicts, it has never been assailed by a hostile force. It was the birthplace in the 12th century, of *Giraldus Cam-*



GATEWAY OF MANORBEER CASTLE.

brensis, of the princely family of De Barri, the renowned topographer and historian of Wales. The castle is now the property of the Rev. J. H. A. Philipps, and a portion of it has been recently fitted up as a modern residence. About two miles to the north is the village of *St. Florence*, with a fine cruciform church.

The remains of ecclesiastical structures abound in every part of Wales. Numerous vestiges of the superstitious ceremonies of Druidical worship lie scattered over the face of the country. Frequently, too, ancient buildings are met with erected at later periods for religious purposes, as cathedrals, abbeys, monasteries, and churches, some entire, and others partly in ruins, many of them of great architectural interest, although generally in size and elaboration of detail inferior to buildings of a similar kind in England.

In the natural aspect of the country, its mountains and hills, its valleys and glens, its lakes and rivers, are exhibited scenes of beauty and of grandeur, which in few regions



STORM ON THE WELSH COAST.

more than ordinary interest, and with the mouldering monuments of past ages, scarcely less striking than the splendid and romantic scenery. The inhabitants, too, are still a distinct race with marked peculiarities; speaking the language of their remote ancestors, retaining, notwithstanding the influence of English civilization, many of their old customs, and cherishing ardent attachment to their native soil, and to the memory of their princes, bards, and warriors.

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